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ALFRED.

A N

EPICK POEM.

* 2568.169

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

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Dedicated to the

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE

Frederick of Hanover.

BY

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt. M. D.

*Tu Regere imperio Populos, Romane, memento
(Hæ tibi erunt Artes) Paciꝫ imponere Morem
Parcere Subjectis & debellare superbos.*

Virg. *Æneid.* Lib. VI.

L O N D O N,

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TO HIS
HIGHNESS

The Illustrious Prince

Frederick of Hanover.

May it please your Highness,



HE Welfare and Glory of a People so much depend upon the wise Administration and powerful Example of an excellent King, that he, who loves his Country, and wishes well to Mankind, cannot chuse a more effectual Means to promote their Happiness, than by inspiring into a young Prince such generous Sentiments, such just Idea's of political Prudence, and such an honourable Ambition of becoming

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coming a publick Blessing, as may form his Mind for Empire, and the steady Direction of the Reins of Government.

I am conscious that in View of this important End, your Highness thro' the Course of your princely Education has imbibed, from the Dictates of your worthy Preceptors, the wise Maxims, instructive Rules, and right Notions, that relate to civil and social, as well as domestick and private Virtues.

But besides Precepts, admirable Examples set before young Princes to excite their Emulation, teach them with more Ease and Pleasure, and therefore with more Success.

It is a peculiar Favour of Heaven to *Great-Britain* that She is subject to his Majesty, your Royal Grandfather, a Prince, who governs by Law and not by despotick Will; a Christian, not a *Pagan*; a Protestant, not a Papist, and of all Protestant Kings the best. You may learn, SIR, from his Example, Clemency, Forgiveness of Enemies, constant Adherence to faithful Friends, and Equity and Good-

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Good-Will to all Men. You may contemplate for your Improvement, his steady Conduct and unfluctuating Counsels, by which he has stemm'd the violent Tide of Party-Fury, restrained the Efforts of ungrateful Rebellion, and in Despight of the desperate Resolution of his Foes to involve themselves, as well as his Majesty's Friends, in Blood and Confusion, has saved both from Popish Tyranny, from corrupt and deformed Christianity, from the sad Restoration of our former Calamities, and the terrible Treatment of an enraged Pretender. From him, SIR, you will learn religiously to avoid all Acts of Cruelty, all Violation of the Laws, and Suspension of Justice, who as a common Friend and Father of his Country, protects all his Subjects without invading the Rights of any, which will afford you a convincing Evidence that princely Moderation and unblemished Probity are the best Policy.

In his Royal Highness your Father, you see, SIR, for your Imitation, the conspicuous Characters of Generosity, Fortitude

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titude, Magnanimity, and an ardent Zeal for the Honour and Prosperity of his Country, as well as an inbred heroick Fire guided by wise Reflection and the Dictates of Reason, which therefore hinders not his Application to the Arts of Peace.

Besides living Examples, the Histories of excellent Kings, published by celebrated Authors, have great Influence in kindling a warm Desire in young Princes, to resemble them in their admirable Virtues and glorious Actions; And not only true Histories of applauded Monarchs transmitted to Posterity, but likewise those, that are partly real and partly extended by a copious Variety of invented Incidents, and the Embellishments of a fertile Imagination, that by conveying Instruction in a delightful Manner, facilitate its Admission to the Mind, may much conduce to the Accomplishment of young Princes, and prepare them for the Exercise of imperial Authority.

D E D I C A T I O N .

It is for this Reason, SIR, that I have written the following Poem (the first published on this Subject) which I humbly crave Leave to lay at your Highnesses's Feet. As I had the Honour to contribute more to the Succession of the illustrious House of *Hanover* to the Crown of *Great-Britain*, than I ever boasted of, contenting my Self with this, that what I had done was for the Service of reformed Religion, and the Good of my Country ; and as in general I earnestly pray that a numerous Train of Protestant Princes of his Majesty's Line, may in a long Succession wear the Imperial Crown of these Kingdoms, so in particular I am proud to employ my Talents, such as they are, in the Service of your Highness, while I set before you, in a Narration after the Epick Manner, the Example of one of the greatest Monarchs, that ever ruled this or any foreign Nation, a Prince sprung from the ancient *Saxon* Race of your own native Land.

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If this poetical Labour shall give your Highness so much instructive Entertainment, as may cherish in any Measure the rich and amiable Bloom of princely Vertues that in your Spring of Life opens and sets in View the forward Heroe, and promises such generous Fruits and desirable Blessings in your riper Years, I shall accomplish my Design, and gain the honourable and attractive End at which my Ambition aimed.

I am, May it please your Highness,

Your Highness's most

Obedient and devoted Servant,

R. BLACKMORE.



T H E
P R E F A C E .



INCE the *Epick* is an elevated and divine Species of Poetry, by which the Writer proposes to himself the Advancement of Heroick Virtue and the Glory of his Country, he can never accomplish his End without observing thro^t his whole Work a becoming Reverence to the sacred Rites and established Modes of publick Worship; and likewise if his engaging of invisible Powers in the Action is not absolutely necessary, yet at least it highly conduces to the Embellishment of the Poem, and the making it sublime and admirable. *Homer* and *Virgil* were so conscious of this that every where they croud their Works with the various Deities and divine Ceremonies of *Greece* and *Rome*: For Propriety and Justice required that the Religion interwoven in their Poems should be that of the Nations where they lived, and for whose Sake they wrote. With Parity of Reason the following Poem is contrived and finished upon the System of the Christian Institution, the established Religion of my Country, and which I my self sincerely believe.

SOME Gentlemen have told me they should be better pleased if a Poem of this Kind were written according to the *Pagan* Scheme of Divinity, and that the Machines, that is, the invisible Powers interested in it, should be *Jupiter, Mars, Juno*, and the other Deities, that *Homer* and *Virgil* have employed. But how can a Taste be more perverted, or any Notion be more absurd and monstrous than this? The principal End of a Writer of this Kind is to instruct, as well as to please and entertain; and would these Gentlemen encourage a Christian Writer to do Honour to the Heathen Idolatry, and instruct his Reader in a false exploded Theology? Let it be supposed, that *Homer* or *Virgil* had composed their Works upon the Scheme of the *Jews* or the *Egyptians*, of *Zoroaster* or the *Babylonians*, or according to any other Rites or Modes of Worship opposite to those of their own Nation, what would the *Grecians* and *Romans* have thought of their Poets? And is it not as highly absurd and impertinent for a Christian to write in Conformity to the *Grecian* and *Roman* Schemes of Religion? How would a Christian Poet be received should he compile and publish an Epick Narration according to the Plan of *Mahomet* in his *Alcoran*? And yet it is no less shocking to Reason and common Sense, to introduce the *Grecian* and *Roman* Abominations into a Christian Poem, than the Religion of the *Arabian* Impostor.

THERE are other Gentlemen, who, tho' they do not oblige a Christian to introduce the Heathen Gods and Goddesses into an Heroick Poem, yet declare that in their Opinion the Christian Institution for Want of such Machines, is improper and unfit to be the Foundation of such a Writing; whence it will follow that they believe no Man should attempt such a Work upon the Plan of Revealed Religion, which they suppose cannot be executed with Success: And in this Class are Mr. *Boileau*, and Sir *William Temple*; and Mr. *Dennis*, who has better deserved of the Christian Religion than the last, as he is superior in critical Abilities to the first, seemed once to be of the same Judgement. The Reasons that Mr. *Boileau* produces

produces to support his Opinion are contained in the following Lines of his third Canto. The first two are cited and refuted by the ingenious and learned Mr. *Wats*, but the whole Six are mentioned by Mr. *Dennis* with Approbation.

*De la Foi d'un Chrestien les Mysteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.
L'Evangile à l'esprit n'offre de tous costés
Que Penitence à faire, & tourmens meritez :
Et de vos fictions le mélange coupable,
Mesme à ses veritez donne l'Air de la Fable.*

The terrible Mysteries of the Christian Religion are not susceptible of gay Ornaments.

The Gospel every where offers to the Mind nothing but Repentance and deserved Torments :

And the culpable Mixture of Fictions gives to the Truths Themselves an Air of Fable.

THESE are the Reasons, which Mr. *Boileau* has alledged to prove that the Christian Revelation is unfit to enter into an Epick Poem : And when I consider them, I cannot but conclude, that either that Gentleman, being happily turned for Satyr, and having but little contemplated the Nature and Design of this Species of Writing, had acquired but a superficial Knowledge of the Nature and Properties of an Epick Composure ; or that he lay under some obstinate Pre-possession in Favour of the *Pagan* Religion, as only capable of enlivening and adorning an heroick Writing : And I shall here give a distinct and full Answer to his three Reasons, and show how weak and inconclusive they are.

FIRST, He says the Mysteries of the Christian Religion are terrible, and therefore not fit to enter into an Epick Poem. But what did the Author think of when he said this ? Are the glad Tidings of Evangelical Revelation, and the happy News of the Redemption of Mankind, a Matter of Terrour and Affright ? The Angels

gels did not think so, who first brought them to the Shepherds. Was ever so great a Subject of Joy and Transport published to the World as this of the Recovery of the Favour of Heaven and lost Felicity? How could a Christian call the publishing of Salvation to *Adam's* degenerate and rebellious Race a Scheme full of Dread and Terrour? But grant that this were so, the contrary to which is most certainly true, I ask if all Objects of Affright and Terror are excluded from Epick Poetry, what could he think of the Descent of *Aeneas* into Hell, the horrid Appearances of *Hydra's*, *Gorgons*, *Harpies* and *Cerberus*, the Rage of Furies, the Shrieks and Outcries of Wretches in Torment, the Flames of *Phlegeton*, the Clanking of Chains, and the Groans of infernal Prisoners? Is there nothing of Terrour in all this? It is certain that *Virgil* believed there was, when he said, *Portitor has horrendus aquas & flumina servat Terribili squalore Charon;* and yet they are an applauded Part of the *Aeneid*. Upon how many Occasions does that Poet, or the Agents in his Poem, cry out *horribile dictu! horresco referens! horrescunt Animis & Vox faucibus haesit?* It is certain that the Doctrines of the Christian Religion are not horrible and frightful, tho' they are surprizing and marvellous, but for that Reason they are proper Subjects of Epick Poetry, where the Writer is obliged to introduce frequent Objects of Admiration, tho' not to break, as *Homer* often and *Virgil* sometimes does, all the Rules of Decency and Bounds of Probability, to render the Performance the more wonderful.

THE Reason, that Mr. *Boileau* gives why the Mysteries of the Christian Religion, which he calls terrible, are improper for an Epick Poem is this, that they are incapable of receiving gay Ornaments. An admirable Reason! But who did ever require such Ornaments in an Epick Poem, at least exclusive of all lofty, divine, and majestick Images, which certainly ought to be the far greatest Part? Could any Man believe that an Author, who translated *Longinus*, should have no juster Notions of the Sublime? By what he has said, it appears that ei-
ther

ther he believ'd an heroick Poem did not demand the sublime Stile, or that the sublime Stile consists in gay and diverting Embellishments; tho' tis plain that such a religious and elevated Work by the Mixture of light Idea's and gay Ornaments would become as ridiculous as a *Lord Chief Justice* should he appear on the *Bench* richly dress'd like a general Officer at a Review, or a young Lord on his Wedding-Day. If Mr. *Boileau* had said instead of gay, that Christianity did not afford exalted Idea's and splendid Ornaments fit to support the Dignity of the sublime Stile, and therefore was improper for heroick Poetry, he had indeed said something to his Purpose, but then it would have been certainly false; and to alledge that it will not endure a gay Dress, is in Effect to assert, that it is fit for the elevated Sentiments and Diction required in Writings of that Species.

I readily allow that our Religion does not administer light and airy Idea's, and therefore is not adapted to exhilarate and regale the Reader with profuse Mirth; but then I insist that the Dignity and divine Nature of heroick Writing does not demand, but on the contrary despises such pleasant Images. Facetious Turns and pretty Fancies, the Entertainment proper to Farce and Comedy, are unsufferable in the superiour Kinds of Poetry; and will no more enliven and embellish such Productions, than little Jest's and Sallies of Wit would become Discourses delivered from the Pulpit, Tryals for Life, or the solemn Debates of an august Assembly. This Gentleman I imagine is the first, that ever made Gayety the necessary Qualification of an Epick Poem; he might as well have required it in Tragedy, there being so great a Resemblance between these two that they differ only in this, that one imitates Nature, by Narration, and the other by actual Representation; but did ever any Man affirm that no sad Objects, no Distress should enter into a Tragedy? that the Passions of Terrour and Pity should not be touched, and nothing be brought in there but what will make the Audience merry? This is utterly repugnant to the Essence and Design of Tragedy; for all Men

know that the great Beauty and Excellence of such a Work consists in its pathetick and moving Distresses; and light and pleasant Subjects are so incongruous and contrary to its Nature, that *Tragi-Comedy* founded upon a wrong Taste is now exploded as a monstrous and inconsistent Mixture: And for the same Reason gay and pert Idea's, playful Conceits and Sports of Imagination are intollerable in Epick Poetry. So greatly is the Objecter mistaken in this Article. It is true, that an Epick Poem should please and entertain; but then the Pleasure it gives is more satisfying, generous, and elevated, than what arises from Strains of Pleasantry and diverting Humour. When I reflect upon Mr. *Boileau's* Way of arguing, I imagine the Mistake of this Author, and others of the same Sentiments, arises from this, that they look upon an heroick Poem as only a delightful Entertainment of the Imagination by beautiful Diction and surprizing Turns, and of the Understanding by a regular and well-imagined Symmetry in the Structure; but how do these Gentlemen forget that Instruction and Incitements to heroick Virtue, worthy Passions and generous Resolutions, are the principal Things aimed at in this Sort of Writing, without which a pretended Epick Poem, its chief End being destroyed, is an impertinent and lifeless Performance?

THE Second Reason that the Objecter gives to make good his Hypothesis is, that the Christian Religion presents us every where with the Doctrine of Repentance and the Idea's of merited Torments, and therefore it cannot consist with Epick Poetry. Tho' what I have said before may be an Answer to this Exception, yet I shall further add the following Reply. It is very surprizing that a Gentleman of Mr. *Boileau's* Capacity should produce two such Reasons in Defence of his Opinion, as effectually overthrow it: I have before shown that the first does so, and the second is no less destructive of the Author's Doctrine, than the former. How came this Critick to think that the End of the Christian Religion is Repentance, which is but a subordinate

ordinate Means to Peace here and everlasting Felicity hereafter. There is no Trouble or Sorrow required in a Christian Penitent, but what is consistent with, or at least prepares for constant Joy and Transports of divine Delights; and therefore there is more real Pleasure and solid Satisfaction in the Acts of Repentance it self, while they are looked upon by the Penitent as the Means of his Recovery, and endless Happiness, than in all the gay and pleasant Enjoyments upon Earth. The Disciples are commanded to rejoice and be exceeding glad, even when persecuted for their Master's Sake: *Rejoice always, yea, and again I say, Rejoice*, is an Evangelical Precept; and good Christians are mentioned in Scripture as triumphing with unspeakable Joy and full of Glory. Thus the second Objection is founded on manifest Ignorance of the Nature of Christianity, as the First proceeded from a Mistake of the true Sublime. But should it be granted that the Christian Religion presents the Mind with Scenes of Sorrow and Sadness, Is that a Reason why it cannot enter into an Epick Poem? Are not Difficulties, Dangers, Troubles, and Distresses contrived and introduced on purpose, as well by the Epick as the Tragick Poets, to afflict and retard the Heroe, before he is crowned in the End with Victory and Applause, the Reward of his invincible Patience, stedfast Resolution, and exemplary Fortitude? Thus Mr. *Boileau* is so unfortunate in arguing, that put his Objections into what Light soever you please, and they evidently make against him, and the Christian Religion appears proper and fit for Epick Poetry from these two Reasons that are brought to evince the contrary.

BUT in the third Place, where his Argument is equally unsuccessful and inconclusive, Mr. *Boileau* asserts, that If invented or allegorical Episodes and Incidents agreeable to the Christian Religion are interwoven in the Poem, it will render the whole suspected of being fabulous. If he means that this will affect the whole Poem, there is no Harm done, for an Epick Poem is and ought to be a Fiction; it is the essential Property that distinguishes it from a true Hi-

story, that is a Narration of Matters of Fact in Verse, such as *Lucan's Pharsalia*; and therefore, tho' true Incidents may sometimes be related, yet they are brought into the Poem only as probable, not as real Facts: But if the Objecter means that such a Mixture will cast an Air of Fable upon all the Religion and divine Worship contained in it, I answer that if this were true, then *Homer* and *Virgil* ought not to have engaged Machines or heavenly Powers adored by the *Greeks* and *Romans* in any feigned Action, for fear of bringing Discredit upon their System of Religion, and making the People suspect it for an artful Invention; for the People, tho' deluded, adored the Gods as real Beings, and embraced such Rites and Modes of Worship, as they believed were acceptable to them; nor can it be supposed that those Poets had any Opinion that their Fictions would invalidate the establish'd Notions of the Religion of their Country, which they intended, as with all Reason we must suppose, to improve and cultivate, not to discourage and weaken. It is incredible and shocking to the greatest Degree to think that *Virgil*, who made Piety and Veneration of the Gods, the peculiar Character of his chief Heroe, and every where introduces divine Worship, by Prayers, Praises, Sacrifices and consulting the Oracles, did in the least imagine that his devised Incidents should shake the Peoples Opinion of the Truth of their Religion, and make them suspect that all their sacred Institutions, theological Doctrines and Schemes of Worship were meer Fiction; and it is evident in Fact, that their imagin'd and feigned Poems had no such Effect upon the Readers as to make them suspect their Religion of Invention and Contrivance; but on the contrary they eminently confirmed and propagated them in the Minds of Men. It is plain likewise, that the *Mahometan* Empire does not suspect their *Alcoran* to be an imagined Fable, because there occur in it many Images, Similitudes, and Narratives of a feigned and allegorical Cast.

BESIDES, if the Mixture of Fiction casts an Air of Fable upon revealed Religion, what must be said to the allegorical Allusions, Apologues, Parables, Similitudes and emblematical Representations, that are found in the sacred Writings, which was the common Method of Instruction in those Ages and Countries, and in *Egypt* and *Assyria*, where Knowledge was then most flourishing? And further there is no Danger of being misled by a Poem into a Suspicion of all Religion contain'd in it, because some Incidents in it are invented, for as in Apologues, emblematical Images and Parables the People are not deceived, because they are apprized of their Nature and Design; that is, that they are contrived and imagined, and not to be taken and understood in a literal Sense; so in this Case the Reader being conscious beforehand that an heroick Poem, as for the most Part of the Facts, is an artful and devised Narration design'd for Pleasure and Instruction, cannot be deluded and seduced into a Distrust of all Religion. And as what I have alledged confutes Mr. *Boileau's* Argument, so it is a sufficient Answer to Mr. *Dennis*, who objected to Prince *Arthur* that the Story was a Fiction, which the very Essence of an Epick Poem requires it should be; and indeed the very Word *Poem* takes its Rise from a *Greek* one, that signifies to *create* or *feign*.

THIS third Objection of Mr. *Boileau* then lies against all Epick Poetry in general, as well *Pagan* as *Christian*, and utterly subverts the Nature of it, by making it impracticable to employ Machines and mix Invention in the Poem.

IT has been further objected against my Notions and Practice by Mr. *Dennis*, that there can be no heavenly Machines employ'd according to the Christian Scheme, because, says he, the introducing of Angels cannot be allowed; and to make this good, he thus argues; *Miracles are ceased; now the Descent of Angles into the World is a Miracle, and therefore to employ Angles is against the Doctrine of the Christian Church.* But neither of these Propositions is true, the Descent of Angels
from

from Heaven to Earth, and their interesting themselves in humane Affairs, is so far from being a Miracle, that it is nothing above the natural Power of the Angels; and the sacred Scriptures assure us, that they are constantly employ'd by the Appointment of the great Ruler of the World as his Ministers or Envoys in Messages and Commissions to be executed on Earth, or as his Viceroys, Presidents, and Delegates, entrusted with the Government of Empires, States, and Cities, and the Defence or Destruction of Fleets and Armies. The Angels especially are Attendants on Assemblies, congregated for divine Worship, and are vigilant and active in protecting the Christian Church; and our Saviour assures us, that the least good Christian has his Angel that stands in the Presence of God. This clearly evinces that the Interposition of Angels in Affairs on Earth, the divine Government here being in a great Measure committed to their subordinate Administration, is a natural and ordinary Event. Neither is the other Proposition true, that Miracles are ceased; they are indeed ceased as to their Frequency, there having been a greater Necessity for them at the first planting of Christianity than now; but this does not hinder but they may still be repeated for the Confirmation of it upon great and extraordinary Occasions, as well as for the propagating of it where it has never yet been admitted; for it would be absurd to say the divine Power is restrained from ever working any more Miracles to revive, confirm, or spread the Christian Religion.

BY what I have said it is very evident that the Commerce or Correspondence of Angels with this lower World is by no means a Miracle, tho' it be marvellous and admirable, and for that Reason very proper for heroic Poetry, and likewise that Miracles are not totally ceased.

HAVING thus removed all the Objections against an Epick Poem as built on the Christian Institution, I shall endeavour to prove, and I hope effectually, that such a Work cannot without great Absurdity and Inconsistence

sistence be contrived and framed according to the Principles and Doctrines of the Heathen Theology, and then that the Christian Scheme is admirably fit to support such a Writing.

THE *Pagan* System introduced into an Epick Poem debases and dishonours Religion, and the venerable Idea that Men ought to entertain of the divine Nature, while such invisible celestial Powers are engaged in the Action that are more apt to raise Contempt and Abhorrence, than such Esteem, Love, and Adoration of the Deities, as the Piety, Elevation, and Dignity of an Epick Poem indispensably require. The Gods of the old *Grecians* and *Romans* were in the Opinion of the People and the Poets an impure, vile, and immoral Race of heavenly Beings, infamous for Adultery, Rapes, and Incest, Intemperance, Theft, Falsehood, and Revenge; and are such Machines fit to be employ'd in an Epick Poem? Is any dishonourable or dirty Work to be done, who but a Deity must undertake the Execution? Is a malicious Persecution to be set on Foot against a Person of eminent Vertue, the pious Heroe of the Poem? *Juno* an implacable Goodefs in the *Aeneid*, or boisterous *Neptune* in the *Ulysses* are put upon this cruel unrighteous Office. Is a Woman to be debauched? *Virgil* employs no less than three Deities, *Cupid* and *Venus* at first, and at length *Juno*, to accomplish it; the two last contrive and carry on the shameful Intreague, and the first inspires her with loose Desires. As for pious *Aeneas* he, it seems, wanted no such Stimulation or foreign Impulse, his own Instincts being looked on as sufficient for the leud Amour. And is this for the Honour of the Gods and the Instruction of Mankind? Does not likewise the Representation of their Squabbles, Mutinies, Railings, and Invectives at their riotous and disorderly Feasts, rather promote the Ridicule, than the Admirable? and exceedingly debase instead of supporting the Gravity and Greatness of a religious exalted Poem?

AENEAS tells *Dido*, that his leaving of her in such an ungrateful and dishonourable Manner was by no means
any

any Fault of his; he, good Man, was not able to hinder it, but he imputes it to the Gods that commanded him to be gone. Thus if any shameful or immoral Action is to be done, the Guilt is to be charged upon the Deities, who 'tis plain according to the *Pagan* Theology were vicious, impure, and ungodlike Beings, and notwithstanding they are represented as powerful, immortal, and conscious of future Events; yet being divested of all moral Perfections, and governed by weak and wicked Passions, they are both ridiculous and detestable, and far below the better Sort of Men; for the Excellence and Superiority of the divine Nature chiefly consists in unblemished Purity and infinite Goodness; and therefore since the *Pagan* Divinities are destitute of these Attributes, the condemned apostate Spirits might with as much Reason be introduced as heavenly Machines, or Gods and Goddeses, as the *Pagan* Deities employ'd by *Homer* and *Virgil*; and it is very likely that these impure fallen Angels were the very Gods they adored. It is therefore a great Mistake of those Criticks that censure *Lucan* for this Expression, *Victrix Causa Dijs Placuit, sed Victa Catoni*: The conquering Cause was approved by the Gods, but the conquered was approved by *Cato*; for he ascribes to *Cato* no more than the *Pagan* Theology warranted, that is, a Superiority to their Gods in moral Perfection; and therefore *Jupiter* tells *Juno* in the twelfth Book of the *Aeneid*, that *Aeneas* would excel in Piety not only other Men, but the Gods themselves, tho' the last does by no Means as a higher Gradation raise the Heroe's Character, for that he might more easily do, than out-shine a Man of Honour and Probity.

AND this is yet more confirmed, if we consider that the superior Gods had so ill an Opinion of the Under-Divinities, that they were forced to employ three deified Men, *Aeacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus* as Judges in the infernal Regions, to try, acquit or condemn all Mankind, and determine finally concerning Punishments, and Rewards; Heaven, it seems, being incapable of supplying Deities fit for a Trust of such religious Importance.

portance. If it be asked, how does this affect the Poet? Is he blameable, who introduces nothing into his Poem, but what is warranted by the Religion of his Country? Be that allowed. Does not this plainly prove what I have asserted, that the *Pagan* Theology is unfit to sustain the Plan of an Epick Poem, but must in Contrariety to the principal Design of such a Performance corrupt, and vitiate the Minds of Men, and they so much the more produce that pernicious Effect, by how much the more they please and entertain. Can *Jupiter*, an abandoned Libertine, *Bacchus*, a drunken, and *Cupid*, a lascivious God, and other such wretched and abominable Machines interested in the Action, advance the Dignity of the Poem, and raise the delightful Admiration of the Reader? Does it not move Mirth and Laughter contrary to the very Nature and Design of such a Poem to be entertained with a Consult of Gods aspersing and reviling one another about a trifling Concern, while they riot in *Ambrosia*, and grow bouzy and mutinous with Excess of *Nectar*? Is such a Medley of Debauch and Divinity, where the convened Deities equal the Lewdness of *Alexander's* and *Belsazzar's* Feasts, and keep in Countenance the Vices and Immoralities of the most licentious and profligate Men, fit for Entertainment and Instruction? Can that precious Pair *Juno* and *Venus* add any becoming Ornament or strike the Reader with exalted and divine Pleasure, while at an Assembly of the Gods, *Jupiter* himself being in the Chair, they reproach and affront one another, and at other Times in a most indecent Manner throw out Invectives and mutual Scandal? 'Tis in vain to give these Goddesses fine gilt Coaches drawn with Swans or Doves, to allow them the most pompous Equipage and represent them as endowed with immortal Life and consummate Beauty, while at the same Time they appear under the Power of as impure and vicious Passions as govern the worst of Mankind. If any Man can read the Actions of the Gods that *Homer* introduces often quarrelling and fighting with one another, and often mixing in the Battle with Men, where sometimes they

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wound the mortal Warriours, and sometimes are wounded by them, and roar out in terrible Pain, and then believe such Deities embellish and raise the Poem, must in my Opinion have a very mean Taste of Religion, and the lowest Conceptions of the Excellence and Dignity of the divine Nature. But if he says he is pleased to see false Gods so expose themselves, this Pleasure is not of the Epick but the Comick Kind. The Sum of this Article is this that the *Pagan* Gods interrested in the Action, whose Characters are directly contrary to all regular Notions of divine Perfections, cannot with Propriety be admitted into an Epick Poem, and therefore that the *Pagan* Religion is so far from favouring that Species of Writing, that it utterly destroys it.

NOR could the immoral Contagion of such an impure Religion be more effectually propagated than by Poetical Writings. As the divine Being thought fit to teach and instruct Mankind by inspired Poets and Prophets, so the Apostate Angel the Father of Lies, according to his Custom, in Imitation of that Example, set up his Oracles and inspired his Poets as well to teach Men Idolatry and Polytheism, as to encourage and incite them to flagitious Practices; which destructive Task they undertook and carried on with such Success, that they soon became the chief Teachers and Supporters of Superstition, and the abominable System of Heathen Idolatry. The *Pagan* Priests were not so capable of spreading and giving Credit to their Religion, as the *Pagan* Poets, who were endowed with much superiour Talents. As the applauded Poem of *Lucretius* contributed much to the Service of the great Enemy of Mankind, by adorning and confirming the *Atheistical Philosophy* of *Epicurus*, so *Homer* and *Virgil* greatly favoured and supported the Heathen Idolatry and the Empire of the God of this World by embellishing and recommending in their Writings their abominable Scheme of Religion. It is said that *Alexander* the Great had constantly the Works of *Homer* in his Hands by Day, and under his Pillow by Night; and by his studious Application

cation to this Poet, how was his Mind corrupted and his Taste depraved? By following *Achilles* the false Model of heroick Vertue set before him, he became fierce, cruel, and inexorable, intoxicated with Pride, and hurried away with unbridled Fury; encouraged by the Examples of *Homer's* Deities, he plunged himself into the Depths of *Luxury*, Riot, *Bacchanalian* Feasts, and unbounded Lewdness, till by Imitation of his Poet's Gods he attained to Perfection in Vice, and grew one of the worst of Men; and at length, distracted with Pride and elated with Flattery and vain Glory, he took it into his Head to be a Deity himself, and by assuming a divine Character, the mad Conqueror, instead of procuring Honour and Adoration, exposed himself as a Lunatick to the Scorn and Derision of his Captains, and from a revered King became a ridiculous God. It must be granted that *Homer's* Poems have an evident Tendency to procure such sad Effects in a young Prince; and 'tis highly probable in Fact, they vitiated and poisoned the Monarch beforementioned, who took such Pleasure and Delight in reading them. Nor could the great Emperor *Augustus* escape the infectious Charms of *Virgil's* Eloquence. What *Alexander* arrogantly assumed, *Virgil* throws upon *Cesar*, declares him to be one of the Race of the Gods in the *Aeneid*, and in his *Georgicks* perfectly deifies him: Nor could *Augustus* resist the powerful Temptation; he accepts the Godship and carresses the unsufferable Flatterer. I once heard a great Man say in Conversation, that *Virgil* had paid the highest Compliment to *Augustus Cesar* that was ever made to any Prince in the World: He did indeed, for he deified him, whilst yet alive; detestable Adulation! Tho' otherwise *Virgil* throughout all the *Aeneid*, seldom alludes to any Action of that Emperor, and the Reader is scarce ever put in Mind of him, unless it be by one of the Embellishments on the Shield made by *Vulcan* for *Aeneas*: And when one Emperor was raised to the exalted Dignity of a divine Being, his Successors thought they had a Right to his Divinity as well as his Empire; few Princes being willing to have

less Honour or Power than their Predecessors enjoyed : And the Truth is, that by the Want of moral Goodness and their flagitious Manners, many of the *Roman* Emperors seem'd well qualified for *Pagan* Deities ; for the highest of these had no Reason to be ashamed of their Brother Gods, *Caligula*, *Nero*, and the rest who imitated the celestial Inhabitants in great Perfection.

WHAT fatal Mischiefs then owed their Rise to the bewitching Pen of this admirable Poet ? He transformed a great Emperor into a God, and then his Successors will not be contented to continue Men, but look upon Divinity to be annexed to the Purple ; and what Governors such Princes are likely to prove, is very easy to imagine. And as these great Writers brought about infinite Calamities by depraving the Minds of these two Conquerors of the World, so by the Reputation of their Writings they highly encouraged and promoted odious Idolatry, and Corruption of Manners.

AND if Poetry thus abused and employed in the Service of the heathen Idolatry was so pernicious to Mankind, on Parity of Reason it must be productive of excellent Effects in spreading and upholding revealed Religion and all Kinds of Vertue, were it engaged on the Christian Side. But, alas ! it can never be too much admired and lamented, that generally the Poets, tho' they embrace and profess revealed Religion, yet exempt their Productions from it, where they still retain a great Respect and Veneration for the *Pagan* Idolatry, believing it affords fitter Ornaments for their Works than their own Scheme of Divinity, and by their loose and infectious Composures weaken the Power of Religion and Vertue, favour the Cause of Impiety, and encourage the Growth of Vice and Immorality. Multitudes in Christian Countries reject the Worship of *Pagans* in Name and Notion, while they imitate their greatest Crimes in Practice : But the Poets do not generally in their Writings so much as renounce it in Name, but continue constantly to bring *Pagan* Gods and *Pagan* Devotion into their Works. But how much soever may

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be said in the Defence of *Homer* and *Virgil*, yet Christians are certainly inexcusable, who betray their own Cause, and preserve in their Poems the Memory and Credit of the heathen Idolatry, to the Diminution and Dishonour of their own Religion. But I have spoken of this elsewhere, and shall not proceed farther in this Place.

ANOTHER convincing Argument that the *Pagan* Scheme of Theology is improper for an Epick Poem is this, that 'tis monstrous and unnatural, and therefore the Poet must be led by it to introduce into his Writing many Things which are inconsistent with an heroick Narrative: Now the *Pagan* System will appear unnatural, if it be considered that it destroys the very Nature of the Gods, by making them impure and wicked, and thus takes away all Distinction between immortal Deities and mortal Men, not only by assigning Bodies to the Gods, Bodies vulnerable and receptive of Pains, but likewise all Kinds of human Passions, even the vilest and most flagitious, as well as a Readiness to tempt others to criminal Actions as alledged above. Thus while they deify Men, they undeify their Gods; for to believe a Deity Immoral and Impure, is worse than to believe there is none at all. Moral Evil and the divine Nature are contradictory and self-destructive Idea's; and thus to sink and degrade the Deity, and deprive him of his infinite Perfections, is to make him altogether such a one as our selves. Now the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, prompted and led by their Religion, have filled their Works, as said before, with the Immorality and Wickedness of their Gods, which is inconsistent with the Notion of a Deity and must therefore be unnatural and detestable.

BESIDES the *Pagan* Religion encourages Men to believe absurd, incredible, and sometimes impossible Things, which therefore mingle with the Works of the Poet. Thus *Virgil* was persuaded by his Religion that his Gods could turn Ships and their Crew with their Tackle and the Variety of Materials of great Bulk and Amplitude into little immortal Nymphs or Sea Goddesses.

If this Fiction is not impossible, as I believe it is, it is at least highly improbable, and it must be the faulty and absurd Religion of his Country that could induce one of *Virgil's* Capacity and Judgement to use such a ridiculous Machine at a dead List.

ÆNEAS desires to go into *Hell* on a Visit to his Father *Anchises*; and no doubt, since Piety was his Character, he thought this agreeable to his Religion, which is confirmed by the Prophetess *Sybill's* assisting and attending him in his terrible Expedition. Now it is most certain that nothing shocks humane Nature with more Violence than the real or imagin'd Sight of an Apparition or the Ghost of a deceased Person, and therefore no Man whilst alive can passionately desire to receive such Guests or be received by them: Nor can he possibly enjoy their Conversation with Delight and Pleasure: On the contrary, such Company would rather strike him with Horrour and Amazement, make him sweat and shudder, and perhaps bereave him of his Senses. It is therefore unnatural that *Æneas* should desire at all to see and converse with a Ghost, and more improbable is it that he should so earnestly wish it as to undertake such a horrible and frightful Journey as that into *Hell*, out of a meer Curiosity to see a dead Father, with whom he had no Manner of Business. And tho' *Æneas*, when he asks the *Sybill* to assist and conduct him in his Descent to *Hell*, tells her that his Father *Anchises* ordered him to request this Favour of her, yet this Saving will not do; for it is unnatural and therefore incredible that any Parent in his Wits should desire his Son to come down alive to the infernal Regions, and pass through so many Scenes of Terrour and Amazement, meerly to make him an unnecessary Visit. No Parent ever did or could require of his Son to make him such an extravagant and monstrous Compliment; and none but a mad Man can possibly comply with such a Request, which offers the utmost Violence to humane Nature and her strongest Inclinations. And this dreadful Journey of *Æneas* is still more shocking, in that 'tis undertaken upon no

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Consideration of Moment, but only that of seeing a dead Father that he lov'd. The Poet indeed hence takes Occasion to complement *Augustus* and the *Roman* Nation, by making *Anchises* foretell to his Son the Succession and future Glory of his Offspring; but it does not appear that *Aeneas* went on that Errand; and besides *Anchises* might have told him all this before his Death, and have excused his Son out of Love and Affection from making such a horrid Descent to hear this Prediction; but how *Anchises* became able to penetrate Futurity and foretell by such prophetick Narration Events to come, the Poet has left us in the Dark. He is not represented as one inspired for that Purpose: And if *Anchises*, a meer Man, had such an universal and unlimited Prescience as to be able to predict future contingent Events, he must have been endowed with Omniscience, and by that Perfection be raised to an Equality with their supreme God; and thus the Distinction between Men and Deities is again confounded: Nor does it appear that *Anchises* was so much as an inspired Prophet in the Sense of the *Pagans*; it is evident he was none when he accompanied his Son *Aeneas* as far as *Sicily* in his Journey to *Italy*; for could he have acquainted him with the Country, where the Fates decreed he should settle and found his Empire, he had not been so long retarded, nor have committed so many Mistakes, nor been always running to the Oracles to direct them whither to go. A great deal more might be said on this Head, but this will abundantly shew, that Heathen Poets contriving their Poems upon the Plan of their Religion, are led into numerous absurd, inconsistent, and unnatural Things, which because not probable but exceeding all Belief, are improper for Epick Poetry, that admits of nothing of this Nature.

BESIDES, the *Pagan* Theology by acknowledging Fate which is a necessary and unavoidable Chain and Continuation of Causes and Effects, and setting up this senseless Power above the Gods, by which they, as well as Men, are controuled and determined in their Actions,

becomes very improper for Epick Poetry ; for this contains the Pursuit of some important End to be attained by vertuous and heroick Deeds, by Patience, Perseverance, Supplication, and Reliance on divine Aids, for which the Heroe is at last honoured with Success ; but this is all an idle and insignificant Business if fatal Necessity governs the Univerſe, and inevitably brings about all Events. To what purpose is it to pray to the Gods, or employ heavenly Machines to retard or promote any Action, which by an irreversible Predetermination and a necessary Order of Causes, must undoubtedly come to pass ? And why is *Aeneas*, as a pious Heroe, to be applauded and rewarded for his vertuous Atchievements, and *Mezentius* to be abhorred and punished for his Irreligion and monstrous Cruelty, when neither the one nor the other had it in their Power to avoid any one of their Actions according to this Principle, which as to their moral Qualities reduces the Heroe and the Tyrant to an equal Character ? This Scheme then of Theology, that by setting Fate at the Head of all Affairs subverts the Foundations of all Religion and destroys the Notions of Vice and Virtue, must needs be inconsistent with the very Being of an heroick Poem, which supposes the Heroe has some important End in view that he determines to follow, that he chuses fit Means for the attaining of it, and having accomplish'd it, acquires justly Renown and Glory ; but if omnipotent Destiny has already predetermined and unalterably fixed all Events, then the Heroe has no self-determining Power or free Choice of his End or the Means to acquire it, but he mechanically acts as he is acted upon by outward Causes, and is intitled to no more Applause or Reward from all his great Atchievements than is due to the Arms with which he fought, or to the Horse on which he rode.

Now this Principle of all-controuling Destiny as taught by the Stoicks, and who Peripateticks in Effect assert the same, (for the System of *Epicurus*, whose idle and insignificant Deities never concern themselves with

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humane Affairs, cannot furnish out poetical Machines,) was embraced by *Virgil*. At the very Entrance of the *Aeneid* he lets the Reader know, that he espouses the Doctrine of fatal Necessity; I sing, says he, a *Fugitive* by Fate, *fato Profugus*, and he has often Recourse to it in great Difficulties. The Poet in short asserts this Doctrine through the whole *Aeneid*, which is plainly inconsistent with Religion, Vertue, and heroick Action, by making all Events result from an indissoluble Train of natural Causes, and leaves a Man no more the Subject of Vertue or Praise, of Reward or Punishment, than a brute Animal or an artful Machine. *Jupiter*, by his Messenger *Mercury*, reproves *Aeneas* for neglecting the *Italian* Cities (that is, the *Italian* Empire) given to him by the Fates, *Fatisq; datas non respicit Urbes*, (observe he does not say given by himself, but by the Fates) and *Aeneas* himself says to the *Sybill* in his 6th Book, that the Fates had conferr'd upon him a Settlement in *Italy*, *Non indebita posco Regna meis fatis*; and he tells the *Latins*, whose Country he invaded, that for his Part he had never come thither if that Country had not been given to him by Fate; it must therefore be unavoidably his Possession; nor could the Gods themselves, had they all conspired against him, have prevented the Event. How absurdly then does *Juno* and other divine Powers combine to frustrate the Decrees of Fate, and strive against Events which they certainly fore-knew must inevitably come to pass? And how unreasonable was it for *Aeneas* to supplicate *Juno* to be favourable, and lay by her Anger, when neither she nor any other Deity was able to disappoint his Success determined by inexorable Destiny; which Practice is directly contrary to his own Doctrine in the Sixth Book, where the *Sybill* thus replies to *Palinurus*, *Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando*, Cease to hope that the Fates can be moved or inclined by Prayer, that is, the Fates are inflexible; and therefore nothing can be more weak and inconsistent than *Juno's* Speech to *Futurna* in the 12th Book. In the mean Time the Poet, who introduces Fate as over-ruling Gods and Men, and so governing ir-

resistibly all the Actions and Incidents of the Poem; does not employ this invisible Power as a divine and heavenly Machine, nor does he give the least Account what it is; for it does not appear by him whether Fate is only one or more Beings, since sometimes he calls it Fates, and sometimes Fate; nor does he let the Reader know whether the Fates are Gods or Goddesses, or so much as intelligent Beings. It is very certain that he makes a Distinction between Fate and the Deities, and while he says nothing of the Nature and Properties and Genealogy of this all-controuling Power, he always gives some Account of his Gods and Goddesses, and bestows fifteen Lines in the Description of *Fame*, tho' it be only of ill Fame; so that good Fame or Glory must be a distinct Goddess, and might deserve another Description, at least as long; and yet I say there is no Hint given of the Nature of Fate, which is as much interested in his Poem as any of his Machines.

AND to make this yet clearer let it be observed how *Virgil* is hampered with his Doctrine of Fate, which he neither makes a Machine nor a visible mortal Power, but he uses a Word to which no Idea answers in the Mind, and therefore it is without Meaning: 'Tis something, of which he has a very dark Conception, that governs and over-rules all Things, and whatever it be, is inexorable and unchangeable. Now here see under what Difficulty the Poet laboured; had he made *Juno*, as he ought to have done according to his Religion, a Goddess conscious that the Fates had settled and decreed unalterably this future Event, that *Aeneas* should be possessed of *Italy*, and found an Empire there, she could not without the greatest Absurdity have moved Heaven and Earth, and exerted her utmost Endeavours to defeat the Fates, who in her own Opinion were irresistible. To avoid this, *Virgil* softens the Matter, and does not allow *Juno* certainly to know that the Fates had decreed against *Carthage*, and therefore he makes her declare that she intended to fix the Empire of the World in that Place, if the Fates pleased and would comply with it, *Si qua*

Fata sinant, as if she were not apprized that the Fates had absolutely determined otherwise: And for the same Purpose the Poet says no more, than that *Juno* had only heard a Report, (*audierat*) that the *Trojans* should prevail, and break the *Tyrian* Power, and reign over *Italy*, and all the World. Thus *Virgil* was compelled to use this Shift of making their highest Goddess uncertain and doubtful, concerning the Decree of Destiny in this Business, and only flurs it off as a dubious Rumour, and a Matter of Hear-say in Heaven, to ease and evade the Difficulty he had upon his Hands. For if *Juno* had known, as she certainly did, which will presently be proved, the Predetermination of unalterable Destiny in Favour of the *Trojans* and against the *Tyrians*, she could never have undertaken such a wild and extravagant Task as she did, to disappoint the Fates, and effect what she was fully convinced was impossible. Now *Juno* knew of the Decree of the Fates more than by Report and Hear-say, and therefore there could be no Room for that Saving, *Si qua Fata sinant*, she being fully satisfied, that the Event in Relation to the Settlement of *Aeneas* in *Italy*, was irrevocably determined. To prove this, I alledge, not only that she being a Goddess of the first Rank, must be allowed the Priviledge of knowing future Events, at least as well as *Anchises* a meer Man, and that too in the same Instances; but that *Jupiter* in the twelfth Book of the *Aeneid*, to persuade *Juno* to desist from her opposing *Aeneas*, tells her that she knew, and that she acknowledged that she knew, that the Fates had decreed that *Aeneas* should surmount all Difficulties, and be crown'd with Success: And if upon this Reason, she ought to give over her malicious Enterprize, it might with equal Force have prevailed upon her never to have embarked in a Business, in which she was then certain she should infallibly miscarry. This Flaw in the Plan of the *Aeneid* does not arise from Want of Judgement in the Poet, but from the Incapacity of his Religion to afford proper Materials for heroick Composures. But this is too copious a Subject for this Place, and I hope I have

said enough already to satisfy a judicious Reader that the *Pagan* System of Religion, as it is unnatural, inconsistent with, and destructive of all Merit, Industry and Distinction between Good and Evil, by making all Events depend upon fatal Necessity, is not proper for an Epick Poem.

BESIDES, the *Pagan* Theology cannot afford proper Machines for Epick Poetry. I cannot say that the Introduction of Machines or invisible Agents is essential, and absolutely necessary to an heroick Composition, tho' *Homer* and *Virgil* seem'd to think so; yet it is evident they much enliven and raise the Dignity of the Poem, and make it more magnificent, splendid, and admirable. Now the invisible Powers interested in the Action must be contrary to one another in moral Habits, Inclinations, Interests, and Designs, otherwise they would all be on the same Side; nor could there be any Contrast or Contention between them, while none could reasonably be employed to oppose the main Action, and frustrate the Aim of the principal Agent endowed with the Character of heroick Virtue: Now to form such a Strife and Opposition between their Machines, who are all Deities and for that Reason must be acknowledged Favourers of Virtue, the *Pagan* Poets were compelled to suppose Quarrels, Ruptures, and Animosities, very unworthy of divine Beings, between their Gods; tho' *Virgil* himself wonders at it, as well he might, *Tantane animis cœlestibus Iræ?* And they make their mutual Opposition to arise from the most frivolous and contemptible Occasions. *Juno's* Hatred and implacable Aversion to the *Trojans* springs from this, that *Paris* decided against her in that ungodlike Contest about the Superiority of Beauty: Sometimes their Gods and Goddesses stand for a Town or Country where they have Priests and Temples, against those where other Deities are worshipp'd: Sometimes they meerly take a Fancy to a Place or People, and then use all their Power and Interest in their Favour; and sometimes they are drawn in by some great Deity to espouse their petty Quarrels and fight on their Side, 'till Heaven and Earth are filled with Uproar and Confusion, to gratify the revengeful Passion

Passion of some proud and peevish Divinity, that out of a captious Humour has taken Offence from the most insignificant and trifling Provocation. 'Tis observable that *Juno* opposes *Aeneas* for an old Grudge she bore the *Trojans* upon the Account before-mentioned, and *Venus* favours him because he was her Son, and upon this they make their Parties, and embroil all the Gods in Feuds and Contention: But they are never introduced as Favourers of any Society or Man for their extraordinary Piety and Goodness, nor as Enemies to them on the Account of Vice and Immorality: For *Juno* and all her divine Faction persecute *Aeneas*, tho' of the Race of the Gods, and endowed with heroick Virtue. Now this is inconsistent with the Idea of the Deities, for they being acknowledged and adored as the most perfect Beings, and therefore most worthy of Imitation, and likewise the Rewarders of Good, and the Punishers of evil Actions, cannot by the Poet be engaged in the Persecution of a pious and excellent Person, without destroying the Notion of a Deity, who must be supposed to love Virtue and Piety, and to favour and protect all that have such Endowments: In short, to introduce such as Gods, when interest'd in the Poem, shew no distinguishing Regard to Vice or Virtue, Piety or Irreligion, who are split into Parties, and settled Animosities against one another upon idle and ridiculous Reasons, such as the chief Machines in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets are allowed to be, must dishonour their Poems, and confirm what I have said, that there is no reasonable or solid Foundation in the *Pagan* Theology for any Contrast between their Machines: They are all Gods, and should be always represented with their essential Properties, otherwise they will manifestly act out of Character; but to divide them and engage a great Party in opposing and distressing a pious Heroe, ruins the Idea of a Deity, and makes them so many diabolical infernal Spirits, who chiefly hate and afflict the best Men; and therefore how much soever any Person may be delighted, tho' then not in an Epick Manner,

no Man can be instructed with the Narration of such unworthy Actions.

THE Epick Poems of the Ancients were so far from being instructive to the Reader, that, as I have shown, they could not but destroy their Morals and plunge them in the Dregs of Vice and Wickedness, by representing the Gods as Practisers and Patrons of all Sorts of Crimes and Pollutions, and by making it Impiety in the People not to be vicious in Conformity to the Example and Precepts of their Gods. When Men shall be taught that leud and immoral Life is not only pleasing to the Deities they worship, but that it makes them resemble the celestial, immortal Powers, whom they judged the most excellent and perfect Beings; Is not this the highest Encouragement, and even an irresistible Temptation to criminal Actions, which as the Practisers are instructed, advance their Nature to a near Similitude to that of their highest Deities? Thus the Poems of the Ancients, instead of instructing the People, had a natural Tendency to corrupt and debauch their Minds, to lay waste all the Fences and Mounds of Virtue, and let in a Deluge of Vice and Wickedness to overspread the World.

THUS I have offered clear Evidence to prove that the *Pagan* Religion is unfit for Epick Poetry, and have shewn how impossible it was, even for *Virgil* himself to make it otherwise; while he was unable to lay a reasonable Foundation for any Contest between his Machines and divide them into Parties, one to side with, and one to oppose his Heroe: In attempting it he is compelled to make some of the Gods Enemies to Virtue and good Men, to hate and distress an excellent Person, *Insignem Pietate Virum*: Now this, as I have said, is so repugnant to the Nature of a Deity, that it utterly overthrows it. A Divinity and a Persecutor of pious Men are contradictory Terms, and the Proposition includes Idea's that confound one another. Such a Divinity is an illusive Phantasm, or Chimera, a Non-entity, and therefore cannot be a Machine in an Epick Poem.

THUS I have fully demonstrated that the Heathen Theology is inconsistent with the Rules and Designs of Epick Poetry; and now will show on the contrary that revealed Religion is every Way proper for it. As the Poet, that writes in Conformity to it, may avoid all the Absurdities that the *Pagan* Religion must occasion, and perfectly observe all the Laws of heroick Writing, that are founded upon Reason and good Sense, and not only upon Example and servile Imitation; So that sacred Institution supplies the Writer with all the proper Materials imaginable, as well for a rational, solid, and beautiful Plan, as the various integral Parts of the Structure, the Incidents, Episodes, Obstructions, Distresses, and a happy Catastrophe: It affords likewise the most excellent and admirable Subjects, the most divine and exalted Ideas to embellish and enliven the Poem in every Part, so as to make it pleasing and delightful, as well as moral and divine Sentiments to render it instructive.

BESIDES, the Christian Religion affords proper Machines for an Epick Poem, by supplying the Poet with opposite Characters in the invisible Powers; that is, the pure and happy Angels, who have kept their blissful Station in Heaven, and are sent forth as ministering Spirits to aid and succour good Christians in their Dangers and Distresses; and the wicked Apostate Spirits, who are cast down from the Seats above into the inferiour Regions of Darkness, and out of Malice and Hatred to Goodness are vigilant and implacable Enemies to the Just and Pious.

THE Attributes and infinite Perfections of the divine Being, his irresistible Power, incomprehensible Goodness, and unsearchable Wisdom demonstrated in his marvellous Works of Creation and Providence, and especially in the gracious, wise, and admirable Scheme of Man's Redemption, full of such astonishing and glorious Mysteries, that the Angels of Heaven desire to look into them, furnish the Poet with an endless Stock of sublime Ideas, and excellent Sentiments productive of pure and devout Passions, and the most worthy Resolutions. The Christian Institution therefore favours the Epick Poet by supplying

plying him with othergues Images to raise and adorn his Work, than can be found in the foolish and inconsistent System of the Heathen Divinity.

THUS revealed Religion by affording a real and substantial Ground and Reason of Disagreement and Opposition between the Machines, that is, good and bad Angels, and by administering great Plenty of lofty and wonderful Images, various Matter for beautiful Episodes, frequent Occasions of surprisng Allusions, and every Thing that conduces to the Symmetry, Decoration and Dignity of the Poem, so that it may prove delightful, marvellous, and instructive, appears perfectly accommodated to all the Purposes of an Heroick Writing. Thus I have clearly demonstrated the Truth of my Position, That the Christian Religion is proper to be introduced into an Epick Poem, and have removed all Objections against it; and I am encouraged to believe that the following Poem is in Fact a Confirmation of what I have advanced.

I desire it may be here observed that in what I have said above, I do not censure *Virgil* as a Writer; for I give into his established Character, that he is the Prince of Poets; nor do I criticise on his Poem farther than to make good my Position, that the *Pagan* Scheme of divine Worship is incapable of supporting an Epick Poem built upon it: For if *Homer* and *Virgil*, one of a vast and boundless Imagination, the other of accurate Taste and Judgement and consummate poetick Eloquence, could not raise a Structure upon the *Pagan* Scheme without manifest Violations of the Laws and Rules of Epick Poetry, that exclude all Things contemptible and ridiculous, as well as incoherent, improbable, low and vulgar: If such a Work, I say, in the Hands of such Masters could not be accomplished without the Faults and Imperfections before-mentioned, it will easily be granted that no other Person can be able to raise a less defective Poem upon the Basis of heathen Theology. But had *Virgil* lived longer and embraced the Christian Religion, and writ his Poem in Conformity

mity to that revealed Institution, what Perfection had shone in his Work, and how much had that great Genius, endowed with Judgement and Contrivance, and rich in just, splendid, and inimitable Diction, by the Advantage of true Religion, surpassed himself; while he was led into various Absurdities by following the Doctrines of *Pagan* Idolatry? For such a Work regularly contrived upon the Christian Scheme would contain more social, moral, and divine Instruction, which is the principal Design in this Kind of Writing, than all the Epick Poems hitherto publish'd: And this is what I have aimed at in this Performance, as well as to give a more perfect Plan, than what has yet appeared. But if I have not succeeded in an Undertaking of such Hazard and Difficulty, yet still I have this Satisfaction, that it may have an useful Effect: For, as an eminent Writer observes, if a Work of this Nature be so compos'd that it is proper to inspire the Mind with lofty, noble, and divine Sentiments, and excite worthy Passions and generous Resolutions, it may justly claim the Title of an Epick Poem, tho' it sometimes deviates from the strict Rules of severe Criticks: I hope however that no reasonable Objection upon the Account of any such Defect will be made against this Work.

SOME Criticks have affirmed, that an Epick Poem should not only contain the important Action of some illustrious Person, but that it must be active in every Place thro' the whole Work, to which I can by no Means assent. 'Tis abundantly sufficient if it be chiefly or mostly so, and the Denomination will effectually follow the major and predominant Part; and in this Sense only can it be truly said that the Poem should be active, and not as exclusive of all Speeches, Invocations, Prayers, Praises, Debates, and Odes: And to say that these may not be integral Parts of such a Poem, is to express great Want of Acquaintance with the Nature of such a Writing. Why Discourses and Soliloquies resulting from a proper Occasion given, and tending to promote and accomplish the principal End of the Action, may not here and there have

have a Place, I acknowledge I have not Capacity to comprehend. To say dogmatically and with a masterly Air, that the Nature of an Epick Poem excludes all Discourses, is a bold and arbitrary Position, while no Proof or the least Colour of Reason is produced to support it. Tragedy is yet fuller of vehement Action, than an Epick Writing, yet there are Examples of Soliloquies or Speeches on the Theatre that are well heard and applauded. I should be glad to know what Gentlemen mean when they affirm that nothing is to be admitted into the Poem we are discoursing of, but Action. Sure they cannot think that we are to be entertained there only with Musters, Camps, Battles, and Sieges: If this were a true Maxim, it would exclude the greatest Part of *Homer's Ulysses*, and of *Virgil's Aeneid*, all their long Suppers, Songs at their Feasts, Musick, and Descriptions of Sports, which alone make the whole fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, and do as much suspend the main Action as Discourses and Soliloquies, and are no more active than they, in the military Sense of the Word. If it be said, that *Homer* and *Virgil* have not interposed Discourses in their Works; I answer, were that so, Examples are no binding Rules; but the contrary is true, for *Homer* has not only introduced the Speeches of his Warriours, but likewise of his Horses, and that in the midst of a Battle; and *Virgil* has done the same, as to his Heroes: Besides, the Sentences of moral Instruction, tho' thinly interspersed, shew that they did not think such Sentiments and Expressions improper for an Epick Poem; nor did *Tucca* and *Varius* strike out such Lines as these, *Discite Justitiam moniti & non temnere Divos*, Learn to be just and not to contemn the Gods. Ten such Sentences as these would make *Virgil* a canting Writer, and a very Preacher, in an Age like this: And if such Sentences were more frequent and more extensive, it would be yet more laudable, as they would more advance the principal End of all Productions of this Kind. It is now as I believe universally allowed by the best Judges, that Instruction or moral Improvement of the Mind, as well as the delightful

lightful Entertainment of the Fancy and Agitation of the Passions, are the great Ends of Epick Poetry, and the first is evidently of far greater Importance than the last; nay, the last is to be pursued only as a Means or an inferiour End to the first; therefore moral and political Discourses and Soliloquies, as well as Devotions and Thanksgivings, growing naturally from the Subject and apt to produce great and exalted Idea's and worthy Resolutions, if they are pertinent and spiritfual, and not too long nor too frequent, must be allowed to promote the principal Design of the Poet. The lively Descriptions, Allusions, and beautiful Similitudes expressed in the finest Words and elevated Diction, chiefly, if not only, strike the Imagination, and please only 'as they are figurative, delicate, and admirable Embellishments: But what is this compared with those Parts of the Poems, that inspire the Soul with noble, sublime and divine Sentiments, and kindle the Love of Vertue and prudential Life? And if these are infinitely more preferable, then 'tis past all Contradiction that moral Sentences interspersed more frequently and more pursued and extended, than they are in *Homer* and *Virgil*, would be at least as valuable, as any other Parts of the Poem, which instruct only by Example, in rewarding a Heroe and doing poetical Justice on an Atheist or a Tyrant; and yet that a Poet of this Sort is tyed up to use no other Ways of Instruction but this, is what some have roundly affirmed, but were never so obliging as to produce any Reason or Evidence for it. They give you indeed their Word and Authority, which if you think fit to reject, you may incur their Displeasure, but are in no Danger of deviating from Truth or maintaining an Absurdity.

BUT should it be granted that the interposing of Discourses ever so proper and well limited in respect of Length and Frequency were an unwarrantable Defect and a Breach of the strict Rules of Epick Poetry, yet, as I have in another Writing observed, a manifest Fault may be committed out of Choice and Judgement, when it is done to introduce some greater Beauty, and this the greatest

greatest Poets have practised, and the most eminent Criticks have allowed and justified, by which Rule moral and religious Speeches and Dialogues, tho' the Poet should know that of themselves they should usually be excluded, yet when they evidently promote excellent Instruction, the chief End of his Art, he may admit them for the Sake of this Advantage, which is of greater Moment than the Beauty of the Stile or the Order and Contrivance of the Structure.

BUT that the Liberty of interposing Discourses in Epick Poems may be farther vindicated, let us go back and contemplate the Original and Rise of this Species of Poetry. There is no Doubt but the Book of *Job* is the first of this, and perhaps of all other Kinds of Writing, which being composed under the Guidance of divine Inspiration, requires the strictest and most respectful Attention: As we have many Examples of Lyrick Poetry by *Moses*, *Deborah*, *David* and others, and one of the pastoral or dramattick Sort by *Solomon*, so this is one of the heroick Species, where all the essential Parts that constitute and distinguish that kind, will easily appear to those, who consider and enter into the Nature of such a Writing. The principal illustrious Person in the Narration is *Job*, not a fictitious, but a real Worthy, which appears by divine Testimony, as were the others his Friends. This extraordinary Man became the Subject of this Book composed by some excellent Poet under divine Direction, in an admirable Manner to instruct the Reader in the Doctrine of Providence and the Vertue of Patience. Invisible Powers, even the supreme Being and the chief fall'n Angel, are here introduced and interested as Agents. The Distress is great and moving, and as the Diction is figurative and ornamental, so the Idea's and Sentiments are great, elevated, and surprizing, which in Conjunction render the Stile marvellous and sublime. It is plain then that this is a Writing of the Epick Cast, but it must be observed that it consists more in Dialogue or Narration of the Heroe's great Sufferings and patient Fortitude, than in

Action, each of which in their Turn are conducive to the principal End, that is, moral and divine Instruction. The *Grecian* and *Roman* Poems of this Kind convey Instruction, such as it is, almost only by Example and Action, excepting here and there some moral Sentiments interspersed; but who will undertake to prove that this is a more perfect Plan or Constitution, than one, where Dialogue or Speeches are sometimes interposed? What Arguments, what Reasons can they offer, that will make it appear that Soliloquies and Discourses justly conceived and written in proper Diction, and when they are not too long and frequent (Limitations before-mentioned) may not be interwoven with the active Parts, since they as much tend to the moral Improvement of the Mind? I do not assert that the Book of *Job* was intended for a perfect Model of Epick Poetry, but since divine instructive Discourses and Soliloquies make so great a Part of it, can any Reason be assigned why they should be totally excluded from all humane Composures of the like Nature? I cannot therefore but conclude, that the Discourses I have been speaking of, that contain divine and moral Sentiments expressed with as much Spirit, Elegance, and Dignity as the Subject requires, may be intermixt in a due Proportion in the Poem with great Advantage, as they much conduce to the main End of the Writing. Let it be granted that a regular Composure of this Sort should for the most Part be constituted of Action and instruct by Example, yet that does not exclude what I am contending for; an Epick Poem may for the greatest and most prevailing Part be denominated active, which is all that its Nature or Essence can demand, and yet proper Dialogues and Discourses may notwithstanding sometimes intervene, that carry on the main Design, and I believe no Reason can be alledged to the contrary.

As the Preachers of Christian Religion, whose Province it is to instruct and improve Mankind by the most exalted and excellent Notions, do often intermix Examples of divine Justice in rewarding eminent Virtue, and avenging enormous Guilt, tho' their Intention is

chiefly to convey divine Knowledge by Discourse : With Parity of Reason, a Christian Epick Poet who intends divine Instruction as his chief End, and the Entertainment and Pleasure of his Reader as subservient to it, and who principally promotes this End by Examples or signal Instances of poetical Rewards and Punishments, may notwithstanding sometimes introduce in proper Places, Dialogues and Soliloquies, subservient to the main Design of the Poem.

I F it be said that this suspends the Action ; I answer, that if it highly promotes the principal End of the Poem to suspend the Action, it is very warrantable to do so. Many Incidents and Episodes are contrived and thrown in for that Purpose, as Feasts, Songs, Musick, Descriptions, &c. and to extend the Poem by Variety of such Incidents, and keep back the Catastrophe or Accomplishment of the Action, is the greatest Art of the Poet. The Action stands still, while the Bards recite their Songs at the Suppers of *Alcinous*, and that of *Dido*, which had little Relation to the Design of the Poem ; and surely the Action may better be retarded, while a Discourse is held that evidently promotes the principal Design, than when it is discontinued by the Narration of Banquets and Funerals, by Consorts of Musick, and Recitals of poetick Composures : And while the ancient-applauded Epick Poems have up and down several interspersed moral Sentences, it is plain that during that Time the Action is not carried on, but suspended ; and if it may sometimes be suspended for One Moment, why not for Ten ? Entire Cessation for the least Portion of Time, stops and destroys an individual Motion, as effectually as a far larger ; and if it be allowed that the Action may be kept back at all, who will set the Bounds or determine how often and how long at once it may warrantably be retarded ? Nothing but Symmetry or Proportion can settle the proper Length and Frequency.

I have always vindicated the Liberty of the modern Poet, and asserted his Independence on the Example and Authority of ancient Writers, tho' of ever so great a Name ; since as all Productions of human Understanding are

are imperfect, *Homer* and *Virgil*, the great Ornaments of *Greece*, and *Rome*, cannot be judg'd indefective ; and if we exercise our Reason, and enter into an impartial Examen of their celebrated Works, it will soon appear that they are not exempt from all Blemish. We are not therefore obliged fervilely to follow the Paterns, which these great Masters have left us, for as this would effectually put a Stop to all Improvement of Epick Poetry to the End of the World, so it manifestly sets up Authority and Example, above Judgement and Reason ; deprives us of the free Use of our Understandings, and enslaves us to a blind Obedience in following the Models of former Authors. I must therefore declare against the Criticks and Commentators on *Homer* and *Virgil*, who would mortify the Moderns, and rob us of our Liberties, while they seem to tell us, that it is Rebellion against these Princes of Poetry, not entirely to imitate their Examples, or to presume to attempt any Alteration in their Method ; and that it is sufficient to condemn a Poem, if it contains any Thing that cannot be warranted by those ancient Writers ; and yet those Writers themselves never pretended to leave Posterity Examples of Epick Poetry, which the World for ever should be obliged to observe : It is the half Critick, that makes an Ostentation of false or superficial Learning, who can find nothing but exquisite Beauty, and faultless Excellence in the old Authors, and little Praise-worthy in the New, that will not admit any Thing into an Epick Poem that is not authorized and warranted by the Paterns of the two great Poets so often named, but with a petulant Air will insult Reason it self, if it presumes to oppose such Authority.

B u T there is nothing more absurd than such a Procedure : It is an unsufferable Imposition, for Grammarians, Expositors, and Criticks to oblige all Men to subscribe their ridiculous Test, (*viz.*) that *Homer* and *Virgil* are infallible, and that all who deviate from their Manner and Way, are Schismaticks and Innovators that corrupt the Purity of Epick Writing, and invent new Doctrines in Poetry unknown to the primitive Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. I reverence the great Names of

Homer and *Virgil*, but cannot so far compliment them, as to pronounce them perfect and without Error. It is in vain to say, that those *Greek* and *Latin* Poets have reigned uncontroled in the Schools of Learning so many Ages, and that their Authority still continues so undiluted, that he must be forsaken of common Sense that should accuse them of any Defect, or affirm there is any Liberty left for a modern Poet to attempt by different Ways of Writing any Improvement. Such a presumptuous and arrogant Person should, in the Opinion of some, be hooted at, and looked upon with wonder, as one of a whimsical and superstitious Turn of Mind, ready to fall off and apostatize from the Principles and Canons, which the Criticks have compiled out of the foresaid Writers, and magisterially imposed on all to come. It is no certain Argument of the Perfection of an ancient Poem, that it has been admired and complimented through so many Generations: Was not *Aristotle's* Philosophy, as I have elsewhere said, as universally received? And did it not flourish with as great Applause in the Schools of Learning for as many Ages as *Virgil*? and seem'd he not possess'd of as strong and absolute an Empire as any Writer whatever? Yet of late he has been deposed, stripp'd of his Dignity, and is sunk, strange Revolution! into general Contempt; and therefore *Homer* and *Virgil* are not still to be admired and applauded, meerly because they have been so for many Centuries past, but because their Works are presumed to be built on more solid and rational Foundations, without which an Author's long Fame and Popularity will not secure him from being despis'd at last: And from this Argument I conclude those admirable Writers, *Homer* and *Virgil* may continue in great Reputation, tho' I must assert they are not faultless, nor is any Variation from their Example for that Reason to be condemned.

'T IS likewise observable, that the Eloquence of the *Grecians* and *Romans*, which has been admired through so many successive Ages, is now looked upon as capable of Change to Advantage. *Tully* himself, the Prince of Orators, would be but indifferently heard in our present

Senates, where Argument and close Reasoning are more regarded than fine Words and musical Periods; nor would the Bar or the Pulpit endure the loose and declamatory Rhetorick of the Ancients, and therefore those, who censure all Deviations from *Virgil's* Model, should in Parity of Reason condemn all our modern Oratours, that are gone off from *Cicero's* Stile and Manner, since that great Man had no less Fame, nor less deservedly, for Eloquence, than the others had for Poetry.

THIS elevated and admirable Species of Poetry is employed on the most sublime and excellent Objects, the Praises of the supream Being, and his wonderful, wise, and just Providence, in distributing Rewards and Punishments for the Encouragement of Vertue, and the deterring Men from Irreligion and Immorality; and therefore, as I said above, an Epick Poem is a religious and divine Composure, and this great End it pursues by Variety of admirable Incidents, Episodes, and surprizing Turns of Action, by great and noble Idea's, divine and lofty Sentiments, beautiful Words and ornamental Expression. It is therefore very strange that any Gentlemen (as some have done) should make it an Objection to a Christian Epick Poem, that it contains too much Religion; when the very Nature of such a Composure consists in a religious Sublimity, as mentioned before; nor can a Christian write such a Poem, but he must design to promote some Branch of Morality, and to celebrate some illustrious Act of Providence. Is not the first Epick Writing, that of *Job* before-mentioned of this Nature? And are not the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil* all over Religious? As for the two last, it is owing to the gross Ignorance of the Age in which they wrote, and the ridiculous Scheme of the *Pagan* Idolatry interwoven with their Poems, that they often raise our Mirth rather than our Veneration; tho' perhaps it might not do so in the *Grecian*, and *Roman* People miserably plunged in the Dregs of Superstition and Polytheism: Such however as their Religion was, instead of a better, it is every where crouded into their Compositions, which for a very great Part are made up of Machines; that is, the Actions

of invifible Powers, their fuperior, or under Divinities engaged for and againft the Heroe, as well as of Prayers, Praifes, Vows, Sacrifices, Feafts, and Sports celebrated in Honour of their Gods; take away thefe religious Parts, and how entirely will thefe Poems be defaced and confounded? And is a Chriftian Poet, who writes in a Chriftian Country, to be condemned for doing the fame Thing; that is, for animating, raifing, and making his Work more admirable and ufeful, by introducing invifible Powers according to the Religion, Rites, and Ceremonies of his Country? thofe that think fit to condemn him for not following *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Models in other Things, fhould not object againft him for his Imitation of them in this.

As to the Diction of an Epick Poem, it ought not only to be beautiful and elegant, but likewise majeftick and fublime, otherwife it will not be admirable, as it ought to be. It is therefore neceffary it fhould be raifed above the vulgar Manner of Speech and Expression, which is effected in Part by the Choice of pure, fplendid, fignificant, and well-founding Words: And here the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets had greatly the Advantage over the modern, while their Languages afforded them for this Purpose great Plenty of Words, with a pompous Train of Syllables, equal, fmooth, and flowing without the Rubs and Roughnefs of multiplied Confonants hard to be pronounced: And out of fuch Riches and Abundance, the Poet might eafily felect fuch as being well ranged, might compofe admirable Sentences, and fupport the Dignity and Diftinction of the fublime Stile; whereas the *Englifh* Tongue confifts in Crouds of Monofyllables, and many of them ftiff and rugged, with difagreeable Confonants; befides it has the Difadvantage of varying the Tense of Verbs by auxiliary ones, and the Cafes of Nouns by little Particles, by which it becomes loofe and encumbered with fo many Terms either of a harfh Sound or no Extent, that it is not eafy in *Englifh* Verfe to maintain fuch an elevated and harmonious Run of Sentences, as will constantly uphold the Sublimity, Strength, and Majesty of the Poem. Allowance therefore fhould be made

to an *English* Poet, if his less musical and more diffusive Stile be compared with *Virgl's*, who had the Happiness to write in a concise, splendid, and tuneful Language.

As the Words ought to be thus chosen, so the Sentiments should be cloathed in an ornamental, magnificent Habit, embroider'd with all the Varieties of beautiful, expressive, and lively Metaphors, with surprizing and marvellous Turns, and animated with all the Life and Energy of pathetick and spiritfull Figures, as the different Subjects of the Poem shall demand: But when I assert the Necessity of ornamental and sublime Diction, without which the most regular Plan will not succeed, tho' the first without the last may be received with Applause; I do not mean that it is necessary always and in every Place, but only that the greatest and most predominant Part of the Poem should be thus raised and embellished, where the Subject will bear and requires it. It is a great Mistake to imagine that all the Transitions, Connexions, Discourses, Speeches, Consultations, and Delivery of Messages should be expressed in the most lofty Diction: Such low and vulgar Subjects will receive no extraordinary Beauty and Dignity from Ornaments, but would appear as contemptible and ridiculous as a Peasant clad in Robes of State. An Epick Poem being a Narration of feigned Actions has this in common with all History, that besides the remarkable and great Events, many Things must intervene, that prepare for the greater Subjects, and unite them to preserve the Thread of the Story uninterrupted: And therefore as it is not necessary, which I said before, that the whole Poem should be active, but only a predominant Part, so I affirm that the sublime Stile is preserved if it be found in all the lofty Subjects, tho' not in many others where it is not demanded; and it would be very absurd to act otherwise, for that would vitiate the Stile and swell it with a Tympany or empty Luxury of improper and pompous Expression. Where there is great Variety and Dissimilitude of Subjects, the Stile must be varied accordingly, and accommodated to each different Matter; and tho' in every Place the Diction must be clear, chaste, proper and signi-

ficative, yet when lower and less important Matters occur, they sometimes occasion flat and prosaick Sentences even in the Hands of the greatest Masters of Writing. *Virgil* himself, whose Diction is admirable and perhaps above the Reach of Imitation, has left in his *Aeneid* several low and prosaick Lines either out of Inadvertency, or because he did not think they would blemish his excellent Work. It is certain that the Poem of *Lucretius*, as to a great Part, is of a low and flat Stile, but it is so, when the Subject will not endure the sublime; and a great Poet of our own has taken Notice, that *Milton*, who is sublime and marvellous in the greatest Part of his *Paradise lost*, is sometimes flat for a hundred Lines together: But in my Opinion he makes but a lame Apology for him, by saying that it was occasioned by his getting into a Track of Scripture; for I am well assured that the Scripture affords the most proper Materials for high and wonderful Sentiments and Expression; and therefore it must arise from Negligence or an injudicious Choice of Scripture-Subjects, if the Author appears in a mean and poor Dress: These Exceptions however do not sink the great and deserved Reputation either of the *Roman* or *English* Poet; tho' at this Time such is the nice and false Delicacy of the Age, that many condemn a long Poem for the Sake of some Inaccuracies and low Lines; which is to assume a greater Capacity and critical Judgment than *Horace* was Master of, who declares he was not offended with a few Spots in a long Work.

SINCE every Thing prosaick should be excluded from an Epick Poem, and indeed from all others, it is agreeable to Reason that the Nature and Constitution of poetical Phrase, that makes it differ from prosaick, should be settled, and that can be nothing else than the Confinement of the Lines or Sentences to a determinate Number or Set of Words, disposed and ranged in a musical Order, whence the Sentences, thus regulated and bounded, are essentially diversified from Prose, which is *Oratio soluta*, Diction loose and unconfined by such Limitations. This is the general Difference, that distinguishes Prose from Verse written in the sublime or low-

er Stile; for in the last, if the Lines are regularly bounded and measured, they are not more prosaick, than the most lofty Expression; and therefore 'tis a great Mistake to call those Parts of the Poem prosaick, which are not elevated, figurative, and majestick; for I have shewn, that this is neither practicable nor fit, by the Laws of Decency and Propriety; and if what I have now said concerning the essential Distinction between Prose and Verse, be not rational and just, then it is certain that a great Part of the most celebrated Poems ancient and modern, must be condemned as prosaick, especially those of *Lucretius* and *Milton*.

BEING ambitious to please and entertain the Reader in Order to his Instruction, as far as my Talent will extend, I have chosen for the Subject of this Poem the Institution or forming of a young Prince for Empire, and the right Government of a People that is, or may be, committed to his Charge. This Subject, of great Importance and Emolument to Mankind, has not hitherto been undertaken in Verse. *Xenophon*, a great Captain, Philosopher, and Historian, had many Ages ago attempted it in his Book *de institutione Cyri*, which is partly true History and partly Invention, as the learned Dr. *Prideaux* has observed; and after *Xenophon* the celebrated Arch-Bishop of *Cambray* in his *Telemachus* has pursued the same worthy Design. But no Epick Poem has before this been compiled for that Purpose. To accomplish my Aim I pitched upon *Alfred*, as a proper general Character to be the principal Agent. An excellent Prince in his Youth; and afterwards a King of consummate Accomplishments. No Character more adorns the History of our Country, than that of the renowned *Alfred*. A Cloud of Witnesses of great Capacity and undoubted Credit, conspire in the Praise of this illustrious Person. It appears by *Affserius's* Testimony, who was his Contemporary, and the Account given of him by later History, but most amply and accurately by Mr. *Walker*, that he was one of the greatest Princes, that ever lived.

As he was truly endowed with heroick Vertue, and was so valiant and successful as to subdue and drive out of *Britain* his barbarous Enemies, so he was eminent for
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all social and moral Qualities, not only blameless and un-reproachable in his Life, but active and indefatigable in encouraging and propagating by his Precepts and Example all Things praise-worthy, and that tended to the Advancement of Religion, and the Peace, Safety, and Glory of his Country. As a King, he was an excellent Giver of Laws, several of which, as I am informed, remain in Force at this Day; a strict Observer and Distributer of Justice, and a tender and vigilant Father of his Country; and what was very wonderful in his Story, notwithstanding he lived in the dark, illiterate Age between the eighth and ninth Century, when a black Night of Ignorance had overspread the Face of all *Europe*, even then this admirable Prince, who ever expressed an eager Thirst after Letters and Science, was distinguished by his superiour divine Knowledge and polite Literature from all the Potentates of the *Western* World.

HE was, regarding the Times when he flourished, a considerable Poet, an excellent Musician, and so great a Lover and Patron of Learning, that as he founded the University of *Oxford*, and gave all Encouragements to celebrated Professors of Arts and Sciences, so he promoted none to any Office in his Court, that was ignorant of Letters, as he likewise banished thence all loose and immoral Persons. He divided his Time between Exercises of Devotion, Domestick Cares, Distribution of Justice, and Application to Business of State. In short, his Character is so compleat, that there is no Ornament or political Virtue to be named, which he did not possess in an eminent Degree: He is therefore fully qualified to be the Heroe or general Character of the Poem, in which I have mixed some true Facts with much Invention; and had the Narration been wholly a Fable, it might nevertheless have been a just and regular heroick Poem, for it is one of the characteristick and distinguishing Properties of that Sort of Writing to be a Narration of an allegorical Action and invented Incidents, as I have shewn before.

IT is true in Fact, confirmed by the undoubted Authority of Historians, that *Alfred*, when young, was
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sent to *Rome* by his Father King *Ethelwolf*, called by *Latin* Writers *Atulphus*, and that there he was crowned King by Pope *Leo* the 4th; that *Ethelred* his Brother King of the *West-Saxons*, * was killed in an Action with the *Danes*; that *Alfred* succeeded to the Crown, and fought those Invaders with great Valour and Success; that *Odu-no* Earl of *Devonshire* having conquered a great Body of *Danes*, joined *Alfred's* Men, and the King thus re-enforced, marched to fight the Enemy, who lay encamped near *Edington* in *Wiltshire*; that before the Engagement *Alfred* entered their Camp disguised like a Musician with his Harp in his Arms, that he might have an Opportunity of observing the Posture of the Foe, and discovering where he might be attacked to the best Advantage; that returning thence he marched his Army to engage the *Dane*, and entirely defeated him; that thereupon *Gunter*, called likewise *Gurtrunnus*, the *Danish* King, turned Christian, and came to Terms of Agreement with *Alfred*, that is, that *Gunter* should possess some of the *Northern* Countries, dependent however on the *Saxon* King, and that *Alfred* as Sovereign should rule the rest of the Island, who at length became Master of the whole: thus much is real Fact, the rest Invention.

By what I have said before it will appear an equitable Request, that no Critick would condemn any Thing in this Poem meerly because it bears not a Conformity to *Homer* and *Virgil*, till he has first proved that their Works are established as unerring and unalterable Exemplars for the Imitation of all Ages to come; and that every Disagreement or Deviation from their Practice is a Transgression of the Laws of Epick Poetry. If the Evidence of Reason be on my Side, I shall have no Regard to the Authority of former Poets, tho' they have been applauded and admired thro' so many Centuries; for I have shown before that *Aristotle's* Philosophy, which had Universality and Antiquity as much on its Side, at least, as *Virgil's* Poem ever had, was at last disgraced and disre-

* See *Affrius de vita & gestis Alfredi*, & *Walker de vita Alfredi*.

disregarded. Let therefore the Laws and Rules, that constitute Epick Poetry, and diversify it from all other Kinds be laid down, such I mean as Reason will stand by, and are founded upon good Sense, and the Nature of Things, and I shall readily submit and acknowledge my Errour, if I have done contrary to any such Rules and binding Precepts. But in such a discerning Age as this, to cry up the Infallibility of ancient Poets, and rob us of our Right to exercise our Understandings in searching, examining, and debating whether their Writings are any where defective or erroneous, and whether their Models in any Respect can be amended or improved or altered, or any Thing new may be introduced, which they have omitted, equally if not more conducive to the Ends of heroick Poetry, is a presumptuous and unpardonable Arrogance.

AND the Way being thus prepared, I hope that some Person of sufficient Leisure, and endowed with Judgement and Genius, in this Nation abounding with poetick Fire, will be encouraged to undertake and finish a Poem of this Species with greater Success than I have done, for the Advancement of Christian Instruction, the Good of Mankind, and the Honour of their Country, and that may help to correct the Taste of the People, and bring them by Degrees to be as much entertained and delighted with the Narration of the most sublime and important Subjects of Christianity, as with the Fables and ridiculous Genealogies and contemptible Actions of the Gods related in *Pagan* Poets, or that at least they may conceive no Prejudice against a Poem, meerly because it is written upon the Plan of their own Religion, nor think the worse of a Writer because he does not present them in his Poem with an incongruous Mixture of *Paganism*, which they profess to despise and abhor. And that Gentlemen qualified by native Abilities, and proper acquired Learning may be farther induced to attempt such a laudable Work, I offer to them the Opinion of a great Poet of our own, I mean Mr. *Dryden*, an Authority that may be more prevalent with them than mine, who has declared he once intended to write an Epick Poem upon
the

the Scheme of Revealed Religion, that might be more regular and perfect than any before published to the World; by which it is evident, that in his Judgement an Epick Poem may be founded on Revealed Religion, and that the Ancients have not carried on that Species of Poetry to such a Height, but that it is still capable of great Improvement.

AND in particular it is capable of this in an eminent Degree, by settling the Notion of the genuine Pleasure that an Epick Poet ought to excite, and that is the same that is proper to the other Species of sublime Poetry, I mean Tragedy and the upper Lyrick, and this is solid, generous and elevated. The greater Kinds of Poetry should no more make us gay and mery than Farce and Comedy should make us weep. Now upon due Reflection we shall find that the Pleasure, which a Christian Reader feels from a great Part of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, that is, their invisible Powers or Machines, is not properly that, which belongs to Epick Poetry, but is there unnatural, and only such as accompanies low and familiar Songs and light dramattick Performances, as I have before shewn.

GENTLEMEN, who are Irreligious in Principle and Disbelievers of the Existence of a Deity, are no doubt entertained to see the Gods represented under such vile and contemptible Characters as they are in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and other Poets, and those that embrace the Christian Doctrines, may make themselves merry with the Narration of the childish, extravagant, and despicable Actions of the *Pagan* Machines, while they feel no Awe, and find no Disturbance within from such Divinities, which they are assured are only empty Phantasms, and the unexistent Creatures of human Invention; and the more they are exposed, the more such Readers are pleased with the Performance. But then, I imagin, they read those idle Tales of *Pagan* Deities recorded in the Poets, in effect as a Burlesque Writing upon the *Pagan* Religion, or a Satyr upon their Deities, formed in the Manner of a mock-heroick Poem, or as an Epi-Comedy, where the diverting Humours, and extravagant Actions of the Gods are intermixed, as with
Design

Design to qualify and ease the Severity of the chaste, discreet, and honourable Characters of the chief Heroe and other under-Actors, which prevents their Examples from leaving any worthy and generous Impressions on the Mind of the Reader, or at least much weakens them, as it likewise in a great Measure takes off the Force of the moral Sentences and Admonitions scattered here and there in the Poem. But tho' in this Respect an impious Person or a Christian may divert himself by making *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Gods the Objects of his Pleasantry and Derision, yet this is not the divine and solid Satisfaction, that accompanies the true Sublime, but the Mirth and Gaiety that attend pleasant Stories, ironical, comick, and satyrical Writings; and therefore *Homer* and *Virgil* delight a Christian Reader by their Machines, not by causing honourable Idea's of the Gods, admirable Sentiments, and divine Passions, but by representing them as extravagant and diverting, immerst'd in Vice, and subject to the greatest Turpitude and Folly of human Nature. *Jupiter* cannot but please the lascivious Libertine, *Bacchus* the riotous and intemperate, *Venus* the loose and immodest Women, because such Examples keep them in Countenance, and remove all inward Remorse and Fear of Punishment; : But this likewise is a Pleasure quite Foreign to the Nature and Design of an Epick Poem, which should form in the Mind great and venerable Thoughts of Religion, and inspire the Heart with Devotion and the Love of Vertue; and all Delight raised by the Poet, that is not subservient to this End, and much more if it be destructive of it, is impertinent and unnatural in this great and sublime Kind of Poetry; and therefore the Poems full of the *Pagan* Religion being entirely uninstruative to a Christian Reader, must chiefly please, by gratifying the Fancy with fine Diction, surprizing Turns, and the ungodlike Actions of their loose Divinities.

I F it be said that the *Romans*, to whom *Virgil* wrote, might be instructed in their Religion: I answer, that he, as well as *Homer*, has given such an odious Representation of their Deities as tend to the rooting out
of

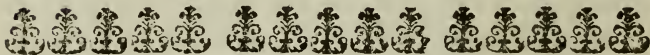
of all just Notions of Piety and Vertue revealed and dictated by the Light of Nature, and is apt to mislead Men into abominable Idolatry, or confirm them in the Belief and Practice of it, as well as to promote the greatest Corruption of Manners; and for this Reason, tho' *Homer* and *Virgil* may be ever so entertaining, I cannot believe they ever made one Man better, tho' they have made Multitudes much worse. Now a Poem of this Sort, written upon *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Schemes of Religion, contradict the End, and debase the Dignity of Epick Writing, which is owing to the foolish and absurd System of *Pagan* Theology, that, as I have proved before at large, is utterly incapable of being the Plan of such a Poem.

HAVING in the former Pages suggested that *Job* was very probably the first Writing publish'd to the World, as I have prov'd in my Preface to the Paraphrase on that Book, I here crave Leave to make this Remark, that it must be acknowledged as a peculiar Honour done to the Art of Poetry, that the divine Being should by his immediate Inspiration assist a poetical Genius in composing the first Work, as it is highly probable, that was ever written for the Instruction of Mankind; as he assisted others afterwards with the like impulsive Energy, to form lyrick and pastoral Songs: And hence I would admonish those religious and sober Men, who have themselves no Taste of Poetry, to beware how they censure poetical Works as light, vain, and unbecoming the Gravity of a vertuous Person. It is indeed much to be lamented that this Art has been so much abused and prostituted to the vilest Purposes; yet the Persons that are displeas'd with all poetical Performances, and have the Writers in Contempt, should reflect that the Author of Man had not such mean Thoughts of Poetry, who inspir'd *Moses*, *David*, *Solomon*, and the Prophets to convey in Songs, or Writings of a poetical Stile, the greatest Part of divine Instruction contained in the Old-Testament, as likewise the Authors of several Hymns in the New. Did not our Maker endow the Mind with a lively Fancy and Imagination for some Use? If so, are they

they not to be exercis'd on the most excellent Subjects? What if Fancy has been ill employ'd and alienated from its primitive Usage and excellent End? Is not human Understanding as much abus'd and misapplied every Day, but is it therefore an idle or undesirable Faculty?

As in composing this Poem I principally endeavour'd to cultivate and inform the Mind, so in Subordination to this End, I have labour'd to recreate and entertain the Imagination, as far as my Capacity extends; but then the Pleasure I have attempted to give, is that before described, as only proper to an heroick Performance.

BUT I must put an End to this Preface. It is a Field of Contemplation so wide and copious that I have been drawn on to a greater Length than I intended, and which the Reader may perhaps justly censure as too prolix. If any have a Mind to see more on this fruitful Subject, I refer him to an Essay on Epick Poetry, where I have discours'd on it at large and in a more accurate Manner.



ERRATA.

BOOK I. Page 16, Line 11, for late read our. Book II. p. 34, l. 2, for *Lafal* r. *Silva*. p. 44, l. 5, for Princes, r. Prince's. p. 60, l. 14, for *Lafal*, r. *Silva*. Book III. p. 92, l. 5 for project r. product. Book VI. p. 189 l. 2 for dives, r. dive. p. 201, l. 19, for lye r. lyes. p. 209, l. 12, for unburrow'd r. unborrow'd. Book VII. p. 217, l. 15, for unactive r. unnative. p. 221, l. 1 for hear r. here. p. 240, l. 8, for Motions r. Notions. Book VIII. p. 284, l. 3, insert with before triumphs. Book IX. p. 320, l. 14, for there r. their. p. 323, l. 2, for since r. as. Book X. p. 344, l. 20, for spreading r. spreeding. Book XI. p. 379, l. 8, for Graziers r. Grazers. p. 400, l. 15 r. Anco for Ance. Book XII. p. 411, l. ult. for vanish'd r. vanquish'd. p. 416, l. 6, r. pains without a Comma. l. 7, r. severe with a Comma added. p. 417: l. 15, r. they for they'd. p. 432, l. 10, for one r. once.



ALFRED.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. The Invocation. Prince Alfred with the Consent of his Father King Atulpho, accompanied by Guithun, once his Preceptor, and still his Friend and Adviser, sails from Britain to visit Foreign Nations, intending chiefly to improve his Mind by the Observations he should make on various Forms of Government, Laws, Customs, and Ceremonies in different Kingdoms, by which he might be better qualified for his High Station, should he succeed to his Father's Crown. While He is steering from Rome to Naples, Lucifer having descry'd his Ship from the Circæan

B

Hills,

Hills, expresses his Rage against him, summons together the Demons of the Air, and commands them to cause a Storm, and drive the Britons from the Italian to the Africk Coast. The Dæmons obey, and raise a North-West Wind, that occasions a Tempest, in which the Britons were shipwreckt, and cast on the Coast of Numidia. Advancing thro' this barren Country, they grew extream thirsty and faint with Heat and Toil. At length they found a Rivulet, where they refresh'd themselves, and standing on the Bank saw a Panther making to them. The Beast assaults Alfred, who leaps into the River with him in his Arms and drowns him. Afterward they are met by a Hermite, who admonish'd by a divine Vision, came to seek them: He leads them to his Cell; where reviv'd with Meat and Rest, they held Discourses concerning the Advantages of a private Life, and the prudent Forms of Civil Government.



Sing the Man, who left fair *Albion's*
Shore,
Mov'd by a generous Instinct to
explore
In various Realms the Customs,
Arts, and Laws,
Which Pow'r extend, and Peace
and Plenty cause.

Do Thou inspire my Breast, Celestial Muse,
Kindle one Rapture more, again infuse

Poetick

Poetick Force, that I in lofty Verse
The *British* Heroe's Labours may rehearse :
Extatick Bards by thy strong Impulse wing
Their Way sublime, and Themes superiour sing.
Thou, Thou alone can't feed their flowing Veins,
Supply new Ardour, and their Flight sustain.

Now did Prince *Alfred*, steering thro' the Deep
To fair *Parthenope*, the Region sweep
Near the *Circean* Mountains, which divide
With their protruded Wedge the Ocean's Tide.
Th' Apostate Angel, who commands the Air,
And rules th' inferior *Demons* that prepare
Malignant Meteors, and in Storms preside,
Fire Seeds of Lightning, and in Whirlwind ride ;
Here anxious fate, on dire Destruction bent,
His Brows contracted, and his Looks intent,
Contriving Vengeance from infernal Hate
To sink the Pow'rs that guard the Christian State.
Casting his Eyes from this high Mountain's Head,
To view the spacious Main around him spread,
Th' Apostate with a quick seraphick Glance
Saw *Alfred's* Ship thro' foaming Waves advance :
Rage uncontroul'd his livid Veins possess,
And Spleen immortal swell'd his aking Breast ;

While sharper Fires did in his Bosom glow,
 Than those in hot *Gehenna's* Caves below.
 Then with stern Aspect and indignant Air,
 Such as, the Battle lost, great Warriour's wear,
 Thus to himself he said----Perdition, Shame!
 Curs'd be *Atulpho's*, curs'd be *Alfred's* Name;
 Against my Throne shall this proud Youth rebell,
 Elude my Schemes, and mock the Force of Hell?
 Should he in unmolested Peace pursue
 The vain ambitious Ends he has in view;
 Improv'd in Arts and Arms, at length defeat
 The *Dane*, and drive him to his northern Seat
 From *Albion's* Isle, and with the loud Applause
 Of Christian Pow'rs advance the Christian Cause;
 Will not infernal Potentates complain,
 That I, their Prince, neglected to sustain
 Hell's Empire; that, inglorious and supine
 I let their Honour, Fame, and Strength decline?
 How will the impious Nations, who have broke
 My sacred Altars, and renounc'd my Yoke,
 Deride my disappointed Plots, blaspheme
 My Wisdom, make my awful Pow'r the Theme
 Of Mirth sarcastick, and their Strength ascribe
 To the proud Founder of their hateful Tribe?

Shall

Book I. *A L F R E D.*

Shall this aspiring *Briton*, the Disgrace
And vast Reproach of mighty *Odin's* Race ;
Odin, whose Arms did potent Kings dethrone,
Confirm my Empire, and enlarge his own ;
Shall this degenerate *Saxon*, who denies
His Father's Gods, and Me their Chief defies,
Pursue his curs'd Design by Sea and Land,
And vanquish all the Powers, that I command ?
No---Heav'n has ready granted my Request,
And bids me bring this Heroe to the Test ;
But may of that conceded Pow'r repent
Ere all my Schemes are try'd and Vengeance spent.

He said---And with a Voice, whose mighty Sound
Shook all the Forrests, Hills, and Shores around,
He call'd the dusky Dæmons of the Air,
Who to their Monarch's Seat in Swarms repair :
To whom he said---Aerial Pow'rs, employ
Your Arts, and *Alfred* Hell's great Foe destroy,
Raise a fierce Tempest, whose outrageous Force
May break his Scheme, and end his destin'd Course :
His Head with swelling Surges overwhelm,
Or let him drive without a Mast or Helm,
Till beaten by the Winds impetuous Shocks,
He sinks in yielding Waves, or splits on stable Rocks.

Th' obedient Dæmons bow'd, and took their Flight
 Swift as a *Parthian* Dart, or Ray of Light,
 And did with wonted Diligence perform
 The Task appointed, and prepar'd the Storm.

Now active *Boreas* rag'd, and with him join'd
Zephyr a humid hollow whistling Wind :
 With equal Force they forward rush, and share
 Alike the spacious Empire of the Air.
 They pass the Mountains, that aspire so high
 Their Heads grow blue by mingling with the Sky ;
 Then sweep the dusty Plains, and in their Course
 O'erturn proud Tow'rs & Domes with matchless Force ;
 They traverse swift th' Aerial Fields, and gain
Hesperia's Regions, and *Numidia's* Main :
 Now with united Wings they beat the Face
 Of the wide Deep, and rouse up from their Place
 The liquid Treasures, that extended lay
 In peaceful Coral Caves remote from Day.

Successive Horrors with Amazement fill
 The Sailer's Breast, and mock the Master's Skill.
 Sea-Mountains rear their whit'ning Heads on high,
 And with the solid Alpes the Liquid vye.

The

The Chryſtal Heaps ſoon fall, their Structure loſt,
Like Rocks of Ice abrupt on *Scythia's* Coaſt.
Now opening Gulphs and Chafms expanded ſhow
The ancient Water's gloomy Beds below ;
Whither prodigious Twilight they convey,
Blending with Subterranean Shade the Day.
Flames breaking from the Clouds, and ſudden Night,
By Turns extinguish and reſtore the Light :
Loud Thunder, Light'nings, Hail, and Floods of Rain
Compleat the Tempeſt, and diſtraçt the Main :
The Billows ſparkled, and the lower Skies
Seem'd kindled to the pale Spectator's Eyes ;
As if the furious Impulſe of the Storm,
And their own rapid Motion could transform
Thoſe Elements, and Heat enough inſpire
To ſet the Water, and the Air on Fire.

Alfred, who ſtill in Straits did firm appear,
Now felt a juſt Concern and decent Fear :
Then opening thus his Soul, he Heav'n addreſt,
To eaſe the pious Labour of his Breſt ;
Great, cauſeleſs Pow'r, by whoſe amazing Art
All Things did ready out of Nothing ſtart,
Thou, whom tempeſtuous Winds and Waves obey,
This furious Ferment of the Deep allay :

Compose this Strife, and pacify the Air,
 Divert the Danger, and thy Servants spare.
 Gracious Protector of the Good and Just,
 Thou art my Refuge, Thou my Hope and Trust :
 On Thee, my Strength, my Anchor, I rely,
 Pursu'd by Threatning Storms, to Thee I fly ;
 And prostrate Thy known Clemency implore ;
 Living I'll love Thee, and in Death adore.
 Defend a Life, which solemn I devote
 Justice and pure Religion to promote :
 The Dead no Altars to Thy Name can raise,
 Nor in Thy Temple celebrate Thy Praise.
 Will God to strive with Mortals condescend ?
 Will He with Man, a Moth, a Worm, contend ?
 Why should'st Thou draw Thy Terrors in Array,
 To break a brittle Piece of worthless Clay,
 That moulders of it self so fast away ?
 Thy ready Aid in Straits so often try'd,
 On which my Soul has ne'er in vain rely'd,
 Thy gracious Nature, and Thy promis'd Care
 Support me sinking, and forbid Despair :
 But if the high Decree has sign'd my Doom,
 And some low Cave must be my secret Tomb,
 Still will I trust, that from the deep Abyss
 I shall emerge to Heav'n and Thee and Blifs.

While

While *Alfred* thus th' Almighty's Throne address,
Easing the anxious Struggles in his Breast,
The Vessel by the Storm impell'd, at last
Bulg'd on a Rock, and stuck some Moments fast,
Till dash'd and ruin'd by the batt'ring Waves,
It left the Sailers doom'd to liquid Graves.

Alfred and *Guithun*, Heav'n did so ordain
To save the *Britons* from the threatenng Main,
Laid clasping hold on a long Rib of Oak,
Part of the Ship in ghastly Fragments broke :
While to the Wrack abrupt they fast adher'd,
Now to the Top they rose, now disappear'd :
Sometimes they sunk, and drank the briny Flood,
And sometimes floated on the boyant Wood.

The Gracious Angel, who by Heaven's Command
As *Alfred's* Guardian still did near him stand
To ward th' Assassin's secret Blow, or shield
The Heroe battling in the tented Field ;
Now to elude the Snares, and now repell
The Force and Fury of the Fiends of Hell,
His watchful Care of *Alfred* did express,
And flew to succour Virtue in Distress :
Tho' unobserv'd, he did assiduous keep
The Pair from sinking, and elude the Deep.

Careful

Careful he push'd them with a gentle Hand,
 Guided the Wreck, and shov'd them safe to Land.
 Thrown on the lonesome Coast in Pain they climb
 A Neighb'ring craggy Rock, that rose sublime
 In Air, and overlook'd the spreading Flood ;
 Joy'd with his Fate here pious *Alfred* stood,
 Whence he review'd the Toil and Danger past,
 And scatter'd Ruins, which the Deep defac't :
 Yet did with Grief unfeign'd lament his Train
 Of *British* Friends, that perish'd in the Main.
 Then thus, his Eyes up-rais'd, he Heav'n address,
 And his just Sense of Aid Divine exprest.

Great King, Thy Hand the awful Scepter sways
 Which the vast Empire of the World obeys :
 Thou with a Glance dost view, enthron'd on high,
 The Orbs immense that roll in distant Sky,
 Beneath Thy Feet appointed Rounds compleat,
 And at Thy sole Command their Course repeat.
 To some Thou dost afford, to some deny
 Deliv'rance, who dares ask a Reason why ?

Now at Thy Feet, who did'st the Storm controul,
 I in profound Submission bow my Soul.
 To Thee, Great Pow'r, who did'st my Fate reverse,
 My grateful Tongue shall Songs of Praise rehearse.

Ye

Ye Hills, which rear your aged Heads on high
Hoary with Frost and Snow, and Time defy,
Ye Rocks, which on your Base unshaken stand,
And from insulting Waves defend the Land.
Ye radiant Orbs, and Azure Skies, and Thou
Vaſt Deep, bear Witneſs to my ſolemn Vow :
While I can move theſe Limbs, while in my Veins
Alternate Breath the vital Flame ſuſtains,
I'll ſerve th' Almighty, and the Life devote,
Which he has ſpar'd, his Glory to promote.
He ſaid-----And now freſh Courage he acquir'd,
And felt his Soul with Heat Divine inſpir'd.

Wiſe *Guithun* then Prince *Alfred* thus beſpoke ;
Since Heav'n has this infernal Effort broke,
And watchful warded this impending Blow
Aim'd at our Heads by envious Fiends below,
Let us in him confide, and from the Shore
Advance the neighb'ring Country to explore.

Paſſing the Rocks, they enter'd on a Plain
Barren of Verdure, and unfown with Grain,
Where on the ruſſet Glebe ſome Shrubs of Yew
And here and there a ragged Hornbeam grew :
When they had long their toiliſome Way purſu'd,
And *Alfred* no Abode, no People view'd

In all this wild uncultivated Seat,
 To whom for due Repose they might retreat :
 Favour'd by Heav'n, he said, the Waves and Wind
 We 'scap'd, but do not Perils yet behind
 Appear as great, while we oppress'd with Toil
 In Want of all Things pass this lonesome Soil ?

He said---And *Guithun* thus---Bestill your Breast
 With your known Godlike Fortitude possess'd :
 Rest your incumbent Soul on Pow'r divine,
 And brave in Straits your Will to Heaven resign.
 Th' amazing Danger we have 'scap'd should raise
 Our pious Wonder, and excite our Praise,
 And tho' distress'd and friendless we are thrown
 By raging Winds and Waves on Land unknown,
 We should th' Eternal's Providence revere,
 Submit, and still to Virtue's Cause adhere.

Wisdom divine her Graces here conceals,
 And but in Part her heav'nly Form reveals,
 And then but to the Few, whose Minds are pure
 From gross terrestrial Thoughts, and who procure
 Celestial Habits, while they ardent rise
 From this dark Planet and frequent the Skies ;
 And to improve their intellectual Sight,
 Dwell in the Regions of immortal Light.

The

The boastful Pride of Mortals to abate
 Heav'n lets experienc'd Pilots of the State
 Oft steer on Shelves, and rashly run on Fate :
 And by superiour Art oft undermines
 The best form'd Plots, and seeming sure Designs,
 Contriv'd by clear and enterprizing Heads,
 And on the ruin'd Schemes of Statesmen treads.
 That favour'd Kings, when honour'd with Success,
 Th' Almighty's, not their own right Hand, may bless,
 And grant, shou'd Heav'n their Efforts not sustain,
 Their Pow'r is feeble, and their Wisdom vain ;
 Oft he propitious proves by adverse Ways,
 And breaks the Plan the wise Projector lays,
 Who splits on Rocks, to which as Forts, he steer'd,
 And by those Winds is rescu'd, which he fear'd.

The Discipline of stern Affliction's Hand
 Forms princely Minds for Pow'r and high Command.
 Mid'st Flames intense Men cast their giltt'ring Oar,
 And from the Dross refine the Golden Store,
 Then on the Anvil with the pond'rous Sledge
 Renew their Blows, to shape the precious Wedge.
 Artists, who form a Gem with Skill and Sweat
 For some great Monarch's Crown, their Cuts repeat,
 And

And never cease their Labour till they clear
 The Cruft, and make the radiant Form appear :
 Then do's the glitt'ring Stone its Light display,
 Confess its Parent Sun, and with its Ray
 Dazle Spectators, and enforce the Day.

≡ The Sculptor, who with humane Limbs and Face
 Endows the Marble, to adorn the Cafe
 Of some high Dome or Palace with a Piece
 That rivals those of ancient *Rome* and *Greece*,
 Strikes with his Chizel, and his Blow pursues,
 Till he the finish'd Work with Pleasure views.
 Thus with his Rod the Pow'r Supreme corrects
 The favour'd Prince, whose Safety He respects,
 That he may humble and indulgent grow,
 Patient in Suff'ring, and resign'd in Woe.

Hence *Albion's* Prince, to ease your growing Grief
 Trust the great M I N D, confirm'd in this Belief,
 That the past Storm you'll well intended find,
 That Heav'n is just, nor, when severe, unkind :
 That by Affliction wise and mod'rate grown,
 And fit for Empire you may mount the Throne :
 Then you may *Albion* raise to high Command,
 Establish Peace, and from a suff'ring Land
 Drive Foreign Arms : thus shall the Isle be made
 The Seat of Science, and the Mart of Trade :

Then

Then warring Empires shall in her confide,
And she *Europa's* Umpire shall decide
The Fate of Princes by her just Decree ;
And bid contending Monarchies agree.

Now they advanc'd, and by the burning Skies
Grown dry and faint, they search'd with eager Eyes
The barren Heath ; at length they joyful found
A Stream with Flaggs and bristling Rushes crown'd,
Which gushing from the neighb'ring Uplandflow'd,
And its moist Treasures on the Flats bestow'd.
Here with delicious draughts they flak'd their drought,
Their Anguish sooth'd, and eas'd their anxious Doubt.
Joy'd with the sweet Refreshment of the Flood
On the rais'd Bank a while the *Britons* stood ;
Then *Alfred* Thus----How should the various Ways
Of Heav'n's Salvation pious Wonder raise,
That touch'd with Mercy led our doubtful Feet
When faint with Thirst to Springs and Waters sweet ?
Ye favour'd Tribes, once Heav'ns peculiar Care,
By Wonders oft deliver'd, Witness bear,
How, when you panted with excessive Heat,
With Thirst oppress'd, and spent with Toil and Sweat,
While thro' the sandy solitary Waste
From *Egypt's* Frontier you to *Canaan* past,

Your

Your Leader did more Power than Nature's show,
 Made stable craggy Mountains liquid grow,
 Dissolv'd the Cliffs and bade the Marble flow,
 While their hard Bowels as they Pity felt,
 To flake your Thirst did into Rivers melt ;
 Tell, how from Rocks your Drink did streaming spread
 The Desert's Face, as from the Skies your Bread.
 How this amazing, this refreshing Aid
 At the last Gasp did vile Distrust upbraid.
 And may our Souls divine Compassion bless,
 That led us to the Springs in late Distress.

our

He said---when in Surprize they heard a Sound
 Ring thro' the ecchoing Plain, and looking round
 They saw a grisly Panther on his Way
 Advance to seize them and assure his Prey.
 He roar'd aloud, oft lick'd his rav'ning Jaws,
 And struck out oft his fierce destructive Paws,
 A Preface to the Feast he eager view'd,
 And with voracious Hunger swift pursu'd

Alfred beheld the Terrour from afar,
 And dauntless stood to undertake the War.
Guithun surpriz'd at this amazing Sight
 Felt vast Concern, and shudd'ring with Affright

Sent

Sent earnest Cries to Heav'n for speedy Aid,
 And for his own and *Alfred's* Safety pray'd.
 The *British* Prince did dauntless Courage show,
 Determin'd to sustain th' invading Foe,
 And on the Margin of the narrow Flood
 Waiting the unexampled Combate stood.
 The Foe came on, and leap'd against his Breast ;
 Present of Mind the *Briton* clasp'd and prest
 With strong Heroick Gripe the savage Beast :
 Then in a Moment, to effect his Scheme,
 Plung'd with him in his Arms amidst the Stream,
 And held him down, till with his Struggling tir'd,
 And by the Current choak'd, the Beast expir'd.
 Now to the Bank the valiant Heroe rais'd
 On bended Knees his great Deliv'rer prais'd,



Guitbun mean Time, from pale Despair releas'd,
 Wonder and Joy and Gratitude express'd :
 Then said----This Action, *Alfred*, must preface
 Yet greater Wonders in your riper Age.
 That from your Coasts you'll barb'rous Arms repell,
 Extirpate publick Pests, fierce Monsters quell,
 And Tyrants, who fair Realms and Towns efface,
 The Plague of Kingdoms and Mankind's Disgrace.
 = *David*, when first young Manhood did begin
 To cloath with tender Down his blooming Chin,

Slew the fierce Lyon, and the shaggy Bear,
 That ran with rav'ning Jaws his Flock to tear.
 Thus flush'd with Spoil, and conscious of his Might }
 He kill'd *Philistia's* Champion bold in Fight, }
 Of Size stupendous, and Gigantick Height. }
 These Deeds procur'd the Heroe wide Renown,
 And shew'd him worthy of *Judea's* Crown,
 Which yet he did not wear, till in the School
 Of sharp Affliction try'd, and taught to rule:
 And then advanc'd to Empire, how he shone !
 What Triumph's rais'd the Glory of his Throne !
 Sea-Commerce brought him Wealth immense, by Land
 Proud *Syria's* Lords obey'd his high Command.
 Of this great Monarch æmulous, O Prince,
 Your mighty Deeds will wond'ring Realms convince,
 That you'll a publick Benefactor prove ;
 Crown'd with Applause and univerfal Love.

He said---And now the *Britons* much reviv'd
 Travers'd the Plain till, at the Foot arriv'd
 Of a high Hill, a Trav'ler they descry'd
 Descending to them from its steepy Side.
 The Hermite, such he prov'd, the *Britons* join'd ;
 Grave his Department, and his Aspect kind.
 Hair white, as hov'ring Snow, upon his Head
 Did reverend Grace and hoary Honours spread.

His

His Nerves were firm, his Eyes preserv'd their Fire,
His Skin scarce wrinkled, and his Voice entire ;
His Cheeks a fresh and florid Colour dy'd
By active Spirits and warm Blood supply'd ;
While plyant Joints and cheerful Looks combin'd
Shew'd Health unbroken and a peaceful Mind ;
His Face unmark'd by Grief or secret Fears,
Nor did he bend beneath his Weight of Years :
While Life defying Time did in its Urn
Flame up with Vigour, and unwasted burn.

= As when a mild autumnal Season yields
A second Summer, and renews the Fields,
Fresh Flowers and springing Plants adorn the Plain,
And verdant Meads exhilarate the Swain ;
Nature's again in vernal Pride array'd,
And smiles, while Winter is so long delay'd :
So look'd the happy Hermite, free from Care,
And all the Ills of Age that Mortals bear.

Then *Guithun* thus the Anchorite bespoke ;
Behold two Strangers, who their Vessel broke,
Their Friends, their Servants, and Provisions lost,
Were newly Shipwreckt on the Neighb'ring Coast :
That Goodness and Benevolence of Mind,
That makes the Heart grow gentle, soft, and kind,

Which in your Mien unvulgar is confess'd,
 And in your Face in strongest Lines express'd,
 Inspire fresh Hopes that we shall find Relief
 From your Indulgence to abate our Grief.

A while the Hermite stood, and as he ey'd
 The Pair, he thought in *Alfred* he descry'd
 The Marks of Greatness, and a noble Mind
 To Glory and Heroick Deeds inclin'd :
 Such were his blooming Beauties, such his Grace,
 And such his Godlike Dignity of Face.

Then said---Pure Love and Charity divine
 That Christian Faith inspires, my Soul incline
 To pity all that Fate unhappy know,
 Solace their Sorrow, and relieve their Woe :
 That Heav'n of Pleasure conscious Virtue brings,
 That Joy, which from indulgent Mercy springs,
 Rivals the Triumphs of the Blest above,
 Where perfect Blis results from perfect Love.

Then did he bid them anxious Thoughts expell
 From their sad Breasts, and follow to his Cell.
 Ready the *Britons* with his Will comply'd,
 And grateful bless'd their wise and reverend Guide ;
 Who

Who thus bespoke Prince *Alfred*---Courteous Guest,
 Ease my Suspension, and at my Request
 Tell me your Names and Parents, let me know
 The distant Realm to which your Birth you owe;
 And why, expos'd to Perils, Straits, and Toil,
 By Land and Sea, you left your native Soil?

Then *Alfred* thus reply'd---*Atulpho*, who
 O'er *Albion* reigns to his high Office true,
 Is my lov'd Father, and this prudent Sage,
 My Friend th' Instructor of my tender Age,
 Is *Guithun*; why I did from *Britain* steer
 To visit foreign Realms, the Motive hear.
 While in my Thoughts revolving *Britain's* State
 I sigh'd, and mourn'd with Tears her hapless Fate,
 Which of her Virtue, Strength, and Wealth bereft,
 And succourless by neighb'ring Nations left,
 Is now exhausted and degenerate grown,
 Where Sciences and Arts are scarcely known,
 Commerce neglected, and the Land unsown,
 (The sad Effects of raging Civil Arms,
 Of fierce Invasions, and renew'd Alarms;)
 I soon decreed to leave *Britannia's* Soil,
 And bear in distant Realms uncommon Toil,
 From various Modes of Empire to select
 The fittest Schemes and Rules, that might correct

Domestick Ills, and Foreign Foes defeat,
 Make Subjects happy, and the Monarch Great ;
 That if I breathe again my Native Air,
 And should *Britannia's* Crown Imperial wear,
 I might by wise and just and equal Laws
 Advance the Realm, and aid Religion's Cause :
 Might from their growing Fears her Sons release,
 And gain to *Albion* Plenty, Strength, and Peace.
 Leaving in this Design *Britannia's* Shore,
 Resolv'd new States and Kingdoms to explore,
 (Nor did *Atulpha* from my Choice dissent)
 With *Guithun* and some faithful Lords I went
 From *Britain's* Coast ; to *Rome* our Way we sped,
 Of Christian Pow'rs the delegated Head ;
 Whence while to fair *Parthenope* we steer'd,
 And the sublime *Circean* Hills appear'd,
 A furious Tempest rose, when we were thrown
 Shipwreckt and naked on this Coast unknown.

He ceas'd---The Hermite bow'd, and thus reply'd ;
 Know, Prince, so Heav'n ordain'd, you by the Tide
 And Storms are cast upon *Numidia's* Strand,
Tunisian Monarchs rule the fertile Land.
 Not far remote stands tow'ring on the Shore,
 By Traffick rich, and strong in naval Store,

Their

Their City, where a Prince of great Renown
Halla now wears, what he deserves, a Crown ;
Descended from the first *Arabian* Head,
Who hostile Troops against the Christian led.
Long had the Christian Realms lain plung'd in Vice,
Whence God's destructive Anger took its Rise :
The Day now come, sad Day of Wrath and Gloom,
Almighty Patience tir'd, he sign'd their Doom ;
Then ready to discharge his vengeful Blow,
He fill'd his fatal Quiver, strung his Bow,
And brandishing his Adamantine Lance,
Immortal Arms did in his Rage advance.
He call'd his Warriours vers'd in Martial Toil,
From *Idumea's* and *Arabia's* Soil,
And from the Shore that the Red-Sea restrains,
Muster'd his Cohorts on *Medina's* Plains,
A barb'rous, proud, inexorable Race,
And bad their Swords, the Christian Towns efface.
The *Arab* soon made num'rous States obey,
And open'd for his Faith a bloody Way,
= Which, like a raging Amazon in Arms,
Conquer'd by Terror, not Celestial Charms.
This Scourge of rebel Kingdoms, and the Sword
Of the degenerate Christians mighty Lord,
Drawn in his fierce vindictive Wrath destroy'd
The Realms that Godless Christian Lords enjoy'd,

And triumph'd in their Blood, who (impious Shame!)
 Abhor'd his Precepts, yet usurp'd his Name.
 May Christian Pow'rs, who yet in Peace remain,
 Triumph in Plenty, and in Pleasure reign,
 From their Lethargick Indolence awake,
 Lest of this Cup of Fury they partake,

Tho' *Arabs* much to Rapine are inclin'd,
 Of Nature fierce, and Manners unrefin'd,
 Yet is King *Halla* gen'rous, mild, and wise,
 And with the most applauded Heroe vies;
 Courteous, humane, and easy of Access
 This Monarch succours Merit in Distress,
 Tho' the great Prince rejects our Creed divine,
 His moral Virtues so illustrious shine,
 That he like some, who *Rome's* proud Scepter bore,
 Excels most Kings who Christ their Head adore,
 That potent Empires as his Viceroy's sway,
 And own his Faith, but not his Laws obey.

Now at the Hermite's Mansion they arriv'd,
 A lonesome Cave by Nature's Art contriv'd
 In the same Hill where they the Father met;
 A Heap of Turf was at the Entrance set:
 Hither the Reverend Man did oft repair
 To ease his Limbs, and breathe the open Air,

Low branching Trees with various Verdure crown'd,
Spontaneous Offspring of th' unlabour'd Ground,
Did o'er the Mouth their mingled Heads display,
And interwoven Arms, which beat away
Invading Winds, reduc'd intemp'rate Heat,
And screen'd from Rain the solitary Seat.
Ten Steps hewn roughly form'd the short Descent,
By which the Strangers with their Leader went
Down to the Floor, which the pleas'd *Britons* view'd
With od'rous Thyme, and new-cut Rushes strew'd.
A maple Table and four Chairs did stand
Along the Side, wrought by the Owner's Hand ;
And plac'd in Iron Sockets, Tapers bright,
Diffus'd around the Cave sufficient Light.
Two Planks on Tressels with a Goat-skin spread
In a Side Grotto, were the Hermite's Bed ;
And tho' the strait Abode was low and mean,
All Things were decent, wholesome, sweet and clean.

He then the Strangers friendly did embrace,
And gave them Welcome to his lonely Place :
Bade them their adverse Fate with Firmness bear,
And trust th' Almighty's Providential Care ;
Who oft, said he, the Heroe's Virtue tries,
And lets him send to Heav'n neglected Cries ;

But

But ne'er will leave him succourless in Woe,
 Nor let him hopeless in Affliction grow :
 Gracious at length he'll hear his ardent Pray'r,
 In the black Gulphs confining on Despair
 He'll find his Servant out, will raise him thence,
 And shew his Care of suff'ring Innocence.

While, in the Night that last succeeded Day,
 My Senses bound in Sleep's soft Chains, I lay,
 Some Guest Divine did in my Brain convene
 The Spirits, and dispos'd the following Scene.
 While looking stedfast on the spreading Deep,
 The Heav'ns sweet-smiling, and the Winds asleep,
 I saw black Vapours on a sudden rise,
 And heard fierce *Boreas* whistling in the Skies,
 And lab'ring with a Storm ; the Storm ensu'd,
 When I the Face of Heav'n with Horror view'd.
 During this Strife, presented to my Eye
 Like struggling Nature's last strong Agony,
 I saw a Vessel bulge upon a Rock,
 And dash to Pieces with the furious Shock ;
 And soon two Shipwreckt Passengers appear'd
 Cast on the Beach, when I these Accents heard ;
 Go meet these Christian Suff'ers, sooth their Grief,
 And, as thou can'st, afford them kind Relief.

The

The Heav'nly Order glad I did obey,
Went from my Cell, and found you on the Way.

He said---And *Alfred* blest'd th' indulgent Care
Of Heav'n, that did this wond'rous Scene prepare
To ease his Trouble and prevent Despair. }
And when the Christian Heroe had express'd
The grateful Ardour that his Soul possess'd,
The Anchorite did cheap Provisions bring,
Milk, Honey, Fruits, and from the Chrystal Spring
Pure Water---They invited, sat and eat,
Pleas'd with the Banquet of unartful Meat :
And when their Thirst and Hunger were appeas'd,
And in great Part their Grief and Anguish eas'd,
Prince *Alfred* thus.--How sweet is lonely Life,
And this serene Simplicity ! from Strife
And Uproar free, from the loud Noise of War,
And the litigious Clamours of the Bar !
Safe from the various Nets, and fatal Snares,
That spread the City's faithless Ground, and Cares
That haunt the Great, and every Way furround
Mortals in Business, or in Pleasure drown'd.

Blest were our Fathers in the eldest Age !
Ere Lust of Pow'r did Men in Arms engage ;

Ere

Ere avaricious Eyes were charm'd with Gold,
 Or Traytors to be great, their Country sold!
 Ere the Voluptuous of degen'rate Taste
 Disrellish'd simple Foods, and those embrac'd
 Who taught Men rich Destruction first to eat,
 And with high Sauces poison'd wholesome Meat!
 Till nauseous Med'cines were at length employ'd
 To cure the Glutton by the Cook destroy'd:
 Ere Men embroider'd precious Silks, and wore
 Wide Robes of State enrich'd with *Lybian* Oar:
 None yet did hardy o'er the Ocean run
 Thro' Deaths and Dangers to the rising Sun;
 Oe'r dreadful Gulphs and distant Kingdoms roam
 To fetch all *Asia's* Pride and Pleasures Home:
 They knew no *Persian* Loom, nor *Tyrian* Dye,
 Nor dress'd in Colours Rivals of the Sky;
 Nor spread with Scarlet lay on downy Beds,
 With gilded Roofs of Cedar o'er their Heads;
 Nor did from od'rous Limbs and scented Hair
 Diffuse *Arabia* thro' the ambient Air,
 Or in their Vests *Hesperian* Gardens wear.

He said---And thus reply'd the Reverend Sage;
 Wise Prince, you justly praise the eldest Age;
 What is the Man of Royal Favour proud,
 This Day the Idol of th' adoring Croud,

The

A Discription of the Golden Age

The next a wretched Object of their Scorn;
Disgrac'd, exil'd, or to the Scaffold born ?
What are a Palace, or Imperial Seat,
But lofty Prisons, that confine the Great,
Where Envy, Fraud, Suspicion, secret Fear,
And Flatt'ry charming to a Monarch's Ear,
A fatal Brood, which Beds of Down create,
Roost in high Roofs, and swarm in Rooms of State ?
What is the Life of Kings so much renown'd,
But anxious Cares enthron'd, and Trouble crown'd ?
Real Vexation and dissembled Ease,
A splendid Triumph on tempestuous Seas ?
Still is the Tyrant less secure, than They
Who frighted by his Might his Will obey.
Slave to his Slaves, he endless Terrour knows,
And dreads the Pow'r by which he dreadful grows.

Since so much Pain and Care a Court attend,
Who from this Height of Pleasure would descend
To the low State of Monarchs, and refuse
Substantial Good, and a gay Phantom chuse ?
Who would not ease his Temples of a Crown,
Take up the Crook, and lay the Scepter down,
And to a peaceful Cell would not resort
To fly the Furies that infest a Court ?

All;

All, who discern true Joys from empty Show,
 And how to live the happy Secret know,
 Would Pomp and Pow'r to calm Delights postpone,
 Prefer the Defart, and renounce the Throne.

This said---he thus bespoke the *Briton* ; Know,
 Discerning Prince, that these Reflections flow
 From much Experience of the Cares and Strife
 That vex the Great, and trouble publick Life ;
 Not from monastick Spleen or fullen Pride,
 That oft in Defarts, Grotts, and Caves abide :
 For this delightful solitary State
 I now enjoy, is not of ancient Date.

The Hermite now his wife Discourse renew'd,
 And thus his gen'rous Sentiments pursu'd.
 The genuine Heroes, who have Toil endur'd,
 Patient of Suff'ring, and to Straits inur'd,
 Reluctant chuse a Crown's oppressive Weight,
 The Task of Empire, and the Cares of State ;
 Nor, till the Tribes their earnest Pray'r repeat,
 Comply at last, and, yielding to be Great,
 To Courts from peaceful Solitude retreat.
 These, when exalted to th' Imperial Throne,
 Encrease the People's Riches, not their own ;

At whose Commands rude Swains laborious grow,
And make the Land with Milk and Honey flow.

Now do the Schools, (for all great Kings a Zeal
To raise th' Esteem of Sciences reveal,)
Abound with studious Heads that Nature know,
And to th' admiring World her Secrets show ;
With Men of Genius, who in tuneful Verse
The Glorious Actions of their Kings rehearse.
By Penalties and Gifts, by Frowns and Praise,
They labour in their Subjects Breasts to raise
Warm Emulation, and a gen'rous Strife,
To learn industrious Arts, and frugal Life ;
While their own Cares and unluxurious Course
Inspire their Precepts with prevailing Force :
Arm'd Pow'r may dictate and prescribe the Law,
But high Examples to Obedience draw.

Crowns of pure Glory dazzling to the Sight,
Wrought with more Skill, & with more Labour bright,
Immortal Vests, which Gemms divine adorn,
Inferiour scarce to those by Seraphs worn,
Are kept in Heav'ns rich Wardrobe to array
The Godlike Kings that thus the Scepter sway.

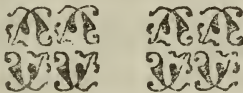
The Hermite ceas'd---And *Guithun* thus reply'd ;
 How much these Worthies void of haughty Pride,
 Whom you have lively drawn, by Rays divine
 Ambitious Chiefs and vulgar Kings outshine,
 Who violate the Laws, encroach on Right
 By various Frauds or Arbitrary Might,
 Enjoy Destruction, and in Blood delight ;
 Or plung'd in Pleasure, and dissolv'd in Ease,
 With soft Delights their ravish'd Senses please ?

While they renew'd their Strength by Drink & Meat,
 These wise Discourses did with Pleasure treat
 Prince *Alfred*---Then the Hermite thus address'd
 With Words unfeign'd his Royal *British* Guest ;
 You, gen'rous Prince, not Riches, Pow'r, and Fame,
 But high Heroick Virtue make your Aim.
 Had the great Monarch, whom I serv'd, been born
 With those Endowments, which your Mind adorn ;
 Had he the Glorious Ends design'd, which you
 Inspir'd with warm Celestial Zeal pursue,
 He had Immortal Praise and Glory gain'd,
 And o'er a happy Church and People reign'd.

He said---And now the Shipwreckt princely Guest
 Importunate the pious Hermite prest

To tell his chief Adventures, and declare
 Who was his King, and what his Actions were :
 For such Narration *Alfred* wisely thought
 Would the great End he had in View promote ;
 Whence he might judge, led by the Hermite's Light,
 When Princes err'd, and when their Steps were right.

The Anchorite with humble Mien reply'd ;
 Can your Request by *Silva* be deny'd ?
 But now, great *Briton*, since the wearing Night
 And your past Suff'rings to Repose invite,
 Enjoy your Rest, and when the Morning Ray
 Shall tender shoot, and introduce the Day,
 The Province you enjoyn, I will discharge,
 And you shall hear my various Fate at large.
 Since panting you to Wisdom's Heights aspire,
 And by new Labours studious would acquire
 The high Perfections glorious Kings possess,
 Who by their Godlike Reign their People bless ;
 My Story I'll relate, where you will find
 What may in Part for Empire form your Mind.





ALFRED.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Wilderness round the Hermite's Hill describ'd.
Lasal the Hermite's Story. He relates that he was born in Spain, and bred in Salamanca, whence he was call'd to the Court of Pampelune, and made Preceptor to the two Royal Infants. He tells what Care he took of their Education, and by what Instructions he endeavour'd to form their Minds, and fit them for Empire. That Garcia the King pleas'd with his Conduct, besides other Rewards, promoted him to the chief Arch-Bishoprick of Navarre, and afterwards made him one of his Councillors of State. But by reprehending too freely the Errors, which he observed in the King's Government, he lost in Part the Royal Favour. At that Time the Lallites, a Party of Churchmen, that chiefly govern'd the King's Conscience, and were Enemies to Silva, used vari-

ous Arts to ensnare him, and not only to remove him wholly from the King's Councils, but to take away his Life by false Accusations. Silva was persuaded by his Friends to fly from the growing Storm, but resisted their Importunity, till admonished by a Vision he left Navarre, and passed the Seas, as directed, to Numidia; where he chose this Place of Retirement, and Life of Solitude. His Narration being ended, Alfred took his Leave, and, as advised by Silva, went with Guithun to Tunisia. The Country about that City described. The Plenty and Abundance of the People attributed by Guithun to Liberty, on which he bestows great Encomiums.



OW did the opening Roses of the Morn,

With blushing Beauty, Heav'n's mild Face adorn :

Their weary Limbs refresh'd with due Repose,

And Sleep's lost Fetters loos'd, the Britons rose,

And from the narrow Cell ascending went

To view the Region round, of wide Extent ;

When casting from the Hill their Eyes around

They wond'ring saw a Precipice profound,

An awful Scene of terrible Delight,

Where solemn Horrors pleas'd and pain'd the Sight.

At Distance they the barren Soil behold,

Unconscious of the Plough, or Shepherd's Fold ;

Where no sweet Vapours, no descending Dews
 Prolifick Treasures on the Glebe diffuse ; -
 And hence th' unfruitful Field unharrow'd lies,
 Of genial Vertue robb'd by sultry Skies.
 Now a North-Wind did from th' *Etruscan* Main
 Rush o'er the Hills and agitate the Plain,
 Rolling in Heaps the undulating Sand,
 And scatt'ring thro' the Air the incoherent Land.

No Trees thro' all the sandy Defart grew,
 But Cyprefs, Thorn, and melancholy Yew.
 No painted Birds their Way did hither wing,
 Hover in Air, or mid't the Branches sing.
 Vultures alone, that smell from far their Prey,
 Unfeather'd Bats impatient of the Day,
 Ravens and Crows, that from the Oak delight
 To croak by Day, and Owls that hoop by Night, }
 Here vex the Ear, and prejudice the Sight. }

Besides the dry uncultivated Ground
 Do's with a pois'nous Brood of Snakes abound,
 Variety of Deaths, that with their Train
 And glossy Volumes mark the barren Plain :
 With active Life inspir'd they bound along,
 Erect their Crests, and dart their forked Tongue ;
 And

And while in youthful Pride they sport and play,
Their speckled Honours on the Glebe display.

Beyond this level Space and spreading Sand,
A spacious Forrest cloath'd the rising Land,
Where dwell the strip'd and spotted Brotherhoods
Of Beasts, that range the Hills and haunt the Woods ;
Where savage Bulls in Fight each other gore,
While echoing Mountains with the Combate roar ;
Wolves Hunger-bitten howl, wild Asses bray,
And from rebelling Rocks and Hills convey
A dreadful Medley of discordant Sound,
Which hideous ring thro' the wild Region round.
Now to his Den the Lyon makes his Way,
Fatigu'd with Toil, and surfeited with Prey,
To sooth his Limbs with Rest, renew his Might,
And ease by Day the Riot of the Night.
These are the only Tenants that possess,
These horrid Seats, this howling Wilderness.

While *Alfred* view'd this unfrequented Place,
This Desolation's wild and wasteful Face ;
See the Reverse, he said, of *Albion's* Isle,
Hesperia's Gardens, and rich *Belgia's* Soil :
Yet here the Marks of Pow'r and wise Design
Clearly confess the Architect Divine :

While Defarts, Hills, and Rocks abrupt advance
The Beauty of the Whole. Is this from Chance ?

The *Britons* now their Footsteps backward bent,
And to salute the Reverend Father went.

The Hermite, who did still at Dawn of Day
On bended Knees to Heav'n Devotion pay,
His pious Labour ended, cheerful joyn'd
The Strangers. *Alfred* turning in his Mind
The Father's Promise, ask'd him to relate
His Story----Then my various adverse Fate,
Reply'd the Reverend Sage, with Patience hear :
The *Britons* listen'd with attentive Ear.

Strangers, *Navarra* is the Country where
I first beheld the Light and breath'd the Air.
From *Vasquez* sprung, a Chief of spreading Fame,
Whose martial Deeds our Bards with Honour name.
Nuna, *Navarra's* Patriarchal Head,
Me, his first Son, in Schools of Learning bred,
In which ambitious to enrich my Mind
With Notions just, and Images refin'd ;
At the Spring-Head to drink the purest Streams,
And from their Source derive the brightest Beams
Of Truth divine, I all my Hours apply'd,
Delights by Day, and Rest by Night deny'd.

Nor

Nor had I Pow'r, or Wealth, or Fame, in view,
 Nor did with idle Industry pursue
 Vain Speculations and unfruitful Themes,
 Empty Chimæra's, philosophick Dreams,
 And Phantasms, which in Schools abundant breed,
 Cling to the Desks, and on dark Volumes feed.
 I still, by grave and solemn Folly shock'd,
 This Tinsel Pride, and old Mens Gugaws mock'd,
 Which are with lost Expence of Time acquir'd,
 Yet, tho' false Learning, by the World admir'd.
 Those Authors only were to *Silva* dear,
 Which free from labour'd Darknes did appear
 In Reason strong, and in Expression clear. }
 I study'd Precepts taught by moral Schools,
 Instructive Maxims and prudential Rules
 That govern Life, and publick Zeal inspire,
 Whence Princes gen'rous Habits may acquire,
 And may of Minds serene be still possess'd,
 Not vain in good, nor by ill, Fate depress'd;
 And whence a Nation may industrious grow,
 Flourish in Commerce, and in Plenty flow.

I thus my Youth in thoughtful Toil had spent,
 On intellectual Ornaments intent,
 Till call'd to Court, so *Garcia* gave Command,
 The potent Prince that rules *Navarra's* Land,

I was appointed to th' important Care
 Of the great Monarch's Sons, a Royal Pair
 Not yet adult nor of the tend'rest Age,
 To form their Manners, and their Love engage
 To brave and worthy Deeds, and mark the Way
 To gain fit Virtues for imperial Sway.
 'Tis true, the weighty Charge I long deny'd,
 But, press'd, at last reluctant I comply'd.
 While to the Court I did my Way pursue,
 And bade the learned Colleges adieu,
 Inward I said, must I my Farewell take
 Of these soft Skies? This sweet Abode forsake?
 From these dear Friends, these Walks, these Brooks, this
 Of Learning now must, *Silva*, thou retreat, [Seat
 And change these pure Delights, these Charms of Life,
 And unmixt Pleasures for a Place of Strife;
 Where treach'rous Plots and dark Intrigues of State,
 Friendship well-feign'd, conceal'd Revenge and Hate,
 With courteous Falsehood, humble-looking Pride,
 Suspicion, Envy, and Distrust, abide:
 Where fawning Flatt'ry with bewitching Charms
 Betrays the Man she hugs with eager Arms;
 And where Ambition by a thousand Wiles
 Supplants and climbs, and ruins, where she smiles.

On the high Trust to me confign'd intent
To *Garcia's* Royal Palace now I went.
Conscious, what vast and num'rous Blessings spring
From the wise Conduct of a gen'rous King,
To Justice, Faith, and Clemency inclin'd,
I undertook th' important Task enjoyn'd.
Firm I determin'd to employ my Skill,
And strive with Care unwearied to instill
Notions sublime, and Rules of Right and Truth,
That might for Empire form the high-born Youth.
Watchful I seiz'd Occasions to convince
The Royal Pupils that a Sov'reign Prince,
Tho' Independent here, his Pow'r Supreme
Is of th' Eternal Source a borrow'd Stream:
That Monarchs are his Officers of State
Who Crowns distributes, and decrees the Fate
Of Kings, on whom He all the Realms bestows
Which his vast Empire of the World compose.
Thus they possess a delegated Throne,
And scepter'd guide Dominions not their own:
And hence to Heav'n they must Accountants stand
For their high Trust and subaltern Command.

Oft I bespoke them thus---I ever saw
 That Princely Virtues to Allegiance draw
 More than Tribunals and coercive Law.
 Justice, Indulgence, and a generous Hand,
 Are the strong Guards that round a Monarch stand :
 Princes are safe, while to their People dear ;
 Subjects are rul'd by Love, but Slaves by Fear,
 Who all inviting Seasons watchful seize
 To break their Yoke, and their gaul'd Shoulders ease.
 Kings of the Empire of the Soul possess,
 Who sit enthron'd secure in every Breast,
 In Civil Strength, and Glory will encrease,
 And triumph mid't the Joys of lasting Peace :
 While all in Arms with Ardour will defend
 Their Country's Father, and their common Friend.
 Not so the Kings, who thoughtless and supine
 Revel in Empire, but the Toil decline ;
 Who love the Pow'r, but not the Cares of State,
 Praise the Crown's Lustre, but detest its Weight.

Good Kings, 'tis true, unrivall'd Pleasure find,
 Not low and sensual, but of heav'nly Kind ;
 From conscious Virtue their Delight proceeds,
 And the Review of just and generous Deeds.

Such

Such Minds, that no Man can be happy, know,
That wants the Means of making others so;
By whom consummate Bliss is understood
A boundless Pow'r of doing boundless Good;
Who Greatness wish, and Empire unconfin'd,
Only to make them able to be kind.

==As Skies indulgent o'er the Fields diffuse
Soft genial Heat, and mild prolifick Dews,
That may unfold and swell the new-sown Grain,
And with fresh Verdure cloath the smiling Plain:
So gentle Sov'reign's humane Nature cheer,
Supply their Wants, and dissipate their Fear.

I told them, King's use Violence in vain
The Growth of new Religion to restrain;
Since Schemes, that Men Enthusiastick frame,
Fall of themselves, nor long Duration claim;
And those by Heav'n inspir'd all Force repell,
And triumph o'er the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell.
Witness, O *Rome!* to sink the Christian Cause
What Seas of Blood were spilt by barb'rous Laws
In vain, while horrid Persecution rag'd,
And fruitless War with Truth celestial wag'd!
Christ's Heav'n-born Faith by Opposition grew,
And by Destruction did her Strength renew;

While

While from the Martyr's Blood a num'rous Seed
 Of Converts sprung to propagate their Creed.
 These Truths, in Words adapted to their Taste,
 I in clear Light before the Princes plac'd.

While thus in either Princes Mind I fed
 Love of Mankind, and of their Maker Dread,
 Our gracious Monarch shew'd me great Regard,
 And did my Toil with gen'rous Gifts reward:
 At length advanc'd me nearer to the Throne,
 And bade his Council me their Leader own.
 Till, greater Favour by swift Growth acquir'd,
 The Dignity, to which I ne'er aspir'd,
 He gave, and Primate by his high Command
 I was acknowledg'd of *Navarra's* Land:
 Thus I became by unexpected Fate
 Great in the Church, and valu'd in the State.

In this high Station free from guileful Art,
 Firm I decreed to act the Patriot's Part,
 Tho' clear I saw that Conduct would create
 The Churchman's Envy and the Statesman's Hate;
 And knew, that few Religion did support,
 While friendless Virtue mourn'd her Fate at Court:
 That the proud *Lallites*, my immortal Foes,
 And active Rivals would my Schemes oppose;

Dress

Dress endless Snares, and false Suggestions bring
 To blast my Credit with the jealous King,
 Whose Actions shew'd that now without Controul
 Vice had usurp'd the Empire of his Soul;
 That Heav'n's just Laws and Terrours he defy'd,
 Nor on Divine, but his own Pow'r rely'd.

Thirst of false Glory, Fame, and wide Command
 By the destructive Breath of Flatt'ry fann'd,
 And haughty Pride the Monarch's Mind inspir'd,
 And with ambitious Aims his Bosom fir'd:
 Hence he disturb'd the World with fierce Alarms,
 And vex'd the neighb'ring States with lawless Arms.

= As sudden Tempests gath'ring in the Skies
 In Harvest Time the lab'ring Hind surprize,
 While confluent Thunder, Winds, and Hail, and Rain,
 Drive from th' unshelter'd Fields the dripping Swain;
 So *Garcia*, who at Pow'r unbounded aim'd,
 No Anger yet denounc'd, nor War proclaim'd,
 On States unguarded sudden Fury pour'd,
 Subdu'd their Cities and their Land devour'd:
 Lustful of Might his Kingdom to enlarge,
 Before, for one Man's Strength, too great a Charge,
 Or to acquire by Arms Heroick Fame,
 And spread the Terrours of his dreaded Name;

He

He sent his Warriours with Command to spoil
 The neighb'ring Realms, and waste their fertile Soil;
 Thro' various Countries bade the Robbers roam,
 And lead in Chains their Captive Princes Home.

Lawless from Faith and Justice still he swerv'd,
 Made no just War, and no sworn League observ'd;
 But Lands by Fraud and Violence procur'd,
 To which all Claim his solemn Vows abjur'd.
 Thus with his Armies he his Neighbours vex'd,
 And conquer'd Kingdoms to his own annex'd.
 The Farmer was compell'd to quit his Toil,
 To wield the Sword, and leave untill'd the Soil.
 Women in Want of Men the Meadow mow,
 Prune Garden Fruit-Trees, and the Furrow sow.
 Towns were dispeopled, Arts neglected, Trade
 Languish'd, and Countries were a Desert made.
 To the poor Mother starving Infants clung,
 And on the empty Breast defrauded hung;
 While others, Striplings meagre and unfed,
 Round the sad Parent stood, and cry'd for Bread.
 Oft the griev'd Tribes did thus their Thoughts express;
 From all the Triumphs and the fam'd Success
 Of her great Chiefs, what does our Country gain,
 Distress'd, and sunk in Poverty and Pain?

Can ſhe of Conqueſts and proud Trophies boaſt,
Which wound her Sinews and her Veins exhaust ?
We thro' our Neighbours Bowels thruſt the Steel,
But in our own the piercing Weapon feel.
Vaſtly we loſe by every Conqueſt won,
By Greatneſs ſunk, and by Succeſs undone.
Their mournful Cry thro' all our Land reſounds,
Which, tho' victorious, bleeds by foreign Wounds.

While thus, to raiſe the Glory of the Crown,
And ſpread the true Diſgrace and falſe Renown
Of *Garcia's* conqu'ring Arms, in every Place
Sad Deſolation ſhews her ghafly Face,
The *Lallites* Faction by their Prince careſs'd,
Of the high Charges in the Church poſſeſs'd,
Who with voluptuous Flatt'ry ſooth his Ear,
And make his Crimes in Virtue's Shape appear,
Engage the King, whoſe Conſcience they direct,
To arm with Regal Pow'r their furious Sect,
Thoſe to imprifon, baniſh, or aſſign
To ſervile Tasks or Labours of the Mine,
Who their erroneous Articles deny'd,
Nor with their haughty Dictates e'er comply'd.
Now Perſecution rear'd her threat'ning Head,
Display'd her odious Viper-Brood, that fed

On guiltless Blood, and by malignant Breath
And pois'nous Teeth inflicted Pain and Death.

Profuse of Vengeance, Tortures they compose,
Works of ingenious Cruelty, for those
Who would not Christian Liberty betray,
And yield the Church to Arbitrary Sway.
Tho' Chains and Scourges never were design'd
For Demonstrations to convince the Mind,
Nor Dungeons to dispense Celestial Light,
Nor Racks to set perverse Opinions right ;
Yet these fierce Servants of the Prince of Peace,
To spread his mild Religion, never cease
To issue bloody Orders, and employ
New Arts their guiltless Brother to destroy.
Besides th' unnumber'd loyal Christians doom'd
To Stripes and Labour, and by Want consum'd,
Thousands forbid to breathe their Native Air
In mournful Bands to Foreign Realms repair :
Strangers with Pity touch'd did tender grow,
And kindly entertain'd their vagrant Woe.
Ev'n savage Clans did melting Hearts express,
Solac'd and mourn'd their fugitive Distress ;
While thus *Navarre* by Arts and active Hands
Enrich'd at her Expence the neighb'ring Lands,

By

By her Lay-Chiefs and militant Divines
Drain'd of her Sons, in Vigour she declines.

Mov'd by the Suff'rings of our sinking State,
And each adjoyning Nation's hapless Fate,
Who knew no Guilt, but that their Lands confin'd
On a great King's, by Lust of Pow'r inclin'd
To win new Realms, I wholsome Truth decreed
To speak, tho' like the Sage I should succeed,
Who from a generous Impulse bold address
The *Macedonian* Conqu'ror of the East;
Rebuk'd his Riot, and condemn'd his Pride,
And for offensive wise Instruction dy'd.

Inspir'd with loyal Zeal, I now address'd
The King, and thus my inmost Soul express'd.
As I with anxious Thought have still pursu'd
My Sov'reign's Glory, and his People's Good,
So, while the vital Flame inspires my Breast,
Shall constant Toil my pious Zeal attest.
Then artless Speech, indulgent Monarch, bear,
While Truths important faithful I declare.
Let me those Truths with Freedom open lay,
Which close and cautious Statesmen ne'er display,
Lest harsh ungrateful Counsel should create
Their Lord's Displeasure, and his Smiles abate.

These with sagacious Application find
 The strongest Passions of their Monarch's Mind,
 Then, as unconscious of his secret Will,
 Adapt their Counsels with consummate Skill
 To his own Bent, and with false Zeal implore
 Their Prince to follow what he lik'd before :
 And when they see his Empire feeble grown,
 Betray him to the next that claims the Throne.
 Thus by perfidious Arts in every Reign
 They keep their Station, and their Pow'r maintain.

Then know, Great Prince, your Subjects loud declare
 Their publick Burdens are too great to bear ;
 And mournful thus exclaim, unhappy Fate !
 By Officers of War and Chiefs of State,
 Who o'er these fertile Provinces preside,
 Slaves to their Pleasures Avarice and Pride,
 Rapacious Vultures, we exhausted groan,
 In Corners weep and make in vain our Moan ;
 While fruitless Accents fill the conscious Air,
 And echoing Hills reflect our sad Despair.
 Did our great Monarch know, they often say,
 How these deputed Chiefs their Trust betray ;
 How by a thousand Frauds and Acts of Pow'r
 They feed their Rapine, and the Land devour,

Till they the Nation's Treasure have engroft,
 Pamper'd with Riot at the publick Cost;
 What Indignation would his Looks exprefs?
 His People's Wrongs how soon would he redrefs?
 But we have no Access to *Garcia's* Throne,
 No Way is left to make our Suff'rings known.
 Sunk in Despair no more we hope Relief;
 No Avenue is open that our Grief
 May reach the King, we can alone complain
 To the Tormentors, who create our Pain,
 And who supported by some pow'rful Hand,
 Abuse their Prince, and say, 'tis his Command.

Nor causeless are their discontented Cries,
Navarra's Lords, once gen'rous, just, and wise,
 Immoral, godless, and voluptuous grown,
 Oppress the People and disgrace the Throne.
 Publick Promotions they as Posts behold
 Of Profit, not of Trust, and hence for Gold
 They sell great Charges to a worthless Race
 Of stupid Drones unequal to their Place;
 While all unbribing Merit meets Disgrace,
 And modest Virtue hooted hides her Face.

Would you this great invet'rate Evil cure,
 Ease your good Subjects and their Hearts ensure,

At your Tribunal let the Vice-roys stand,
 Who your fair Towns and Provinces command;
 Let them for guilty Conduct past account,
 See to what Summs their Plunder will amount?
 Let them refund their Pillage, and restore
 Unrighteous Gain extorted from the Poor.
 Should these, who triumph at the Realm's Expence,
 And by Oppression heap up Wealth immense,
 Who fleece the People, and with Rapine fed,
 The Widow rob, and eat the Orphan's Bread,
 Not question'd, and unpunish'd, still enjoy
 The Nation's Spoils, and keep their high Employ,
 All Arts, all Virtue, all industrious Care
 Must sink, and sad *Navarra* must despair.

Justice eluded, shall *Orellan* boast,
 That, by his Conduct in his gainful Post,
 The gather'd Treasure in his swelling Hoards
 Rivals the Fortunes of the greatest Lords?
 To see his Groves amaz'd Spectators croud,
 Fish-Ponds well stor'd, and Pleasure-Houses, proud
 Of painted Roofs, his Gardens, gilded Barks
 Riding in wide Canals, and spacious Parks.
 The prancing Steeds, and num'rous Slaves, that wait
 On his high Chariot, vye with princely State;
 While

While costly Liquors, rich, luxurious Feasts,
 And charming Musick entertain his Guests.
 What Government can long remain in Ease,
 If such enormous Criminals, as these,
 Can for Protection on Court-Friends rely,
 And Justice, fearless of Account, defy ?

Besides, O King, while endless War you wage,
 And pour on peaceful Potentates your Rage ;
 Elude your Treaties, and revive Alarms
 To propagate the Glory of your Arms,
 And with a vast Expence your People load,
 At Home you lessen, as you grow Abroad.
 And tho' your potent Kingdom you diffuse ;
 What in Extent you get, in Strength you lose.
 Kings, who to gain new Countries long employ
 Their conqu'ring Troops, at length their own destroy,
 And while their Arms their Neighbours over-run,
 Victors and Vanquish'd are alike undone.
 Besides the injur'd Nations will combine,
 And in their Rage collected Forces join
 To stem the Fortune of the common Foe,
 Drive its proud Tide, and make it backward go.

Applause, great Monarch, and divine Renown,
 Which Toil Heroick and high Virtue crown,

Rise not from Pow'r extended wide and far,
But spring from just and warrantable War.
Is it true Honour Spoilers to employ,
Glory to torture, ravage, and destroy?
Should Chiefs and Christian Monarchs Pleasure take
In conqu'ring Kingdoms for the Conquest's Sake;
And not provok'd unnumber'd Troops enroll
To waste the World and distant Realms controul?
Can Kings, who Heav'n adore, and Justice dread,
With Garments roll'd in Blood and Slaughter red,
Blind with false Splendor and obdurate grown,
Fearless approach th' Eternal's Righteous Throne;
Sue to the Prince of Peace to ease their Woe,
And pray for Mercy, which they never show?
Should these in publick Triumph Lawrels wear,
And thro' th' applauding Croud elated bear
Trophies of proud Injustice, and the Spoil
Of arm'd Oppression and destructive Toil?
Should Statues, Arches, Pillars, Tow'rs proclaim
Their Rapine and perpetuate their Shame?
All elevated Minds, like Heav'n, inclin'd,
Succour the World, and not devour their Kind.
Heroes, as blest'd Deliv'ers, we adore,
That Plenty, Peace, and ravish'd Rights restore,
And by their Conquests gen'rous Aims pursue,
Guard and improve the States their Arms subdue.

To heal the Church divided and distrest,
If I the Means most likely may suggest,
I would rescind the new coercive Laws,
Intended to support the *Lallites* Cause,
Which doom those Christians to instructive Pains,
To wholesome Scourges, and convincing Chains,
(The Scoffers stile them such) who can't subscribe
Th' imagin'd Scheme of this ambitious Tribe :
Whence Strife, and Discord, and unchristian Hate
Distract the Church and deeply wound the State.
'Tis clear the heav'nly Founder ne'er design'd
A Church offensive, nor her Chiefs enjoy'd,
Neglecting Reason's mild perswasive Charms,
To argue Sword in Hand, and preach in Arms.
Subjects, who make the publick Peace their Aim,
As Men and Christians may Protection claim,
Nor should Church Lictors, those with Force pursue,
Who give to *Cæsar* and to God their due.

Thus to the King my Duty I discharg'd,
And my Discourse, tho' long, had been enlarg'd,
Had I not seen presaging Marks arise
Of growing Anger in the Monarch's Eyes :
Tho' when admitted to his Council first,
I earnest pray'd that, to fulfil my Trust,

I freely might declare what I believ'd
 Ecclips'd his Honour, or his People griev'd;
 Which ready he allow'd, and oft would hear
 My loyal Bluntness with a patient Ear:
 Yet now not so---whence I with Ease could find
 The *Lallites* Credit grew, and mine declin'd:
 Yet calmly He dismiss'd me, and declar'd
 He would to this Advice pay due Regard:
 From this Discourse, perhaps too free and bold,
 The King to me grew more reserv'd and cold.

How hard ill Kings unartful Counsels hear!
 How the rough Truth disturbs their tender Ear!
 If offer'd in a mild and tim'rous Tone,
 Nor urg'd and press'd, its feeble Force is gone,
 And leaves no more Impressions on the Mind,
 Than Rocks receive from a soft Breeze of Wind.
 But if you edge your Words, repeat your Blow,
 And in your Looks a loyal Ardour show,
 You cut too deep, and soon offensive grow.
 Hard Fate! when Monarchs neither can endure
 The threat'ning Gangrene, nor the painful Cure!

And now the *Lallites*, my inveterate Foes
 Whose haughty Aims I did with Zeal oppose,

Artful

Artful Intrigues and various Wiles employ,
And make repeated Efforts to destroy
My Credit that remain'd, resolv'd to wrest
Silva entirely from my Sovereign's Breast.
A thousand Frauds and Slanders they invent,
And with infernal Malice represent
Me as erroneous and unpeaceful grown,
False to the Church and dang'rous to the Throne :
Yet unprevailing were their Pains and Art
Quite to remove me from the Monarch's Heart,
Who still believ'd me innocent and just,
And tho' too rigid, faithful to my Trust.

But soon I saw the Monarch I had lost,
Whose Favour my relentless Foes engross :
And while He lay entangled in their Wiles,
I only had his Frowns, and they his Smiles.
While thus the *Lallites* triumph'd, my Disgrace
I read express'd in every Statesman's Face,
But diff'rent Ways ; some seem'd with Sorrow mov'd,
And some well-pleas'd my sinking State approv'd.
As when a Stag, that reign'd the Forest's Pride,
And all the Rivals of his Strength defy'd,
One of the Lords for his high Antlers fear'd,
Lov'd and obey'd by all th' obsequious Herd,

Is wounded by the Huntsman's bloody Dart
 Fix'd in his Side, his old Companions start ;
 Then from his Presence in Amazement run,
 And by their Flight imagin'd Danger shun :
 So did the Men in Pow'r about the Throne,
 Abandon *Silva* as a Courtier blown.

And now the gath'ring Clouds my Fall presage,
 Which all my Friends in deep Concern engage ;
 Who, while the growing Storm they trembling saw,
 To shun its Fury urg'd me to withdraw.
 Stedfast I still withstood their earnest Pray'r,
 Fearless of Ills, and resolute to bear,
 Rather than in the People's Minds create
 Suspicion by my Flight, the hardest Fate.
 Thus, to the Will of Heav'n entire resign'd,
 I fac'd the Tempest, nor its Rage declin'd.
 My Foes, who long my ebbing State had seen,
 With double Wrath and unextinguish'd Spleen,
 My Ruin to compleat, their Blow pursue,
 And with unwearied Diligence renew
 Pois'nous Invectives, and black Calumnies,
 And various Plots, and subtile Schemes devise,
 Fit to engender Jealousies of State,
 And draw upon my Head my Sov'reign's Hate.

They

They charg'd me, that with proud Ambition fir'd,
With discontented Lords I had conspir'd
To yield *Navarra* to the *Moorish* Pow'rs,
Who now drew near to high *Toledo's* Tow'rs,
Since their prevailing Arms had conquer'd *Spain*
From fair *Castilia* to the Midland Main.
To make this Plot detestable succeed,
'Twas said the feign'd Conspirators agreed
In a fit Place to dress an Ambuscade,
And issuing thence the Monarch to invade,
While from the Pleasures of his rural Seat
He to his Royal Palace should retreat ;
Then seize his sacred Person, and confine
Their Sov'reign, and compell him to resign
His Dignity and Crown into the Hand
Of the great Chief, that did the *Moors* command.
This Charge abandon'd Miscreants did attest,
Who gain'd Belief, and *Garcia* deep imprest.
Now he decreed my Death, and gave Command
Silva should suffer by the Headsman's Hand :
And this, great Prince, had been my rigid Fate,
And guileless Blood had stain'd *Navarra's* State,
Had not th' Almighty pleas'd to interpose,
And guard my Life against relentless Foes.

While

While on my Bed I slumber'd sweet by Night,
 A shining Angel from the Seats of Light
 Descended swifter than the Sun-beam flies
 At Dawn of Morning down the Eastern Skies ;
 His Eyes celestial Lustre did display,
 Mild as the Stars that form the milky Way ;
 And in bright Locks of curling Rays his Hair
 Dishevell'd fell, and easy mov'd in Air :
 White Robes, ethereal Work, his Limbs did grace,
 And rosy Youth smil'd blooming in his Face ;
 While from his blifsful Head and Feet abroad
 A rich Eruption of pure Glory flow'd.
 Addressing me with gracious Looks, he said,
Silva arise, and swift forsake thy Bed,
 Thy Enemies enrag'd thy Life pursue,
 False to Religion's Cause, as thou art true.
 Therefore with Orders sent from Heav'n comply
 Without Delay, and from *Hispania* fly ;
 Make haste, embark, sail for *Numidia's* Shore,
 There stay till Heav'n propitious shall restore
 The injur'd *Silva* to his Native Land,
 To greater Honours, and as high Command.
 His Message done, the Seraph wing'd his Way
 To the blest'd Seats of Peace and endless Day.

Soon

Soon as the Sun's returning Ray had freed
From humid Shades the Hemisphere, with Speed
I the high Order sent from Heav'n obey'd,
Embark'd, and to the Northern Wind display'd
The heaving Canvass, and the Ocean crost
With a fresh Gale to fair *Numidia's* Coast.
Ramez I chose, who Heav'n's high Ruler fear'd,
To me by faithful Services endear'd,
The sole Companion of my wand'ring State,
And took a Cask of Value, not of Weight.

Thrice had the Sun diffus'd his radiant Light,
And thrice retreated from prevailing Night,
When high *Tunisia's* Tow'rs appear'd in Sight.
Soon with a prosp'rous Wind I gain'd the Shore,
And thence advanc'd the Country to explore,
And find a Region, where the Sweets of Rest
And peaceful Solitude might be possess'd :
At length I chose this unfrequented Seat,
And settled here my fugitive Retreat,
Where free from Cares domestick, and the Strife,
Distractions, and Fatigue of publick Life,
My Hours in heav'nly Commerce I employ,
And Prælibations of immortal Joy.

He ceas'd---The Prince his Firmness much admir'd,
 And much the Zeal and Wisdom that inspir'd
 His gen'rous Mind, nor did he wonder less
 At his unshaken Courage in Distress.

The *Briton* then his grateful Thanks express'd,
 And thus the pious Anchorite address'd;
 Till the great Being pleases to remove
Silva the Just, to the bless'd Seats above,
 Or, with a gracious over-ruling Hand,
 To bless, by your Return, your native Land,
 In sacred Intercourse your Hours employ,
 And thus to Heav'n a Prelude here enjoy.

When I reflect how much from anxious Cares
 This Cave is free, and safe from tempting Snares,
 = Like the fam'd Greek, who glorious Aims pursu'd,
 And great in Arms the eastern World subdu'd,
 I hesitate, and undetermin'd weigh
 Sweet Solitude against imperial Sway;
 Unable to decide, if I should chuse
 The Cares of State, and private Ease refuse.
 They may accept a Crown, who are inclin'd
 From gen'rous Views to cherish humane Kind
 And publick Peace; but they, who seek their own,
 Should for a lonely Cell resign a Throne:

At

At last to this Decision I agree,
Were I not *Alfred*, I would *Silva* be.

He ceas'd---embrac'd the Sage, and said, Adieu.
The Prince and *Guithun* now their Way pursue
To fair *Tunisia*, so the Reverend Chief,
Guided their Steps and bade them hope Relief.

Soon as the Sun twice by alternate Sway
Had carry'd round the World the circl'ing Day,
From an aspiring Hill, which far and wide
O'erlook'd the flow'ry Vale's extended Pride,
They saw *Tunisia's* gilded Turrets rise,
And mingle rival Glories with the Skies.
It vy'd in Pomp and Strength with *Dido's* Tow'rs
Possess'd of old by *Carthaginian* Pow'rs,
Who did at envy'd Wealth and Fame arrive,
And for the World's contested Empire strive,
But fell by Discord---Near the fruitful Lands
Where *Carthage* stood, now fair *Tunisia* stands,
Which *Carthage* like, does Sov'reign Stile assume,
Defy *Hesperia*, and the Lords of *Rome*.
The tuneful Shepherd and the vig'rous Swain
With Lays and Labour fill the echoing Plain ;
Some bending to the Scythe, unwearied mow
The verdant Meadow, some the Furrow sow.

Some form Canals, and from the neighb'ring Hills
 Bring down the Fountains in unnumber'd Rills,
 Whose genial Chrystal streaming thro' the Soil
 Revives the Plants, and cheers the Farmer's Toil,
 Which yearly reaps from cultivated Fields
 The plenteous Crops, that pregnant Nature yields,
 Whose lavish Births her vital Treasure drain,
 And load the Reapers Arms with ripen'd Grain.

As they advanc'd, new Objects of Delight,
 And opening Scenes engag'd their ravish'd Sight.
 Sweet Fennel here, whence lofty Branches shoot,
 And Sell'ry, each of Aromatick Root,
 And Numbers more, that vulgar Plants excell,
 Wholsome for Food, and grateful to the Smell,
 They view'd; and there, fair Groves of Trees, that bore
 Choice Fruits, and bent beneath the fragrant Store.
 Here Orange-Gardens, that at once unfold
 Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit enrich'd with native Gold,
 Fair Citron-Trees, which endless Verdure wear,
 The Fig, Pomgranate, and delicious Pear,
 And Apples red'ning with th' indulgent Ray,
 Mixt with the Velvet blushing Peach, display
 All the rich Colours of the opening Day.
 These join'd their Sweets with balmy Scents, that
 Thro' Bow'rs of Jes'mine & the Myrtle Grove, [^{strove}

Whence

Whence gentle Breezes did the Vapours bear,
 To cherish Life with odorif'rous Air :
 There Limes in Rows with Branches interlac'd,
 And plaitted Heads, as constant Friends embrac'd,
 And twice each Summer by the Pruner shorn,
 Did the Green Walks on either Side adorn ;
 Whose arboring Boughs a vaulted Convex made,
 And footh'd immod'rate Heat with cooling Shade.

Thick in the Gardens Pleasure-Houfes stood,
 And seem'd a beauteous City in a Wood,
 Whose polish'd Marble charming to the Sight,
 And Turrets, that reverberate the Light,
 Rich gilt with Gold, back to the Sun convey
 The Subterranean Creature of his Ray.
 For tho' its Birth in Beds of Earth we trace,
 Its splendid Beams attest its heav'nly Race,
 And shining Lines express the Parent's Face.



While these fair Scenes of Plenty did surprize
 And entertain the *Briton's* ravish'd Eyes,
 Sage *Guithun* thus bespoke th' attentive Prince ;
 These Joys, these Riches, *Alfred*, may convince,
 That *Silva* truly told us we should find
Tunisa's Sov'reign gen'rous, just, and kind.

See here the Fruits of Liberty enfur'd
 By gracious Lords, and by fix'd Rules secur'd :
 These Princes reign in Peace and loud Applause,
 Not led by boundless Will but equal Laws.
 Happy the Kings, that thus the Scepter sway ;
 Happy the Subjects, who such Kings obey,
 And thus protected by a Righteous Throne,
 Enjoy their Toil, and call their Wealth their own !
 Blest Liberty ! fair Offspring of the Skies !
 By Thee these fragrant Groves, these Gardens rise ;
 By Thee cheer'd Nature smiles, & drench'd with Show'rs
 And streaming Rills, from her warm Bosom pours
 Luxuriant Bounty, spreads the Fields with Grain,
 And crowns with yellow Crops the joyful Swain.
 Thy lib'ral Hand the echoing Valley fills
 With lowing Herds, with woolly Flocks the Hills ;
 Thou Courage, thou dost gen'rous Nature breed,
 And Science, Arts, and gainful Commerce feed.

As nearer to the Gate they pass'd along,
 With Wonder they beheld a num'rous Throng
 Of People flowing from each crowded Street,
 Whose confluent Streams here in one Deluge meet.

= As when in Spring the flow'ry Meads excite
 The active Bees, and to new Toil invite ;

Th'

Th' industrious Tenants of the narrow Hive
Thro' the small Port intent on Labour strive,
Then fetch Home Spoils their Wax-works to renew,
And fill their Cisterns with delicious Dew.
So the *Tunisi*ans in unnumber'd Trains
Pres'd thro' their Gate, and overspread the Plains.

Then *Guithun* thus---Prince *Alfred*, look around,
Behold how these wide Streets with Men abound,
The Beauty, Strength, and Riches of a State;
Does not this Sight Astonishment create?
This Stock by Parent Liberty is bred,
For when the Natives are with Plenty fed,
Frequent Espoufals bring forth endless Swarms
Of Youth inclin'd to Toil, or Arts, or Arms.
See, the free Spirit, which these Tribes possess,
Does in their easy Looks its Pow'r express.
How glad they seem! how strong! how void of Fear!
What Life, what Ardour, in their Eyes appear!
'Tis Liberty alone that can impart
Such undissembled Pleasure to the Heart.
What diff'rent Aspects those poor Wretches wear,
Who the hard Yoke of Pow'r tyrannick bear!
How pale they look in Want of Food and Sleep,
While, scarce alive, they thro' their City creep!

How abject is their Mien, how sad their Air !
Each Face is mark'd with Tokens of Despair.

He said---Prince *Alfred's* unresisting Mind
Receiv'd th' Impressions, by the Guide design'd :
And much the wise Remarks the Heroe prais'd,
Which in his Breast had generous Passions rais'd,
Mercy, Indulgence, Love to Humane Kind,
That more than Compacts Pow'r imperial bind.



ALFRED.



ALFRED.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Halla King of Tunisia, coming out of the City to take the Evening Air, discovered the two Britons, who being brought into his Presence, upon the King's Enquiry, acquainted him who they were, and what they had suffered. The King received them with great Marks of Kindness, and afterwards entertained them at a magnificent Supper. Dollah the Bard sung the Praises of the great Poets of his own, and some other Countries. The Song being ended, Halla tells Prince Alfred what great Esteem the Tunisiens paid to Poets, and how their Princes and Men of superior Rank endeavoured to excell in that Art ; and

then asks if the Britons were not so much addicted to Arms as to have little Taste of Poetry. Alfred replies, that the Muses and Poetical Inspiration were not unknown in Albion, and moreover that he himself had in some Measure felt it; and then takes Occasion to tell the King, that if he returned in Safety and should wear the imperial Crown of Britain, he would build Colledges of Learning, and give great Encouragement to Arts and Sciences. The next Morning Alfred with Ardilla the first Sea-Officer visits the Fleets, the Galleys, Arsenals, and Magazines, and having seen a Man of War launched, Alfred asked Ardilla by what prudent Rules the naval Power of Tunisia was carried on to so great a Height. Ardilla's Reply. Alfred returns to Court, is entertained by the King with great Respect, at whose Request after Supper he sings an Ode on Divine Wisdom, then retires, and leaves Guithun to relate his Adventures.



HE Sun advancing on his
Western Way
From the blue Heights of Heav'n
brought down the Day,
And made long Shadows with
his slanting Ray :

The King and Queen now to the spreading Plain
Pass'd from their Palace with a princely Train,
In a high Chariot rich with Paint and Gold,
Which flow along in State Majestick roll'd,

To

To breathe fresh Air, and feel the fanning Breeze
In cooling Shades between fair Rows of Trees,
Where they dismissing publick Cares, employ'd,
Their Evening Hours, and the sweet Walks enjoy'd.

Now *Halla*, casting round his searching Eye,
Did at a Distance from the Crowd descry
The *British* Pair, and thus bespoke the Queen ;
Behold two Men, whose Aspect, Dress, and Mien
Confess them Strangers, and their Faces show
They know by rigid Fate uncommon Woe :
Their graceful Manner and unvulgar Air
More than *Plebeian* Pedigree declare :
Let us from whence and who they are demand,
That if they prove good Men, our lib'ral Hand
May mitigate in Part their settled Grief,
And to their Wants indulgent yield Relief.

Then, by his high Command, Attendants bring
With kind Respect the *Britons* to the King.
He friendly thus bespoke them---Strangers, say
What Men you are, and whence you took your Way
To seek these Seats---Then *Guithun* thus reply'd ;
Know, mighty Prince, we are in Blood ally'd
To Houses of Renown in *Albion's* Isle,
Where first we drew our Breath ; That spent with Toil

In the late Storm, our Men and Vessel lost,
 Shipwreckt we floated to *Numidia's* Coast.
 He, whom our Souls with pious Zeal adore,
 We trust will soon our native Soil restore ;
 Till then, submissive we our Wills resign,
 And calm rely on Providence divine,
 That has, to try our Fortitude, and prove
 Our Hope, Dependance, and Celestial Love,
 Decreed to let us adverse Fortune know,
 To break our Scheme, and plunge us deep in Woe.
 But, gen'rous Prince, while we transported see
 Your happy People from Oppression free ;
 These flowry Gardens, these rich Fields survey,
 Which tell what gracious Hands the Scepter sway ;
 Reviv'd we hope your Goodness will relieve
 Our various Wants, and our hard Fate retrieve.

He said---And *Halla* with a courteous Air
 Thus answer'd---Strangers, yield not to Despair.
 Your wise Deportment, Aspect, and Address,
 Which bright Endowments and high Birth confess,
 Evince your Hands with no foul Guilt are stain'd,
 Your Hearts not double, nor your Language feign'd.
 To suff'ring Worthies I would Love express,
 Condole their Loss, and solace their Distress :

Pity

Pity, the Source whence publick Blessings spring,
 Adds the sure Friend and Father to the King.
 Should not this Heav'nly Passion's gentle Fire
 Soften the Breast, and melting Force inspire,
 Should not its Impulse cruel Nature sway,
 And make fierce Instincts Reason's Nod obey,
 The Heart, like Marble, would unductile grow,
 And hard, as Di'monds, no Impression know.
 Men undistinguish'd from the savage Brood,
 That haunt the Mountain and infest the Wood,
 Would feast on Rapine, and Delight in Blood :
 Nor would they help their Neighbour, but destroy,
 Smile at his Anguish, and his Pains enjoy.
 If Men to Brutes superiour Nature show,
 To Love and Mercy they that Honour owe,
 Bright Virtues, that adorn the Bless'd above ;
 And what makes hateful Fiends, but Want of Love ?
 He ceas'd---The *Britons* grateful Thanks address
 For these Expressions of a gen'rous Breast.

Then *Abramel* by Birth and Office great,
 So *Halla* order'd, to the Royal Seat
 Conducts the Strangers, where their wond'ring Eyes
 Art and august Magnificence surprize,
 Not by the Pomp of *Carthage* overcome,
 Nor the proud Tow'rs and Palaces of *Rome*.

The noble Guide did on the *Britons* wait,
 With courteous Mien, to lofty Rooms of State :
 Here, to renew their Vigour spent with Toil,
 They us'd warm Baths, and sooth'd their Limbs with
 [Oyl.

Tunisia's Prince, when equal Shade and Light
 A doubtful Mixture made of Day and Night,
 Returning from the Fields sent Lords to bring
 The Strangers---Joyful they attend the King.
 When *Alfred*, now refresh'd and richly drest,
 So bade the Monarch, in a Crimfon Vest
 Enter'd the Room, he Love and Wonder rais'd,
 His Presence some, and some his Stature prais'd ;
 These his fine Shape, and those extoll'd his Face
 Where blooming Beauty strove with princely Grace.

Then thus mild *Halla* with a pleasing Air
 Bespoke the *Britons*---Welcome Guests, declare
 Your Families and Names, and let us know
 To whom, this Honour done our Court, we owe.

Then *Alfred* thus---Our Country we have told :
Alfred, *Atulpho's* Son, you here behold,
 The pious Prince that rules *Britannia's* Land,
 And sways the Scepter with a gracious Hand :

Here

Here *Guithun* see, he all my Cares attends,
 A wise Adviser, and the best of Friends :
 His Veins from *Hebert*, still we trust alive
 In *Albion* lov'd, illustrious Blood derive.
 I, to enrich my Mind, left *Britain's* Soil,
 Expos'd by Sea and Land to various Toil,
 Intent in diff'rent Monarchies to learn
 The wisest Forms of Empire, and discern
 The Laws and Customs, whence those Blessings spring,
 That ease the People, and advance the King ;
 That thus inform'd, if destin'd to a Throne,
 I might retrieve the Isle degen'rate grown,
 Teach her how Pow'r and Plenty to encrease,
 And make her great in Arms, yet fond of Peace.
 Of gracious Heav'ns wise Scheme I thankful boast,
 Which threw me Shipwreckt on *Tunisia's* Coast,
 Where by her Sov'reign's bright Example taught,
 I may my Aim, my Country's Good, promote.

Alfred these Words pronounc'd with so much Grace,
 And such becoming Greatness in his Face,
 Peculiar to a high-born gen'rous Mind,
 That the whole Audience in Applauses join'd,
 While the fair Sex did with the Lords contend,
 Who most the Royal Stranger should commend.

Now

Now chosen Dishes of voluptuous Taste
 Were on the Board, a rich Profusion, plac'd ;
 The tim'rous Hare, the Stag, and wanton Fawn,
 That hide in Brakes, or sportive range the Lawn,
 The Animals untam'd, delicious Foods,
 That dwell in Rocks, or ask the sheltring Woods,
 Sweet Ortolans, and Quails, and Partridge red,
 In fruitful Fields, or flow'ry Gardens bred ;
 The various Kinds of tasteful Fish, that crave
 Th' unseason'd Flood, or seek the briny Wave,
 Or pleas'd with Change alternate Pastime take,
 The River now, and now the Sea forsake,
 That chuse the running Stream, or standing Lake ;
 All princely Dishes, high luxurious Cheer,
 Dispos'd with Art did in long Pomp appear.
 And, while fair Fruits and Greens were interwove,
 Seem'd a rich Banquet in a Golden Grove.

They fate---The beauteous Queen the Table grac'd,
 Near her high Chair *Britannia's* Prince was plac'd :
 And while the pleasing Foods they cheerful eat,
 And praise the Choice and Plenty of the Meat,
 All pure delicious Drinks, (excepting Wine
 Which, as enjoin'd, Religious they decline,)

Prefs'd

Prefs'd from the Fruits that Garden Trees produce,
 Pomegranate, Citron, Lime, and Orange Juice,
 Sherbets and Lemonades of diff'rent Sort,
 Solac'd the Strangers, and regal'd the Court.

Applauded Voices touch'd the melting Heart
 With Heav'nly Sweetness and unrivall'd Art;
 Tubes of a various Figure, which acquir'd
 Unnative Breath by skilful Mouths inspir'd,
 And tuneful Strings, that speak by Pow'r unknown,
 And vibr'ate by an Impulse, not their own,
 Combin'd in Conforts ravishing to hear,
 Call'd all the list'ning Spirits to the Ear,
 Encreas'd the Pleasure, and improv'd the Cheer.

Then, as the King commanded, *Dollah* came,
 Among the Bards a celebrated Name,
 By great *Arabian* Princes much approv'd,
 Who Poets were themselves, or Poets lov'd:
 For the *Tunisians* this wise Maxim own,
 That Men to Letters bred best fill a Throne.

Dollah began---And did the Monarchs praise,
 And high as Heav'n the State-Directors raise

That

That caught the Poet's Rapture, ardent strung
 The Lyre, and soft or martial Passion fung;
 Or to the tuneful Tribe did shew Regard,
 Cherish their Genius, and their Flights reward.
 He sang, how Poets first the World refin'd,
 And in the eldest Days adorn'd the Mind
 With Science, and improv'd rude humane Kind. }
 How the great Monarchs, who with loud Applause }
 Founded wide Kingdoms and establish'd Laws,
 The Rules of Empire, and the Arts of State
 Hid and disguis'd in mystick Verse relate:
 How Priests, exalted Notions to promote,
 Religious Rites and sacred Precepts taught
 In Symbols and dark Allegories dress'd,
 Or in allusive Images express'd;
 And how the Poet's fab'ling Art engroft
 What curious Knowledge *Egypt's* Sons could boast;
 That all the Maxims and instructive Rules
 To govern Life invented in the Schools
 Of the fam'd *Magians* born in *Persia's* Land,
 And where *Hydaspes* rolls his spreading Sand,
 And Sophists of the East in Letters vers'd,
 In Apologues or Metre were rehears'd.

He sang how *David*, who, so Fame had told,
 The Choice of Heav'n *Judea's* Realm controul'd,

On the sweet Harp with Skill unrivall'd play'd
With the same Hand the awful Scepter sway'd,
And sang great Actions to the warbling Strings ;
The Pride of Poets and the first of Kings. ,

The *Arab* then in tuneful Rapture prais'd
Wife *Solomon*, who *Palestina* rais'd
To wealth and Pow'r, while his fam'd Lines no less
The artful Poet, than the Sage confess.

He sang how *Scipio*, *Cesar*, *Brutus* bred
In Camps & Schools, & more fam'd Chiefs, that led
Rome's Army forth, and far her Empire spread,
Cheer'd Arts, and tuneful Labours, with Rewards,
Chiefly *Mecenas* Patron of the Bards ;
And how *Augustus*, of the *Roman* State
The Prop and Glory, oft with Pleasure fate
Among the Poets, whom above the rest
Of all his favour'd Subjects he carest.

He then the *Caliphs* of th' *Arabian* Line
Prais'd in his Song, whose Acts illustrious shine,
In ancient Archieves of the Realm enroll'd,
Or by Tradition from past Ages told.
He sang how wise *Abdalla* great in Arms,
And fam'd for Letters and poetick Charms,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd the *Arabian* Empire o'er the East,
And by his Lays his Country's Fame encreast.

He fang *Almanzor's* Deeds, who lib'ral reer'd
High Schools of Learning, and the Muses cheer'd ;
And the great King, who his own Odes dispers'd,
And turn'd from Prose their Prophet's Rule rehears'd.
He ceas'd---And *Alfred*, who attentive heard
The tuneful Numbers, prais'd th' unvulgar Bard.

Then *Halla* thus---*Tunisia's* Youth at Fame,
By finish'd Songs and Strains of Fancy aim :
This common Passion does her Sons inspire
With ardent Zeal, and sets their Breasts on Fire.
Lords of the highest Rank, as well as Those
Of lower Order, tuneful Works compose.
Some seiz'd with Rapture, Heights superiour climb
In Lyrick or Heroick Song sublime,
And bold in Flight, with elevated Lays
Their mighty Chiefs, their God, and Prophet praise.
Some humbler Subjects chuse, who lofty fear,
And paint forth *Sylvan* Beauties to the Ear,
Describe the Harvest, and the furrow'd Soil,
And fill the echoing Court with rural Toil ;
Collected Pleasures from the Country bring,
And at a Winter's Feast revive the Spring.

Some

Some the rude Shepherd to the City lead,
 Who scorns its Joys, and seeks the flow'ry Mead.
 Some touch the Lute, and tender Passion move,
 By *Damon's* Death or *Zara's* hapless Love,
 And make *Philander* languishing complain
 Of cruel *Mella* to the Guests in vain.

Poetick Genius of a great Extent
 We make a certain Mark of high Descent,
 Nor think so gen'rous and divine a Fire
 Can ever coarse *Plebeian* Veins inspire :
 Hence, when a Youth, for tuneful Numbers fit,
 Opens the Beauties of a blooming Wit,
 Rejoycing Kindred Messengers employ,
 In high Respect, to wish the Parents Joy
 Of the bright Mark of Favour Heav'n has show'd,
 That has a Poet on their House bestow'd.
 Perhaps fair *Albion's* Youth inur'd to Arms
 Taste not with Pleasure these harmonious Charms,
 And, while they aim at martial Glory, praise
 The Heroe's Lawrel, not the Poet's Bays.

He ceas'd---And thus *Britannia's* Prince reply'd ;
 Happy *Tunisia*, *Libya's* envy'd Pride !
 This nearer Sun, and more indulgent Clime,
 Fertile in Genius, for the Song sublime,

Or humbler Strains, is fill'd with Bards renown'd,
 Cheer'd with Rewards, and with Applauses crown'd.
 Nor does th' effulgent Father of the Day
 View *Albion's* Isle with such an oblique Ray,
 But oft her Natives catch poetick Fire,
 Strive with the Rapture, and demand the Lyre:
Alfred has felt this Flame inspire his Veins,
 And often sung his low and artless Strains.

Letters and Science I so much approve,
 And with such Passion tuneful Labours love,
 That this establish'd Purpose I declare,
 Shou'd I th' imperial Crown of *Albion* wear,
 By me erected Colledges shall stand,
 And Schools of Learning on the fruitful Land,
 Where *Britain's* Glory, celebrated *Thames*,
 And *Isis* wanton run in confluent Streams:
 Where Sages some shall search with ardent Zeal
 The starry Regions and the Heav'ns reveal;
 Some artful Nature's Secrets shall display,
 While Bards inspir'd th' impulsive Force obey.
 From foreign Realms my Bounty shall invite
 Heads of the clearest intellectual Sight,
 Fam'd Chiefs of Learning, fit to form our Youth,
 And bless the Isle with heav'nly Beams of Truth;
 Till

Till Knowledge hence her bright Renown shall spread,
And rear to Heav'n her venerable Head :
And as I vow to purge *Britannia's* Court,
Vice to suppress, and Virtue to support ;
So no unletter'd Men shall there enjoy
A Post of Honour, or a rich Employ.
He ceas'd----And now the Supper ended, rose
The Company august, when for Repose
The *Briton* from th' assembled Lords retir'd,
Who prais'd his Virtue and his Sense admir'd.

Now did the Morn her tender Light display,
And from her rosy Lap shook out the Day :
The *British* Prince awaken'd, left his Bed
Refresh'd with Rest, and as he long had fed
A worthy Passion, should he ever wear
The Crown, a royal Navy to prepare
For *Albion's* Guard against the *Danish* Harms;
Whose fierce and cruel Chiefs with barb'rous Arms
Insulted oft *Britannia's* fenceless Shore,
And loaded lawless Ships with plunder'd Store,
Resolv'd by Models here, in Plenty seen,
To cultivate his Mind in Arts marine,
Then went with *Guithun* from the Palace Gates ;
On whom *Ardilla*, as commanded, waits

Chief of the Fleet, the Haven to survey
 And Groves of Vessels, that at Anchor lay.
 As thro' the Streets they pass'd, they much admir'd
 The stately Buildings, and the Wealth acquir'd
 By Arts and Commerce, where each House they found
 With *Asia's* Skill, or *Europe's* Growth was crown'd.

While wise Remarksth' advancing Strangers made,
 At length the Ships a pleasing Scene display'd :
 Their Number, Strength, and artful Form surprize,
 And with their Order charm their wond'ring Eyes.
 Some with *Arabian* Balms, and Spices, some
 With sweet *Calabrian* Oyl, came freighted Home.
 These brought the Pleasures of the *Cyprian* Isle,
 Those *Egypt's* Riches from the Mouths of *Nile*.
 Some were with *Tyrian* Luxury oppress'd,
 And all the pompous Labour of the East,
 Linnen by *Indian* high-born Women worn,
 And costly Silks, which *Persian* Lords adorn,
 Set off with Figures, beauteous to behold,
 Bright Silver Flowers, and Animals of Gold.
 These Velvets brought from high *Liguria's* Looms,
 Fit for proud Beds of State and lofty Rooms ;
 And those from *Norway*, Masts and naval Stores,
 Some Flax and Tin and Lead from *Albion's* Shores,

Or

Or various Fruits from fair *Iberia's* Coast,
And some the Golden Oar of *Guinea* boast.

The *British* Prince this confluent Wealth admir'd,
And, with a worthy Emulation fir'd,
To *Guithun* thus---How this surprizing Sight
Affects my Soul with Wonder and Delight !
If the great Prince of Princes has decreed
Alfred to *Albion's* Kingdom shall succeed,
How does the Thought my ardent Passion please
Of building potent Navies, o'er the Seas
Her Empire to extend, and make her reign
Secure by Land, while Mistress of the Main !
That I her Pow'r and Riches may improve,
Thro' her fair Towns I would inspire the Love
Of Commerce, and by fit Rewards engage
Her active Youth to scorn the Ocean's Rage,
And from the various Coasts, to which they roam,
Bring *Libya's* Wealth and *Asia's* Labour Home.

Then to *Ardilla* turn'd, he highly prais'd
Th' industrious Zeal, that had their City rais'd
To so much Strength, such Opulence, and Fame,
And made the World revere *Tunisia's* Name.
Then courteous Lord, he said, indulgent tell
By what wise Means in Traffick you excell ;

Th' effectual Laws and prudent Rules relate,
That thus by Trade advanc'd *Tunisia's* State.

Then thus reply'd the sage *Tunisian* Peer ;
Illustrious Prince, what rais'd our Commerce, hear,
Tunisia's Monarchs made a wise Decree
That this fair Port, frequented as you see,
Should be to Strangers as to Natives free. }
A Council, from its Province call'd marine,
Was form'd, which might th' industrious Merchant
From all oppressive Arts ; for this were nam'd [screen
Men vers'd in Business, and for Virtue fam'd,
If Subjects or Advent'ers from Abroad
Complain of Wrongs by Violence or Fraud
From Officers, who lawless Methods use
To heap up Riches, and their Pow'r abuse,
This prudent Council easy of Access
Hear patient, and their Injuries redress
Without vexatious Law, and Suits that spend
The Client's Time and Wealth; yet never end ;
A baneful Custom and th' unhappy Fate
Of an ill-govern'd and degen'rate State;
Whence oft the Suff'rer chuses to endure,
Rather his painful Sicknes, than his Cure.
Th' accus'd Intendants at the Bar arraign'd,
If with Extortion or with Fraud distain'd,

With

With Marks of high Displeasure are disgrac'd,
And Men unblemish'd in their Station plac'd.

If the *Tunisians* in just Arms engage
To guard their Realm against th' Invader's Rage,
And then the Foes, their Youth and Treasure spent,
At length to settle friendly Leagues consent,
The Lords of Commerce solemn Summons send
That all the chief Advent'ers should attend
To give Advice, what Schemes will best ensure
Tunisia's Traffick, and her Peace secure :
And by their Counsels such just Plans are laid,
As may not injure, but protect our Trade.

Rigid Sea-Chiefs and turbulent of Mind,
Hard as the Rock, and boist'rous as the Wind
Whence they derive their Fierceness, strive in vain
A Seat in this high Council to attain.
Such rough Commanders would Petitions slight,
Delay th' Attendant, or deny his Right ;
At least their stormy Air and haughty Port
Would drive the griev'd Advent'rer from their Court ;
Would vex the Trader with austere Restraints,
And fill the murm'ring City with Complaints.
Justice in Ways impartial thus express'd,
And Wrongs without Delay and Cost redress'd,

Freedom from Imposts, and Indulgence shown
 To all without Distinction by the Throne,
 Invite the Merchant to this gainful Port ;
 Whither rich-laden num'rous Fleets resort
 From all the Coasts, which roaming Sailers know,
 Whence Waves repuls'd can roll, or Storms can blow,
 And pleas'd, unload on fair *Tunisia's* Strand
 The Arts and Growth of every distant Land.

He ceas'd---And then *Ardilla* led the Way
 To the wide Basin, where the Gallies lay :
 These warlike Vessels fit for peaceful Seas,
 A curious Prospect, much the Heroe please :
 He their peculiar Shape and Size survey'd,
 And wise Remarks upon their Structure made,
 While he beheld the Rowers bound in Chains
 Rang'd on each Side, and doom'd to endless Pains,
 He *Guithun* thus bespoke---These Creatures mind,
 These Galley Slaves to endless Tasks confin'd,
 Fresh-colour'd active and robust appear,
 As nourish'd daily with luxurious Cheer,

Guithun reply'd---Let not this Sight surprize,
 From daily Toil their Strength and Vigour rise :
 For while they constant eat the coarsest Bread,
 The Spring their Drink, and the hard Plank their Bed,
 And

And grasp the lab'ring Oar, they happy 'scape
 Rich artful Dishes and the tempting Grape,
 Which kindle Fury oft too fierce to tame,
 Deprave the Humours and the Blood inflame ;
 Whence burning Fevers, Gouts, tormenting Pains,
 Consuming Hecticks, and the loathsome Stains
 Of Jaundice spring, that raise intestine Strife,
 And storm or undermine the Fort of Life ;
 These they avoid, and while they chearful feed
 On simple Fare, they no Physician need,
 Who chiefly owes to those his Fame and Gains,
 That swell at endless Feasts their pamper'd Veins,
 Dissolve in Ease, and spend the Day and Night
 In Riot unrestrain'd and soft Delight.

By constant Labour active Men expell
 Engend'ring Deaths and Seeds of Pain, that dwell
 Crude in their Veins ; but those, that Life employ
 In costly Banquets and loose Scenes of Joy,
 That wholesome Sweat and useful Toil decline,
 Which purge the Humours and the Blood refine,
 Pass all their Hours, as if by flowing Wealth
 Exempt from Labour, and excus'd from Health ;
 Whence in its croud'd Road their lazy Blood
 Becomes a dull unagitated Flood,
 = And like a standing putrid Pond remains
 A Nursery of Plagues, and Hoard of Pains.

These

These Sons of Pleasure, tho' the Slaves are bound
 In softer Chains, in a worse State are found
 Than those that fetter'd in the Galley row,
 Who, tho' less Joy, more Health and Vigour know;
 And by their Labour Strength athletick keep,
 Active their Limbs, and undisturb'd their Sleep:
 Sharpen'd with Toil, their Hunger makes them eat
 Hard Bread, with sweeter Relish than the Great
 Taste their rich Sauces and high-season'd Meat:
 And hence that State of Life wise Men would crave,
 In which the Prince is blended with the Slave;
 The Prince's Pow'r, who Luxury disdains,
 And the Slave's Temp'rance, but without his Chains.

He said---And now the Prince *Ardilla* asks
 For what black Crimes to these laborious Tasks
 Those Wretches were condemn'd---The Lord reply'd,
 These Men by *Halla's* equal Judges try'd,
 Some Thieves and Robbers were, some Houses fir'd,
 Some, a Ship's Crew, against their Chief conspir'd.
 These stung with Envy and immortal Hate,
 Defam'd and blacken'd Councillours of State,
 Nor spar'd the indulgent King himself; and those
 Held trait'rous Commerce with *Tunisia's* Foes:
 Some with seditious Lyes the Realm inflam'd,
 Poison'd the People, and at Uproar aim'd.

For

For various Crimes of this enormous Kind,
The Slaves you see to Hardships are confin'd.
But Court Repentment, arbitrary Will,
And State Caprice these Gallies never fill.
For none till heard and try'd, and not before
Their Guilt is prov'd, in Fetters ply the Oar.
No erring Sect, who our great Prophet's Laws
Expound amiss, are for Religion's Cause,
If in the State they no Dissention breed,
Taught in the Gallies to reform their Creed.
Our Prince ne'er Arms one favour'd Sect to make
Others their Victims for Opinion's Sake:
Nor does he Christians banish or destroy,
But they religious Liberty enjoy,
While to the Laws they due Obedience show,
No Faction feed, nor Seeds of Discord sow.
We never Threats or Pow'r compulsive use
Belief and Truth celestial to infuse.
Can Pains and Prisons Error's Force controul,
And the chain'd Body loose the fetter'd Soul?
In vain the Slave, to set his Notions right,
Is doom'd to delve in Mines and dig for Light.
In vain Sectarians for Instruction lye
Stretch'd on the Wheel, where Malefactors dye.

And

And now they view'd erected near the Shores
 The Ars'nals, Magazines, and naval Stores.
 Here Wealth immense of Pitch and unctious Tar
 Requir'd alike for Ships of Trade and War,
 The fiery Project of *Norwegia's* Snows,
 And Piles of Hemp and Flax congested rose.
 Cables in Rings, like vast Sea-Serpents, roll'd
 Their twisted Lengths voluminous enfold,
 There Bars of Iron dug with endless Pains,
Finlandia's Entrails, and cold *Swecia's* Veins,
 A far more useful Oar exchang'd for Gold,
 And for Delights to Southern Regions sold,
 Heap'd up they saw, then view'd with wond'ring Eyes
 Hot Furnaces, whence black Eruptions rise
 Of fiery Sparks and Smoak in Air sublime,
 That from the Mouths of those Volcano's climb,
 Which with athletick Labour roar, around
 Rebellowing Rocks and Shores uphold the Sound.
 Unnumber'd Anchors of prodigious Weight,
 That shew'd the Strength and Riches of the State,
 Rang'd in long Order near the Forges lay,
 Forges, like those, where (so old Poets say,)
Sicilian Smiths, besmear'd with Soot and Sweat
 In trembling Caves, to form their Works repeat
Cyclopian Blows, and with gigantick Toil
 Shake *Aetna's* Roots, and make the Ocean boil.

And

And next they view'd *Tunisia's* Royal Docks
Secure by Art, as if begirt with Rocks,
Some wet and wide, which high-rais'd Sluices save
From the fierce Infult of the breaking Wave,
While thro' their opening Gates tall Ships advance
Like Castles rigg'd, and on the Ocean dance ;
Some dry, where Shipwrights with redoubled Strokes
Hew the rude Pines, and form th' unfashion'd Oaks.
Some join the Planks, some with a vig'rous Blow
Drive in long Iron Pins, some Pitch and Tow
To fill the Chinks, while Hills and Shores around
Repeat the Toil, and propagate the Sound.

A Ship of War new-built in one of these,
Appear'd compleat, and ready for the Seas,
And now was launch'd : So *Halla* had express
His Royal Will, to please his princely Guest.
This to effect a thousand active Hands
Were now employ'd, soon from her loosen'd Bands
The Vessel freed, did from her Cradle start,
That in her Structure shew'd consummate Art ;
Nor *Tyre*, nor *Rhodes* such Models could invent,
Not rocking once or rolling, off she went
Smooth as the swift-finn'd Racers of the Flood,
And plung'd amidst the Waves a floating Wood :

This

This Ship of War for Strength and Beauty fam'd,
In Honour of the Prince was *Alfred* nam'd.

Courteous *Ardilla* now the Heroe brought
To his own House of Pleasure not remote,
That overlook'd at once *Tunisia's* Plain,
And open'd to their View th' *Etruscan* Main.
The *British* Prince here, tir'd with Labour, met
A grateful Banquet in just Order set :
The Meats were choice, and exquisitely drest,
An elegant, tho' not a pompous Feast.
Alfred his Drought and craving Hunger eas'd
With tasteful Meats and gen'rous Drinks, and pleas'd
With wise Discourses from th' Occasion rais'd,
Thank'd the *Tunisian*, and the Banquet prais'd.

The Solar Orb declining now displays
A Face more ample, but less splendid Rays,
When *Alfred* reconducted to the Court
Applauded to the King *Tunisia's* Port ;
The num'rous Fleets, and unexhausted Stores,
That fill'd the Magazines along the Shores.
Then offer'd various Questions, which relate
To the swift Growth of this puissant State,
Curious the prudent Laws and Rules to know [flow:
Whence so much Strength, such Peace, and Plenty
Th' in-

Th' indulgent Monarch grants what he desir'd,
 And spoke to all the Subjects he requir'd,
 Their Statutes, Manners, Rites, and Customs told,
 And did their Scheme of Government unfold.

Now was the Supper in long Order plac'd,
 In princely Pomp and Plenty not surpass'd;
 The august Assembly fit, and chearful eat
 The various Dishes of luxurious Meat,
 While Silver Cups and Chalice of Gold
 Of Size capacious, and with Figures bold
 Emboss'd, and with delicious Liquors crown'd,
Tunisia's tasteful Growth, went joyful round.
 Soft Instruments with Strings of diff'rent Kind,
 And diff'rent Voices in sweet Confort join'd
 With as melodious Rapture sooth'd the Ear,
 As what the Night before improv'd the Chear.
Dollah again did in exalted Verse
Arabia's Heroes mighty Deeds rehearse:
 He sang their Princes Great in Peace and Arms,
 And not less honour'd for poetick Charms.

The Banquet finish'd, to a Room of State
 The Court retir'd, the Queen and *Halla* fate,
 And *Alfred* near, whom thus the King address'd;
 Since you your tuneful Genius have express'd,

Indulge

Indulge our Passion, and the Pleasure raise
 Of this Assembly by your happy Lays:
 Nor did *Britannia's* Prince the Task decline,
 But took the Lyre, and sung this Song Divine.

To blisful Heav'n I'll stretch the soaring Wing,
 By strong Celestial Rapture urg'd to sing
 The boundless Knowledge of th' Eternal King. }
 But while this Flight I meditate, around [found
 What wond'rous Heights untry'd, what Depths pro-
 Affright my Soul! what Gloom, what trackless Ways
 Awful appear in Wisdom's sacred Maze!
 Ye wise, ye intellectual Lights, that guide
 Enquiring Heads; ye Masters, who preside
 O'er Learning's Schools; ye Oracles of State,
 Who reason strong and triumph in Debate;
 And you blest Minds without a Blemish bright,
 Of piercing, clear and comprehensive Sight,
 Tell how you are bewilder'd, how distress'd,
 How with the vast unequal Task oppress'd,
 When you thro' Wisdom's Empire urge your Flight, }
 Trace her dark Windings, search th' Abyss of Light, }
 And strive with too much Day, or too much Night. }

All Things, Great King, Thou see'st, who art all
 An intellectual Nature unconfin'd: [Mind,

From

From thy bright Palace, that sublime outvies
The most aspiring Turrets of the Skies,
Thou view'st thy vast Creation round Thee spread,
On which thy Feet as on a Footstool tread.
With Ease thy clear all-penetrating Eye
Nature's remotest Frontier can descry,
And with a Glance is able to survey
The num'rous Worlds, which thy sole Nod obey.
Thou mak'st the secret Chambers of the Deep
Thy Walks, where peaceful ancient Waters sleep,
And searchest dark unfathom'd Caves beneath,
Hell's gloomy Prisons, and the Tracts of Death:
The pond'rous Shades of subterranean Night,
That guard the Center from th' Approach of Light,
Where not a darted Sun-beam can intrude,
Cannot thy bright unbounded Eye elude.

The vast Extent of Possibility
Is clearly view'd, and only view'd by Thee:
Thou must all Creatures know, who in thy Mind
Do'st all their Models and Idea's find:
Millions of Beings in thy Breast remain,
Beings, which ne'er Existence will attain,
That Space immense yet unemploy'd might fill;
The Objects of thy Pow'r, but not thy Will.

It comes alone from thy divine Decree,
 That what is possible shall actual be,
 Thy Purpose is the Spring of all Futurity. }
 Thou see'st the Tide of Time come rolling on,
 And Days and Years, ere yet they are begun,
 Ascending from Duration's deep Abyss,
 Which their appointed Order never miss.
 Thou view'st succeeding Ages with a Glance,
 And see'st how in their Turns they all advance ;
 Who on this Stage shall enter, as of old
 They stand in Heav'n's unchang'd Decrees enroll'd.
 Thou know'st how every Man will act his Part,
 Who Virtue's heav'nly Precepts will assert,
 And who abandon blest Religion's Cause,
 And aim at Wealth and a vain World's Applause.
 Thou with unerring Prospect dost foresee }
 How a free Agent shall determin'd be ;
 Contingency to us is Certainty to Thee.
 Thou know'st the secret Bias of the Will,
 For Thou, who mad'st the Springs with so much Skill,
 The Passion see'st by which it is inclin'd,
 And view'st the various Motions of the Mind.

Thou only can'st the wond'rous Links descry
 That Minds unbody'd to a Body tie.

Thy

Thy peircing Eye th' elastick Spring surveys
 By which the beating vital Engine plays,
 And thro' arterial Tubes mechanick Life conveys.
 Thou only secret Nature can'st pursue,
 And her entire Oeconomy review,
 How she performs with undiscover'd Art
 A diff'rent Task in every diff'rent Part,
 How active Ferments work the fluid Mass,
 How thro' their Strainers various Humours pass,
 How all the noxious Juices are expell'd,
 And by what Skill the Wholsome are withheld.

Thou see'st from whence her Colours Fancy takes,
 Of what Materials she her Pencil makes
 By which she paints her Scenes with such Applause,
 And in the Brain ten thousand Landskips draws.
 The Cells, and little Lodgings, Thou canst see
 In Mem'ry's Hoards and secret Treasury ;
 Dost the dark Cave of each Idea spy,
 And see'st how rang'd the crouded Lodgers lye ;
 How some, when beckon'd by the Soul, awake,
 While peaceful Rest their uncall'd Neighbours take.
 Thou know'st the downy Chains that softly bind
 Our slumb'ring Sense, when waiting Objects find
 No Avenue left open to the Mind.

Mean Time thou see'st how guideless Spirits play,
 And mimick o'er in Dreams the busy Day,
 With pleasant Scenes and Figures entertain,
 Or with their monstrous Mixtures fright the Brain.

Thou know'st the secret Soul's imperial Throne
 Surrounded with thick Darkness, like thy own,
 Where she to all the Senses Audience gives,
 Appoints their Tasks, their Messages receives,
 And passes Judgement in her Sov'reign Court
 On every Envoy's true or false Report ;
 How her sole Nod our Motions does controul,
 And guide the various Parts to serve the Whole ;
 Can'st say what diff'rent Turns the Spirits take,
 When they of diff'rent Kinds Impressions make ;
 What vital Springs those Spirits in their Flight
 Strike to cause Torment, what to give Delight ;
 Can'st tell the Manner how the Actors move,
 When they excite our Anger or our Love,
 By what Contrivance and mechanick Art
 Our Passions interrupt the beating Heart ;
 How they encrease the vital Lab'rour's Toil,
 When they constrain the Blood to freeze or boil ;
 Whence martial Ardour warms the Heroe's Breast,
 How shiv'ring Fears th' arterial Flood arrest ;

How

How active Joy dilates the swelling Veins,
 And Shame the modest Face with Blushes stains :
 Thou know'st these Secrets, and ten thousand more,
 Which narrow-sighted Man can ne'er explore,
 Who to a high Conceit of Wit arrives,
 Yet knows not how he thinks, or moves, or lives,

Exhaustless Source of Light ! from Thee proceed
 The Streams of Science, that diffusive feed
 The intellectual World, and plenteous flow
 On all blest Minds above, and Men below.
 Thou do'st the Soul with curious Arts inspire,
 Knowledge, by Thee instructed, Schools acquire :
 By Thee the Bards to Heav'n direct their Flight,
 View the bright Orbs, and range the Fields of Light,
 Climb *Empyrean* Heights, and hardy soar
 In *Ether* heav'nly Empires to explore,
 And from the Chrystal Convex of the Sky
 The vast Immense, and vacant Gulphs descry,
 That stretching far beyond Creation lye.
 Thou guid'st the Pencil in the Painter's Hand,
 Sculptors the Chizel by thy Aid command ;
 While Skill and Wisdom are by Thee instill'd
 To rear the Palace, and the Castle build,
 To form the Ship with wond'rous Skill design'd
 To float on Waves and catch the breathing Wind,

Which by the Impulse of the active Gale
That swells the heaving Bosom of the Sail
Starts from the Port, and o'er the Ocean flies,
Bounds on the foaming Main and sweeps the Skies :
By these the Isles and fever'd Realms are joyn'd,
And mutual Gain by mutual Commerce find.

Great King, no Limits can thy Being bound,
No Place is vacant of th' Almighty found :
In every Rock and each unpractis'd Seat
Oppress'd with too much Cold or too much Heat,
In ev'ry subterranean dark Recefs,
Each Forest and unpeopled Wilderness,
In ev'ry shining Orb that rolls on high,
And the waste Field of intervening Sky,
Thou art, or rather they are all in Thee.
No lonesome Cell is from thy Presence free :
Above the Heav'ns, below the deepest Waves,
The Courts of Death, and Hell's remotest Caves,
Beyond the Gulphs, where dissipated Day
Loses at length its dim expiring Ray,
Is thy Abode ; all Space is fill'd by Thee,
If Space be not the same with thy Immensity.

He ceas'd---And *Halla* much the Subject prais'd,
And much the Song the Monarch's Wonder rais'd !
Justly, he said, wise *Briton*, we admire
Your tuneful Numbers, and th' impulsive Fire
That gives this Inspiration to your Veins,
And urges to sublime Celestial Strains :
Great are the Instincts which your Choice incline
To ease your Rapture on such Themes Divine,
And soar on high, while the Great Pow'r you praise,
And spread his Glory in seraphick Lays.
Besides your gen'rous Purpose I applaud,
That, when from various Toils sustain'd Abroad
You shall regain *Britannia*, you will found
High Schools ; where Science, with Applauses crown'd
And cheer'd with princely Bounty, may reside,
And boast superiour Fame with worthy Pride ;
With clearest Lights may *British* Youth refine,
And in her high-rais'd Orb to distant Nations shine.

Then he continu'd thus---Illustrious Guest,
Recite your various Fate at my Request,
Since first you chose to leave your native Land,
Till Shipwreckt you were cast on *Libya's* Strand.

Alfred reply'd---Indulgent King, consent
That, much with Care and much with Labour spent,
I may for due refreshing Rest retire,
While *Guithun* will perform what you require.
The Prince withdrew---Intent th' Assembly waits,
While *Guithun* past Adventures thus relates.



ALFRED.



ALFRED.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Guithun, as requested by King Halla, begins the Narration of Alfred's Adventures. He relates how the Prince, to qualify himself for the Government and Protection of his Country, (should he ever succeed to the Crown,) sailed from Britain to visit foreign Nations, where he might observe the best Models, and collect the wisest Maxims of Civil Societies. He tells how they cross the Seas to Antwerp, and then pass'd to Agrippina or Collogne. The Character of Raman the cruel and tyrannical Prince of that Country, and his unhappy Fate. Hence Alfred passes thro' Germany to Italy. The Description of the Alps, and the various

various Appearances of Nature in those Hills. The Prince arrives at Rome, is received with great Kindness by Pope Leo. The City described. The Pope from an uncommon Esteem, resolves to crown Alfred King of Britain in due Succession to his Father Atulpho. The Coronation described. The Prelate Labot's Harangue upon that solemn Occasion. The Pope and Alfred, when the Ceremonies were ended, return from the Church to the Palace, where a magnificent Supper was prepared for them. After the Time for publick Rejoycings was expired, Prince Alfred, to pursue his Design of visiting various Countries, takes his Leave of the Pope, who gives him his Benediction, with Marks of tender Affection; and advises him how to behave himself while Abroad, and how to govern when he returned Home. Alfred departs from Rome, and embarks at Ostia for Naples. Ostia and the Italian Coast described, as far as the Circæan Hills, where, the Tempest rose, that cast them Shipwreckt on the Shore of Numidia. Here an Anchorite admonish'd by a Vision, met, received, and refresh'd the Britons, and directed them to King Halla's Court.



LONG Scandinavia's military
Swarms

Insulted Albion's Realm with
barb'rous Arms,

And on her Coasts with Troops
recruited pour'd

Fresh Force and Fury, and the Land devour'd :

While vers'd in Hardship, and in Pillage bold,

They pass'd thro' fenceless Cities uncontroul'd.

Britain

Britain, her Blood and Treasure spilt, no more
Could drive the lawless Robbers from her Shore,
Nor to her harras'd Natives Peace restore.



Alfred with num'rous princely Virtues bright,
The People's Darling and the Court's Delight,
With mournful Eyes oft view'd *Britannia's* State,
Pity'd her Suff'rings, and bewail'd her Fate :
Nor did he silent and unactive grieve,
But form'd wise Schemes her Honour to retrieve,
And strove by various Efforts to inspire
A gen'rous Zeal, and set her Sons on Fire
Celestial Virtue to pursue, and aim
At *Albion's* Greatness, and Heroick Fame.
But the prevailing *Dane* was not suppress'd,
Nor *Britain's* painful Grievances redress'd,
Till *Alfred*, who had ne'er before encas'd
His Limbs in Steel, nor martial Danger fac'd,
Forfook the gameful Wood, and took the Field,
Renounc'd the Huntsman's *Silvan* Arms, to wield
The batt'ling Warriour's ; and, by Wonders shown
Of Conduct, Strength, and Courage yet unknown,
The Heroe three unrivall'd Conquests gain'd,
Broke the proud Foe, and barb'rous Rage restrain'd.

Thus

Thus the brave *Briton* triumph'd o'er the *Dane*,
 And by his Sword remov'd *Britannia's* Bane,
 Forcing the vanquish'd Spoilers to retreat
 From the glad Isle, and seek their *Northern* Seat.
 Now, the freed Land refresh'd with Peace and Ease,
 The Pious Prince decreed to pass the Seas,
 That he in Foreign Realms the Arts might know
 Customs and Laws whence Wealth and Empire grow,
 And that new Science might adorn his Mind
 To heav'nly Truth and glorious Deeds inclin'd.
 Blest by the King, he, fair *Britannia's* Pride,
Augusta! left, and sailing down the Tide
 Of spreading *Thames*, soon the wide Ocean crost,
 Borne by auspicious Gales to *Belgia's* Coast.
 We soon sublime *Andverpia's* Haven gain'd,
 And there for due Repose some Days remain'd :
Alfred the Domes and Palaces admir'd,
 Whose gilded Turrets high to Heav'n aspir'd,
 Which to the Sun his borrow'd Light repay,
 Diffusing thro' the Skies redoubled Day.
 When he the Port and Vessels had survey'd,
 And Magazines where naval Stores were laid,
 Had learn'd their Strength, their Manners, & their Laws,
 And what their Pain and Pleasure chiefly cause,
 Their Courts of Justice, and their Burse had view'd,
 And all Things curious ; *Alfred* thence pursu'd

His

His Way direct to *Agrippina's* Gates,
The beauteous Head of the rich *Ubian* States.
Her Tow'rs, that wide *Germania's* Piles outshine,
Adorn the Margin of the spreading Rhine:
The *Roman* Empress, who imperious sway'd
The stupid Monarch whom the World obey'd,
That gave to *Nero* Birth, a fiery Brand,
And rais'd the Monster to Supreme Command,
Fond of her native Soil to such Renown,
At vast Expence, advanc'd this favour'd Town ;
Where *Roman* held his Court, a potent Lord
For Pride despis'd, and for black Crimes abhorr'd.
His cruel Hand a Rod, of Iron made,
And not a Ruler's gracious Scepter, sway'd.
By various Deaths the Guiltless he destroy'd,
And, pleas'd with Slaughter, Cruelty enjoy'd.
He reap'd the Harvest, seiz'd the Farmer's Grain,
The Artist's Labour, and the Merchant's Gain :
Deaf to their earnest Cries, and humble Pray'r,
He mock'd with savage Mirth their sad Despair :
Told them that, wanton with Abundance grown,
They press'd for Grants exorbitant the Throne :
Bade them return and till the fertile Field,
Which would enough for peaceful Subjects yield ;
That Idleness, not Misery and Pain,
And Pride and Fulness made them still complain.

These

These rigid Ways, and violent Abuse
 Of regal Pow'r, seditious Heats produce,
 Clandestine Plots and open Murmurs form,
 Murmurs the Prelude to a publick Storm.
 The States impatient of th' oppressive Yoke
 The yielding Fetters of Allegiance broke,
 And grown at length by Desperation bold
 Revolted, (so swift Fame soon after told,
 And has perhaps these Tidings publish'd here,)
 And fierce in Arms against their Prince appear.
 Him they depos'd, and to his Brother's Head
 Transferr'd the Crown; for Refuge *Raman* fled
 To *Gallia's* Court, of sov'reign Power bereft,
 Curs'd by the Tribes, and by his Creatures left.
Alfred, when first he heard th' Oppressour's Fate,
 Reflecting wisely on th' unhappy State
 Of Kingdoms subject to a cruel Lord
 Who breaks thro' Laws and governs by the Sword;
 These Words exprest; What Care should Princes use
 Lest they, by Pride and Passion sway'd, abuse
 Their Pow'r, by Deeds despotick shake the Throne,
 And by their People's Ruin, cause their own?

When *Alfred* this delightful Town had view'd,
 Our destin'd Journey ardent we pursu'd

To

To rich *Italia's* Land, and swiftly past
Germania's States that intervene; at last
We reach'd the Hills which Snows eternal hide,
Hesperia's Frontier on the *Northern* Side.
With cheerful Labour we began to climb
The steep Ascent and craggy Rocks sublime;
These horrid Seats, this howling lonesome Place,
This Desert wild, and desolate of Face,
As we advanc'd, to our admiring Sight
Open'd new Scenes of Terrour and Delight.
Pleasing Amazement seiz'd our Minds to see
Nature so rude, and such Variety
Of Wonder and Affright, while every Way
These Regions some surprizing View display.
The Mountains Peaks, with flaky Fleeces White,
So high ascended that the solar Light
Reflected could not climb so great a Height!
And hence the Skies remain so cold, they know
No Exhalations, no moist Stores, but Snow.
Soft Zephyrs, tepid Show'rs, and gentle Dews,
That on the Meads their genial Stock diffuse,
To Seats inferiour their Production owe,
Hover in Clouds and hang in Foggs below.
The misty Convex of the Atmosphere
Did at a Distance spread below appear,

While

While we, in Air serene, beheld from far
 Conflicting Meteors and Aerial War,
 And looking down, saw Mists extended lye,
 And Rafts of floating Clouds beneath us fly.

Here Pyramids of Snow immense, that climb
 Etherial Heights and pierce the Clouds sublime,
 Mix their white Heads with Heav'n's blue Hills, and
 Hoary with Winter's Force in Summer's Skies. [rise
 There Gulphs, profound and gloomy as the Night,
 With solemn Horrour prejudice the Sight.
 There unctious Pines on barren Ridges stand,
 Disdainful of the Vale's prolifick Land,
 And, like the Firs along *Norwegia's* Shore,
 From frozen Hills derive their fiery Store.

There broken Cliffs, that fell with dreadful Sound
 And shook the Woods and snowy Peaks around,
 With craggy Heaps deform the wounded Land,
 As active *Demons* at their Lord's Command,
 Or fabled Giants had in sportive Toil
 With rocky Ruins spread the lonesome Soil.
 Great Waters here from cavern'd Mountains gush,
 And spreading Torrents unsupported rush
 Down in Cascades immense, to find below
 More equal Grounds and Channels where to flow.

These

These Falls out-roar the Monsters that possess
 The howling Empire of the Wilderness,
 While the continu'd Noise of dashing Waves
 Rebounds from echoing Hills and repercussive Caves.

Surpriz'd and pleas'd we now beheld the Source
 Whence celebrated Rivers take their Course :

As *Egypt's* Natives for their *Nile* depend
 On the relenting Treasures that descend
 Swift from the Moon's exalted Mountains, so
 The rapid *Rhone*, the *Rhine*, and *Danube* flow
 From unexhausted Heaps of *Alpine* Snow :
 For while that plenteous Stock in gentle Rills,
 Or ample Streams, falls from the channell'd Hills,
 Those Floods their Current from the Confluence gain,
 And thence supply'd their vast Expence sustain.
 Pleas'd with these various Works of Nature's Art
Alfred disclos'd the Passions of his Heart,
 Praising in rapt'rous Speech the wise Design
 And wond'rous Scheme of Providence Divine.
 Thus he exalted Sentiments express'd,
 Then in these Words fam'd *Hannibal* address'd,
 Great Leader, what heroick Heat inspir'd
 Thy Veins, and thee with brave Ambition fir'd
 To mount these lofty Lines and Mounds of Snow,
 That reach the Clouds, to seek the distant Foe?

Thy Tempest, gath'ring in th' aspiring Hills,
 With War unknown the Alpine Defart fills,
 Pours *Carthaginian* Thunder from the Skies,
 While rushing Floods of Wrath the Vale surprize.
 Brave enterprizing Chief, thus far renown'd !
 What Fame, what Triumphs, had thy Progress crown'd,
 Had not the soft Delights of *Capua* more
 Obstructive prov'd than the hard Rocks before.

These Heights surmounted with Delight and Pain,
 We enter'd fair *Hesperia's* flow'ry Plain,
 And passing thro' rich Towns that crouding stand,
 And with their Tow'rs the Soil around command,
 We safe arriv'd at *Rome's* illustrious Tow'rs,
 The sacred Empress of the Christian Pow'rs ;
 Where the great Pontiff, with distinguish'd Grace
 And Marks of Honour, did the Prince embrace.
 Still he express'd to *Britain's* King above
 His other Royal Sons Esteem and Love,
 Who, by his princely Gifts to *Rome* endear'd,
 A generous Monarch and a Saint appear'd.
 The Honours heap'd upon *Atulpho's* Son
 At first we judg'd were to the Father done ;
 But when the Pontiff saw his Virtues shine,
 His Reason, Wit, and Sentiments divine,

His

His Mien majestick, and polite Address,
That Worth Heroick and high Birth confess,
Uncommon Favours were on *Alfred* thrown,
Not for *Atulpho's* Merit, but his own.
Charm'd with his Morals, with his Arts refin'd,
And all the bright Endowments of his Mind,
He felt paternal Pleasure in his Breast,
And fondly, as a Son, the Prince carest.

By pompous Shows and Pastimes, splendid Feasts,
And Banquets, worthy of imperial Guests,
Melodious Musick, Interludes, and Plays,
And all Things that Delight and Wonder raise,
The *Roman* Lords, so *Leo* gave Command,
Regal'd Prince *Alfred* with a gen'rous Hand.
He often view'd the Town of wide Extent,
The Tow'rs sublime, and Domes magnificent,
The Palaces with Art consummate rear'd,
Where Strength and perfect Symmetry appear'd;
Proud Statues on the Walls around were plac'd,
And each high Room of State rich Hangings grac'd,
Hangings, that rivall'd Life in Figures bold,
Silk form'd the Shades, the Lights were ductile Gold.

But tho' *Hesperia's* Towns in Pow'r and Pride
By *Rome's* illustrious Head are all outvy'd,

Yet is she sunk from her great State, before
 When *Pagan* Lords the regal Scepter bore.
 In her proud Reliques *Albion's* Prince could trace
 The beauteous Features of a ruin'd Face.
 Imperial in Destruction she appear'd,
 And as a mighty Shade is still rever'd.
 Stupendous Fragments and august Remains
 Seen in the Town, or scatter'd thro' the Plains,
 Tell what this potent Empress was of old,
 Whose awful Nod the trembling World controul'd.
 So when a Delver has by Fortune found
 Vast humane Bones long buried under ground,
 He stands with Arms uplifted to the Skies,
 And views astonish'd their enormous Size;
 Then judges, by their Bulk and wond'rous Length,
 They fram'd some Giant of prodigious Strength.

The sage Instructor, who Prince *Alfred* led
 To Monuments renown'd, thus pointing said;
 There mighty *Cæsar's* lofty Palace stood,
 Where Gardens boasted once an Orange Wood,
 Fair Citron Groves, and arboring Myrtle's Shade,
 Rich Fruits and Flow'rs, that mingled Scents convey'd,
 And various Colours mixt with lovely Strife,
 Besides fam'd Statues æmulous of Life,

And

And od'rous Shrubs of everlasting Green,
And Rows of Pines with verdant Walks between.

There see the ample Cave and Marble Shores
Where slept in Peace collected liquid Stores,
By long and costly Aquæducts convey'd,
That thus an artificial Sea display'd ;
Where oft, to please the Sons of *Rome*, were seen
Embattled Lines of Ships and Fights marine.

Now the capacious Theaters they view'd,
And now the stately Structures, that include
Patrician Ashes and th' imperial Urn,
Where Funeral Lamps without expiring burn.

Here an illustrious Arch of Triumph stands
For Laurell'd Chiefs, who came from conquer'd Lands
Till the wide Globe, by *Rome's* resistless Sword
Subdu'd, no more proud Surnames could afford
To her great Sons, while of its Titles drain'd,
As well as Wealth, the vanquish'd World complain'd.

There Obelisks and Pyramids arise,
Whose mystick Figures entertain the Wise,
And with *Egyptian* Learning grace the Skies :

Here ancient Pillars of stupendous Height
And stately Bulk Astonishment excite.

There verdant Walks extended lay betwixt
Fair Ranks of Golden Fruit-Trees intermixt
With Pleasure-Houfes, Baths, and glitt'ring Tow'rs,
Unrivall'd Fountains, and sweet Jes'mine Bow'rs.

Here *Pagan* Temples high in *Ether* rear'd
Their Heads, by erring Vot'ries once rever'd,
Who from unbreathing Images implor'd
Blessings, and loose immoral Gods ador'd.
Some from wide Roofs, contriv'd with wond'rous Art,
Dazling to Sight *Corinthian* Glory dart ;
Some on proud Pillars rais'd of Size immense,
And beautify'd with Skill and vast Expence,
Enrich'd with various party-colour'd Stains,
And Stones of Azure streak'd with Golden Veins,
From polish'd Marble Walls and Turrets bright
Send splendid Glances and rebounding Light :
But how her Pow'r and Pride are now debas'd !
How lyes her Honour in the Dust effac'd !

Strangers, observe that venerable Soil,
There once aspir'd sublime the awful Pile

Where

Where the august assembled Lords of *Rome*
Acquitted Princes or pronounc'd their Doom,
Made subject Monarchs, and imperious sway'd
The conquer'd Nations that their Will obey'd :
Here faithful States *Rome* with her Favour crown'd,
And from their Thrones Kings disobedient frown'd ;
Now Shrubs and Moss in Seats *Patrician* grow,
And Weeds their Birth to stately Ruins owe.

In noble Rubbish there the Court behold
Where fix'd Decrees of Justice were enroll'd ;
Where Orators for Eloquence renown'd,
Excelling all in boastful *Athens* found,
With ardent Zeal maintain'd their Client's Cause,
Defended Freedom, and explain'd the Laws.

Here did the Glory of the *Latian* Blood,
Great *Tully*, oft pour forth a plenteous Flood
Of Words divine, and with resistless Art
Touch'd every Spring, and master'd every Heart :
His Charms could raise Emotions and controul,
And from the Breast transport the ravish'd Soul,
While he prevailing Force and Light display'd,
And his own Ardour to their Veins convey'd.
Great venerable Shade ! degenerate *Rome* !
Illustrious Patriot ! ah, thy rigid Doom !

How did thy Head, before the Rostrum hurl'd,
 Reproach th' ungrateful Victors of the World?
 Thy breathless Lips vile *Anthony* arraign,
 On that loose *Roman's* Name imprint a Stain
 Indelible, and wound his Honour more
 Than thy invective Stings had done before.

There see *Vespasian's* Theater sublime
 Defac'd, not ruin'd, by the Pow'r of Time;
 Where *Gladiators* strove in bloody Fight
 To give the *Roman* horrible Delight.

View that wide Space that broken Walls surround,
 Where Charioteers with envy'd Palms were crown'd,
 When their train'd Coursers, fleetier than the Wind,
 Victors their panting Rivals left behind:
 The *Roman* Youth here eager of a Name
 Flew to the Goal swift as th' alluring Fame
 For which they gasp'd; none made more bold Efforts
 To gain the Prize at old Olympick Sports,
 While their hot Steeds impatient of the Rein
 Their active Sinews work, their Eye-balls strain,
 And spread the Air with Dust, with Foam the Plain.

And now the learned Sage, Prince *Alfred* led
 To the fam'd Field of *Mars*, and pointing said;

Th' at-

Th' assembled People here advanc'd by Vote
Lords to great Stations, who their Favour sought.
Strangers observe, that once this fertile Field
Did Prætors, Censors, and great Consuls yield,
Advanc'd *Patrician* Peers to high Commands,
And sent deputed Kings to conquer'd Lands.
Here, in the spreading unpolluted Bloom,
And the maturer State of mighty *Rome*,
Superiour Worth in every Choice prevail'd,
And Posts of Trust on Merit seem'd entail'd ;
At length, the Taste and gen'rous Spirit lost
That once the Sons of *Romulus* could boast,
The Chiefs, who Honour and Promotion sought,
With Bribes profuse corrupt Electors bought.
These wanted Wisdom to reflect, that They
Who purchase Places make the Nation pay.
Unhappy Tribes, that could not till too late
See that no Means are left to save a State
Where ancient Virtues in Contempt are found,
And Vice applauded is with Empire crown'd.
By Feasts and Games and pompous costly Shows
Now worthless Subjects to Preferment rose,
Till the degen'rate Race, for Plays and Gold,
To proud Ambition *Roman* Freedom sold.

Thus

Thus Day by Day the Antiquary led
 The Prince to some fam'd Monument, and read
 On Marks of ruin'd Glory ; which supply'd
 Great Images of *Rome's* imperial Pride.
 While thus he panted after Knowledge new,
 The *Briton* dearer to the Pontiff grew ;
 Th' illustrious Heroe he so much admir'd,
 That, by an Impulse as from Heav'n inspir'd,
 He to anoint and crown him King decreed,
 That *Alfred* might, from Toil and Danger freed,
 To *Albion's* Throne in destin'd Time succeed. }
 Progressive Time brought on th' auspicious Morn,
 When the great Pope determin'd to adorn
Alfred with Marks of Honour, yet to none
 Of *Rome's* great Sons and favour'd Vot'ries shown.

Now the bright Sun, before in Shades conceal'd,
 Dispell'd the Darknes and the Skies reveal'd.
 Guards, Heralds, Marshalls, and a num'rous Band
 Of Household Troops, and Chiefs of great Command,
 State-Officers and Judges, Magistrates
 And Presidents of *Leo's* subject States,
 And Peers distinguish'd by their Diadems,
 Array'd in Tissue deck'd with glitt'ring Gems,
 In due Succession regular and flow
 Mov'd to the Dome, and form'd a splendid Show
And

And solemn Pomp, like that which *Rome* of old
Us'd with repeated Rapture to behold,
When her great Warriours of unrivall'd Fame,
From conquer'd Kingdoms, Home in Triumph came.

And now the Prince, *Britannia's* Hope and Pride,
Advanc'd, while Troops were drawn on either Side ;
And clad in Robes Sky-colour'd, stiff and bright
With Gold and Di'monds, glorious to the Sight,
A Belt of broider'd Crimson round his Waste,
With graceful Mien and Steps majestick past.
A Canopy sublime, the inward Part
Was *Persia's* Work, the outward *Genna's* Art,
Dazling with Flow'rs of Gold, and high embost
With silver Birds and Beasts at mighty Cost,
By noble Youth above the *Briton* held
His Head protected and the Sun repell'd.
Superiour Lords in Birth and Lands before
Britannia's Prince, proud of their Office, bore
The Scepter, Globe, and Crown with Jewels bright,
The awful Ensigns of imperial Might.
Such was the Heroe's Port, and in his Face
Sweetness serene so soften'd princely Grace,
Such was his artless Dignity of Mind
And inbred Fire in proper Bounds confin'd,

He

He seem'd some Envoy from the Seats above,
That Awe excited and attracted Love.

The Tribes in swelling Streams from every Street
Rush to the Show, and in a Deluge meet :
Unnumber'd Crouds, that thick in Clusters clung
To the high Roofs and on the Windows hung,
At once their Voices strain'd and eager Eyes
To see and raise the Heroe to the Skies.
Loud confluent Shouts the Heav'ns wide Concave fill,
Ring thro' each Chrystal Plain, and Azure Hill,
And bounding from the echoing Spheres convey
Back to the Earth its Joy, and *Rome* repay.

At Length the Pomp and long Proceffion came
To the fam'd Dome that bore Saint *Peter's* Name ;
When *Alfred* ent'ring at the Temple Gate
To the high Altar pass'd in princely State,
Near which enthron'd the awful Pontiff fate.
Envoys from Monarchs, Princes, wealthy Lords,
Leaders advanc'd to Honour by their Swords,
And *Rome's* great Peers, who sacred Mitres wear
And scarlet Robes, were pour'd around his Chair.
The solemn Rites and Ceremonies pass'd,
On kneeling *Alfred's* Head the Pontiff plac'd

The

The glitt'ring Symbol or Supreme Command,
And gave the regal Scepter to his Hand;
Then gracious look'd, and to th' illustrious Ring
Pronounc'd Prince *Alfred* *Albion's* future King.

All *Leo* prais'd, who thus the *Briton* crown'd
For spotless Deeds and pious Life renown'd;
For as thy Church, O *Rome*, as well as Court,
Did Virtues more than modern now support,
So *Leo*, of thy sacred Priests the Guide,
By Lust of Gold unstain'd and free from Pride,
Expres'd a Heart to generous Deeds inclin'd,
To Science, Arts, and Love of humane Kind.

Labot, a Prelate of *Britannick* Race,
That could his high Descent and Lineage trace
From Heroe's lov'd at Home and fear'd Abroad
Whose glorious Arms late Ages shall applaud,
Had Wisdom, Learning, and Politeness join'd
To State Endowments, and a noble Mind.
Long since from *Albion's* Soil to *Rome* retir'd,
He general Love and Glory here acquir'd,
And now, so *Leo* bade, he mounts the Chair
With a becoming Mien and solemn Air.
The Rise of Pow'r was his important Theme,
This he evinc'd sprung from the Will supreme
Promulg'd

Promulg'd by written Laws or Nature's Light,
 And that the branching Streams of ruling Might
 Wère all deriv'd from that celestial Source,
 Which, as it gave, still feeds their binding Force.
 That Princes, who in Orbs illustrious shine
 Tenants of high Authority divine
 And scepter'd Stewards of entrusted Pow'r,
 Must all account at the last awful Hour
 At Heav'n's august Tribunal, where uncrown'd
 They with the Vulgar stand on equal Ground.
 Hence he inferr'd, that Actions once enjoin'd
 By the immortal self-existent Mind,
 Of Pow'r, as well as Things th' exhaustless Cause,
 Can't be suspended by imperial Laws,
 Nor lose its first obliging Energy,
 By his own Viceroy's opposite Decree.

He did with pious Vehemence display
 The sad Effects of arbitrary Sway,
 Where lawless Pow'r, and Pleasure unconfin'd,
 Defeat the Ends by Government design'd.
 Had Kings, said he, Perfection infinite,
 Unerring Wisdom to direct them right,
 And Goodness equal to unbridled Might,
 They should, like Heav'n, despotick Thrones possess,
 And Realms Submission boundless should express :

But

But since destructive Passions frequent reign
O'er Monarchs not controul'd, who oft disdain
Reason's unequal Force, and in Debate
Prefer the Flatt'rer to the Sage of State ;
'Tis just that Subjects round the Throne should draw
The sacred Lines of circumscriptive Law
And solemn Compacts, that unbounded Pow'r
May not encroach, and Property devour.
And thus well-guarded Realms will never know
The Plagues and sad Varieties of Woe,
That from licentious Empire constant flow.
As when the swelling Billows of the Main
Insult the Shore and overflow the Plain,
And while they forward rush with lawless Sway
Involve the Herds, and sweep whole Towns away,
The Swains, such future Mischiefs to prevent
And disappoint th' invading Flood's Descent,
Against the threat'ning Waves raise lofty Mounds,
That now grow patient of their ancient Bounds.
Wise Statutes so, and fundamental Right
Protect the State, and check ambitious Might.

Kings then are Great, when freely they dispense
Their cheering Light and genial Influence
On the glad Realms committed to their Trust,
Frown on the Impious, and reward the Just ;

These

These Princes publick Benefactors grow,
 Like the first Cause, the Source to which they owe
 Of regal Pow'r their delegated Stream,
 On Heav'n dependant, tho' on Earth supreme.
 Thus various Kings, that *Judah's* Scepter sway'd,
 Their Subjects govern'd, and their God obey'd;
 And some great Monarchs of immortal Fame,
 That *Rome's* extended Empire rul'd, became,
 By all th' Expressions of a gen'rous Mind,
 The Blessing and Delight of humane Kind.

When, said the Prelate, slighted Virtue weeps,
 And her divine Abode desponding keeps
 In some low Cave or unfrequented Waste;
 Far from the Court, from which she flew disgrac'd,
 Good Kings invite her from her dark Recess,
 With bright Rewards and friendly Smiles, caress
 And place the lovely Stranger near the Throne,
 And make the World her Birth and Merit own.

Then Liberty shines forth with heav'nly Grace;
 And shows the Godlike Beauties of her Face:
 Sweet-smiling Peace with soft prolifick Wings
 Broods on the Land, and unmolested sings:
 Divine Religion chearful rears her Head,
 And awful makes the trembling Scoffer dread

Her

Her Frowns and threaten'd Vengeance, but imparts
Transports of Joy to pure and pious Hearts.
Flagitious Men, when Vice the Throne offends
And Goodness Subjects to their Prince commends,
Conceal their Crimes now ignominious grown,
And for Respect claim Virtues not their own:
Nor does the *Hydra* Vice in Triumph reign,
Erect her Crests and spread her fatal Train;
Her odious Brood lye not on Beds of Down
Roll'd up to Rest, nor lurk about the Crown;
Never their Heads in Tapistry enfold,
Nor twist their pois'nous Spires round Busts of Gold:
Thro' Rooms of State their Volumes never slide,
Intiude in Councils, nor in Purple hide:
None but the Wise, and Men of spotless Fame
Can make to Posts of Pow'r successful Claim.

These rule their Subjects with paternal Care,
Crush proud Oppressours, and the Guiltless spare;
Still studious in the Steerage they preside,
And, tho' in Storms, unfluctuating guide
The agitated State, and steady steer
Mid'st Rocks and Shelves, and all that Pilots fear:
They tender Bowels to their People show,
And vigilant repell th' invading Foe;

With just Compassion soften rig'rous Laws,
 And plead the Orphan's and the Widow's Cause,
 They sooth their Sorrows and relieve their Pains,
 Cloath their cold Limbs, and fill with Food their Veins;
 They guard the Merchant, and protect the Swain,
 And bid him reap in Peace his ripen'd Grain.
 These search with Care to find for Posts of Trust
 Men skilful, sober, cirumspect, and just;
 But, as suspected, prudently postpone
 Those who for Charges rudely press the Throne.

Hail, happy Kings, in heav'nly Wisdom's School
 Thus form'd, and thus instructed how to rule:
 Happy the Nations, who such Princes gain,
 Blest with a Godlike just indulgent Reign.

But those ambitious Monarchs who aspire
 To boundless Pow'r, impell'd by strong Desire
 Of Glory misconceiv'd and false Renown,
 Vex foreign Kingdoms, and oppress their own;
 In vain attempt to purchase worthy Fame,
 And win th' applauded Heroe's deathless Name;
 In vain unnumber'd *Vet'ran* Troops enroll,
 And martial Terrours spread from Pole to Pole,
 Affright the trembling World with fierce Alarms,
 And waste the Nations with inglorious Arms.

What

What are these Chiefs whom haughty Wreaths adorn,
 But lawrell'd Robbers high in Triumph born,
 Elated by their Mischiefs, proud of Guilt,
 And pleas'd with Seas of Blood unjustly spilt ?

He ceas'd---When confluent Murmurs of Applause
 From the thick crouded Floor and Scaffolds rose
 To the resounding Roof : And now the Quire,
 Which all the tuneful Sons of Art admire,
 Begin an Anthem of Celestial Praise,
 And above Heav'n *Jehovah's* Greatness raise.

Now from th' Dome th' illustrious Pair retreat,
 And march with solemn Pace to *Leo's* Seat ;
 The joyful Throng the moving Pomp pursue,
 Repeat Applauses, and loud Shouts renew
 That o'er the Hills of *Rome* promiscuous rise,
 Reach distant Clouds, and echoe thro' the Skies.
Rome's crossier'd Prince, and *Britain's* promis'd Heir
 Now gain the high imperial Palace, where
 Domesticks, so their Lord his Will exprest,
 Had at a vast Expence prepar'd a Feast
 Worthy of *Leo* and his Royal Guest.
 All Fish applauded by the skilful Cook,
 The Captives of the Net or of the Hook,
 That seek the stagnant Pond or streaming Brook,

That oft their Scenes of Pleasure change, and crave
 By Turns the sweet, by Turns the brackish Wave :
 All Kinds of feather'd Luxury that hide
 In shelt'ring Brakes, or wild in Rocks abide,
 That chuse the barren Heath, or fenny Moor,
 Or sweep with balanc'd Wings the ouzy Shore ;
 The Beccafigo, Ortolan, and Quail,
 Delicious Dishes which in Courts prevail ;
 The Deer, and Boar, and all the grateful Foods
 That range the Mountains or frequent the Woods :
 With Pyramids compos'd of golden Fruits,
 Greens of rich Verdure, and high-tasted Roots ;
 Immense Profusion ! spread th' extended Boards,
 Refresh'd the Prelates and regal'd the Lords.

Wines rich as fabled *Nectar*, that appease
 Reluctant Cares and settled Sorrows ease,
 The noble Growth of sweet *Campania's* Soil,
 And the Reward of *Tuscan* Farmer's Toil ;
 The Vintage gather'd by *Calabrian* Swains,
 That crowns *Iberia's* Hills or *Gallia's* Plains,
 In massy Gold and Silver went around,
 With generous Foam and Purple Honours crown'd :
 Glasses in tow'ring Rows, the curious Skill
 Of high *Venetia's* Sons, the Side-Boards fill ;

While

While Voices by consummate Art refin'd, [bin'd,
 With speaking Strings and sweet-mouth'd Tubes com-
 (Melodious Pleasure ravishing to hear !)
 By soft Vibration sooth'd the attentive Ear,
 Gave Flavour to the Wine, and Relish to the Chear. }

Hesperia's spicy Plants, and fragrant Flow'rs
 From Gardens Rivals of *Arabian* Bow'rs,
Persia's sweet Groves, and *India's* rich Perfumes,
 Diffus'd voluptuous Vapours thro' the Rooms.

Joy'd with the Splendour of the princely Feast,
 Magnificent Excess, each chearful Guest
 Applauded much the Art and much the Cost
 That all *Hesperia's* Luxury engroft.

Now to the Field of *Mars* the Youth resort
 To spend in various Games and active Sport
 Declining Day, where Strangers might behold
 The manly Pastimes us'd in *Rome* of old.

Soon as the Sun retreating from the Skies
 Left sick'ning Day defrauded of Supplies,
 And the dim Glim'rings of expiring Light
 Involv'd in Shade eluded Mortals Sight ;

Illuminations all the Dwellings grac'd,
 Diffus'd new Splendour and the Day replac'd,
 And Fires expressive of uncommon Joy,
 Nocturnal Triumph, *Rome's* glad Sons employ,
 While in the Court the chearful Night concludes
 With Musick, Dancing, Masks, and Interludes.

The Time to Pleasure destin'd thus expir'd,
 Which the august Solemnity requir'd,
Britannia's Prince, to his first Purpose true,
 Determin'd now his Labours to renew.
 To the high Vicar he all Marks exprest
 Of filial Rev'rence and a grateful Breast,
 For the great Honours granted, and declar'd
 That he to leave *Hesperia* now prepar'd.

Leo reply'd---*Alfred*, to *Leo* dear,
 Receive my Blessing, and my Counsel hear.
 While you from Realm to Realm, from Isle to Isle,
 Studious of Wisdom with Heroick Toil
 Patient advance, and undismay'd expose
 Your Life to great Varieties of Woes,
 To Shelves and Tempests on the Ocean's Tide,
 By Land to Deaths and Hazards yet untry'd,
 Stedfast on Heav'ns propitious Aid rely,
 To this safe Rock in threat'ning Danger fly :

That

That you divine Protection may assure,
And thro' a thousand Terrours pass secure,
From Virtue's sacred Precepts never stray :
Heav'n only those will guard, that Heav'n obey.

In your full Strength and Bloom of Youth beware
Of Beauty's Force and Love's enchanting Snare ;
When Pleasure tempts you with expanded Arms,
Due Distance keep, and gaze not on her Charms ;
Should you presumptuous face the lovely Foe,
Too late convinc'd you will your Weakness know :
Avoid th' alluring Syren's Voice and Sight,
You stay in Danger, but are safe in Flight.
If on the Verge of Vice you careless play,
The dubious Limits will your Feet betray,
In some unguarded Hour you'll miss your Ground,
And, when you pass the Lines that Virtue bound,
You'll know not where to stop, but cease to mourn
Your Crimes, and prove reluctant to return.

Besides forbidden Pleasures will unbind
Your manly Sinews and dissolve your Mind :
From Guilt their Fountain Fear and Terror flow,
Whence Men or tim'rous or remorseless grow :
The Best and vilest Sort are only bold,
And unconcern'd approaching Death behold,

While unreflecting These contemn their Fate,
 And Those expect a future blifsful State.
 The middle Kind in Part with Guilt distain'd,
 In Part by Fear of Heav'n from Vice restrain'd,
 Against the King of Terroucs cannot stand,
 But pale and trembling view his lifted Hand:
 The Heroes, who in Arms immortal shine
 From Heav'ns bright Stores and Arsenals divine,
 Fair Innocence, pure Faith, and pious Love,
 Firm in Distress and brave in Danger prove.
 Mid'st boist'rous Waves, like stable Rocks, they dwell,
 And scornful of its Rage the Storm repell:
 In vain hoarse Thunder rolls in ambient Skies,
 Against their Heads in vain fierce Lightning flies.
 Patient in Suff'ring and in Woe resign'd,
 They no Regret, no Discomposure find,
 Never the Steps of Providence arraign,
 Nor of Injustice petulant complain.

When you return to fair *Britannia's* Isle,
 Thus habited to Care and vers'd in Toil,
 Your noxious Passions vanquish'd, and your Mind
 Form'd for Dominion, and with Arms refin'd,
 You'll rule your Subjects with indulgent Laws,
 Guard publick Right, and own Religion's Cause.

What

What a rich Train of Blessings will a King
So fit for Empire to his People bring !
Fame, pleas'd th' illustrious Province to sustain,
Will spread the Glories of your Godlike Reign ;
On her bright Pinions will convey your Name,
And your great Deeds from Realm to Realm proclaim.
You, in your Subjects grateful Hearts, will lay
Such strong Foundations of Imperial Sway,
As will in Storms of State remain secure,
And all the Insults of your Foes endure.
You Sycophants will banish from the Throne ;
They will not seek your Greatness, but their own ;
These a wise Prince to his high Office just
May sometimes manage, but will never trust.
You'll spurn the Avaricious with Disdain,
Who sell their Country, King, and Friends for Gain,
That in immense Possessions curs'd are poor,
And Beggars in Abundance covet more.
In vain the *Indies* would exhaust their Store
To cure their raging Lust of golden Oar,
Whose Hoards, tho' swelling to a vast Extent,
Sink not th' hydropick Fury, but augment.
Thus you its Father, Patron, Guardian, Friend,
And Benefactor, will your Realm defend :
Those Titles, greater than the awful Stile
Of Monarch, will advance *Britannia's* Isle.

He

He ceas'd---And now in solemn Manner blefs'd
 The *Briton*, and paternal Care exprefs'd.
 His gracious Arms his royal Son embrace,
 While plenteous Tears fell down his reverend Face.
 These tender Passions pious *Alfred* move,
 Who in the Pontiff saw the Father's Love :
 His Words abrupt, and discompos'd his Air,
 He took his Leave, and did with Speed repair
 To *Ostia's* Port, where a tall Vessel lay
 Ready the *British* Heroe to convey
 To high *Parthenope* : And here the Night
 He pass'd, and waited for the dawning Light.

The Morning Beams now thro' the Sky display
 A rosy Tincture, and infuse the Day :
Alfred embark'd, and, favour'd by the Wind,
 Stood off, and left the flying Shores behind.
 The bounding Ship before th' impulsive Gale,
 That swell'd the Bosom of th' expanded Sail,
 Spoon'd swift away along *Hesperia's* Coast,
 And soon subsiding *Ostia's* Castles lost :
Ostia, where first the *Trojan* with his Band
 Made his Descent on sweet *Italia's* Land ;
 And not remote the first Foundations laid
 Of *Rome's* wide Empire, which the World obey'd.
 This

This City once (by *Martius* built in part,
 Part by succeeding Princes) vy'd in Art
 Shown in its Haven, Palaces, and Tow'rs,
 With the chief Labours of the *Roman* Pow'rs.
 Its Beauty, proud Magnificence, and State,
 Its Amplitude, and Wealth, did once create
 In gazing Strangers Wonder and Delight,
 And Envy in *Hesperia's* Lords excite.

Advancing, next we pass'd the pleasant Shore
 Where *Latin* Kings of old the Scepter bore,
 And here beheld the celebrated Wood,
 Near which *Laurentum* once aspiring stood:
 The spacious Lawrel-Groves, that gave the Town
 Its Appellation, with rich Verdure crown
 The Region, sooth hot Sun-beams, and prepare
 For Health and soft Delight the scented Air.

Near this the City, that from rising Ground
 Survey'd the Seas and hollow Shores around,
 Ancient *Lavinia*, whose recorded Name
 From the fair Consort of *Aeneas* came,
 Rear'd her proud Head now scarcely known to Fame.

Next *Antium's* Tow'rs their Lustre once display'd,
 Then great by Land and flourishing in Trade,

Founded

Founded by *Circe's* and *Ulysses* Son,
 Whence the old *Volscian* potent Reign begun,
 Whose hostile Corfairs seiz'd the Merchant's Gain,
 And with pyratick War distrefs'd the Main ;
 Since Neighb'ring Pow'rs and adverse Turns of Fate
 Destroy'd the Strength and Splendor of the State.
 Now scatter'd thro' the Mountains, Woods and Plains
 The Trav'ler sees the City's rude Remains,
 And wand'ring Farmers on the Ruins tread,
 In which the Town conceals her fameless Head.

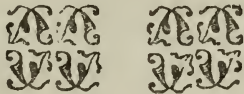
Next the *Circean* Hills sublime and steep,
 Above the watry Convex of the Deep
 Ascending slowly, gain their airy Height,
 And open by Degrees a charming Sight ;
 While issuing from the Land they wedge their Way
 Amid't the Waves, and form the spreading Bay
 Where *Terracina's* Turrets midst the Sky
 O'erlook the Billows that beneath her lye,
 And view the Streams, and Fields, and Towns around
 Crouded with People and with Plenty crown'd.

Now *Boreas* in the Shrouds began to roar,
 And furious beat us from *Hesperia's* Shore ;
 Collected Clouds the Fields of Air o'erspread,
 And in their Wombs the growing Tempest bred,

Which

Which soon discharg'd its Rage upon the Main,
 Whilst we unguided sail'd thro' Storms of Rain,
 Loud Peals of Thunder, and exploded Flame,
 Till all our Men and Vessel lost, we came
 Shipwrack'd to Shore on fair *Numidia's* Land,
 Bless'd by Subjection to your high Command.
 Here a sage Hermite, in a heav'nly Dream
 By Night admonish'd from the Pow'r supream,
 Met and receiv'd Us kind, till with Repose
 And cheap but wholesome Food refresh'd we rose,
 Then we, the Hermite's Dictates to obey,
 Pursu'd to this delightful Town our Way.

He ceas'd---And all the *Briton's* Conduct prais'd :
 His Suff'rings much, and much his Virtue rais'd
 Wife *Halla's* wond'ring Thoughts, but chief his Mind
 Humble in good, and in ill Fate resign'd.
 Now did the Night her Noon o'erpass prepare
 To quit in Turn the Empire of the Air,
 When the pleas'd Audience to their Rest retir'd,
 Commended *Guithun*, and his Prince admir'd.





ALFRED.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred sails from Tunisia to Parthenope. The Description of King Artolan's Palace, who receives and entertains the Briton with great Respect. The Prince surveys the Curiosities of the Town, and the neighbouring Country. The Grott of Lucullus, Pausilippo, Baiæ, Puzzolo, Vesuvius. Artolan carries the Prince to Ischia: While they are viewing that Island, Messengers arrived from Naples acquaint the King that his Subjects had taken up Arms against him, and were advanc'd as far as Capua in their Way to Naples. The King returns thither with Speed, gives Order that his Army should be assembled to suppress the Rebels. Barri, at Prince Alfred's Request, relates

lates to him the Causes of the Sedition. The Prince accompanies Artolan to the Field, and when the Armies were ready to engage, he rides between them, proposes Terms of Accommodation to either Side, and at length procures Submission from the Rebels, and an Amnesty from the King. Publick Rejoicings made for the Peace. Artolan reforms the Court. Puts Persons of great Abilities into the chief Offices of State. The Characters of his new Ministers. The discarded Courtiers highly enraged at their Disgrace meet in Council, and agree to use all their Industry and Power to embroil Affairs, and distress the King. Arban, to gratify his Revenge, proposes the Assassination of Alfred on the Sicilian Coast. The Rest agree to it. A Bark and Men are hired for this Purpose. Raban their Chief, having been formerly discharged from Imprisonment at Rome by Prince Alfred's Means, reflects on his Ingratitude, and discovers the Plot. The Conspirators are seized, tryed, and condemned, but pardoned upon Alfred's Intercession. The Prince takes his Leave of the Court, and sails for Sicily.



N Halla's Court Britannia's Heroe
spent

His Hours with great Delight, while
he intent

Observes the Manners, Customs,
Rites, and Laws,

That fam'd *Tunisia's* Wealth and Greatness cause,
And crown the Sov'reign's Conduct with Applause.

And

And now the *Briton*, who had stock'd his Mind
 With new and useful Schemes of various Kind,
 Decreed again to try his Fate by Sea,
 And seek the Coast of fair *Parthenope*.
 Then taking Leave, the Monarch he address'd,
 And Strains sincere of Gratitude express'd.
 The smiling Graces of the infant Morn
 Now dawning sweet the peaceful Skies adorn ;
 No hov'ring Fogs, no Clouds their Gloom display,
 Obscure th' Horizon and suspend the Day.
 A southern Wind, that from *Tunisia* bore
 Soft balmy Vapours, and the fragrant Store
 Breath'd from *Numidia's* Woods and flowry Plain,
 Perfum'd the Air, and gently mov'd the Main.
 The Sailers now, so *Halla* bade, prepare
 Th' appointed Vessels with assiduous Care :
 Some rang'd, and bending forward, in Array
 Howl at the Cables and the Anchors weigh :
 Some fitting cros the Yards the Shrowds dispose,
 Expand the Canvass and the Gale enclose :
 Others bring Fowl, Sherbets and Fruits aboard,
 And in the Hold *Numidia's* Pleasures hoard.
Britannia's Prince, advancing to the Strand,
 Mounted the Ship well-rigg'd and fully mann'd,
 Then stood his Course to gain *Hesperia's* Land.

Thrice had the solar Orb around the Earth
Describ'd his radiant Circle, giving Birth
To the new Morn, as oft prevailing Night
In Turn succeeded discontinu'd Light ;
When sailing near the Shore at Height of Day
They came with Joy before fair *Naples* Bay,
A Sea-Peninsula of great Extent,
Which to the Midland Ocean's Continent
A watry Isthmus joins, that with its Tide
From *Ischia's* Banks does *Caprea's* Isle divide.
They thro' this opening Mouth their Way purfu'd,
And not remote the rising Castles view'd.
Alfred with Pleasure did the Coast survey,
Where in a beauteous Bow extended lay
Sublime *Parthenope* of wide Command ;
The Heroe soon debark'd and came to Land.

Here *Artolan* the regal Scepter sway'd,
Whose Laws *Campania's* happy Soil obey'd,
And the rich Fields which owe their flow'ry Pride
To *Liris's* Bounty and *Vulturno's* Tide,
With the fair Realm, that stretches to the East
By wanton *Sora's* Chrystal Arms carest
Between the sandy Margins, which restrain
Th' *Ionian* Billow and the *Adrian* Main.

The *Briton* much admir'd the stately Town,
 And much the Royal Palace, whose Renown
 The Tow'rs and Piles magnificent outvyes
 That with their Splendour grace *Hesperia's* Skies.

The Structure rose august on Pillars plac'd
 Of *Corinth's* beauteous Order, and was fac'd
 With polish'd Marble proud of curious Stains,
 And Azure Stones enrich'd with golden Veins.
 Here Statues feigning Life, th' amazing Skill
 And Pride of *Greece*, the hollow Niches fill :
 There other Creatures of an equal Hand
 On the high Walls in pompous Ranges stand :
 The lofty Rooms of State at vast Expence
 Were beautify'd with Luxury immense,
 With matchless Purple by the *Tyrian* fold,
 Rich Tapistry, and pond'rous Busts of Gold,
 Gilded Pilasters, odorif'rous Doors
 Of *Cedar*, painted Ceilings, checker'd Floors,
 And costly Tables of prodigious Weight,
 Some curious Porph'ry, some all massy Plate.

At first the Monarch to the Prince express'd
 The usual Honours to high Birth address'd ;
 At length his bright Endowments he admir'd,
 The Gifts of Nature, or by Art acquir'd,

His

His princely Mien by all Spectators prais'd,
 And graceful Limbs that Love and Wonder rais'd,
 While charming Form and Nobleness of Mind
 To make a Prince like heav'nly Seraphs, join'd.
 Then as a Friend the Heroe he embrac'd,
 And with peculiar Marks of Favour grac'd.
 To the most curious Objects, that invite
 Th' attentive Trav'ler, and surprize the Sight,
 He oft *Britannia's* Prince in Person led,
 And on the Works of Art and Nature read.

Alfred survey'd this celebrated Town
 In fair *Hesperia* of the first Renown :
 On the North Side he saw by slow Degrees
 A Hill arise adorn'd with verdant Trees ;
 Where Balls, gilt Tow'rs, and Temples mixt with Rows
 Of Limes and golden Orange-Groves compose
 Delightful Landskips, while he doubtful stood
 If he beheld a City or a Wood.

Now to *Lucullus* Grott the Heroe past,
 By daring Genius and with Labour vast
 Pierc'd thro' the Mountain's Bowels to display
 For trav'ling Troops a short and easy Way,
 And thus excuse a toilsome steep Ascent ;
 The Prince surpriz'd thus gave his Passion Vent :

O *Rome* ! What Glory, Pomp, and Pow'r immense
 Did'st thou acquire ! What boundless Opulence !
 When thy great Chiefs opposing Monarchs broke,
 Brought all the Realms around beneath thy Yoke,
 And fill'd thy Bosom with the gather'd Spoils
 Of vanquish'd Lands and tributary Isles ;
 Since one of thy *Patrician* Sons alone
 At vast Expence has such great Wonders shown,
 And but a Subject of thy Empire vy'd
 With Kings, that broken Monarchies divide.

He view'd *Campania's* Fields, and *Capua's* Tow'rs
 Whose Joys dissolv'd the military Pow'rs
 Of mighty *Carthage*, that by Sea and Land
 Did long by rival Strength high *Rome* withstand,
 While of th' expecting World th' imperial Sway
 Balanc'd in equal Scales suspended lay.

And next the Charms of *Pausilippo's* Hill
 The Heroe with Delight and Wonder fill ;
 From its exalted Heights with ravish'd Eyes
 He curious Scenes o'er the wide Bay descries ;
 Its Head and Side are still with Pleasure seen
 Adorn'd with Flow'rs and never-fading Green ;
 Whither the Rich in painted Boats repair
 To breathe the breezy Evening's cooling Air.

Here

Here they beheld the *Mantuan's* artless Tomb,
The Prince of Poets and the Pride of *Rome*.
When *Guithun* first observ'd the small Regard
Paid to the Ashes of so great a Bard,
Shame of th' ungrateful Nation he express'd,
And then with solemn Accents thus address'd
The unexampled *Roman*; Bard divine,
What narrow Limits thy Remains confine?
While thro' th' applauding World unbounded Fame
Proclaims thy Labours and immortal Name.
Happy the Bards! who sing, while Pow'rs supreme
Pleas'd with the Muses taste the tuneful Theme:
Princes with true heroick Virtue crown'd
To Schools of Science are propitious found;
For still a great and elevated Mind
By native Instinct is to Merit kind.
Deserv'd Renown thy lofty Genius gain'd,
Because it flourish'd, when *Augustus* reign'd:
Only such *Cæsars* will a *Maro* raise,
Only a *Maro* can such *Cæsars* praise.

He next at *Baiæ* did with Wonder see
The Monuments of ancient Luxury,
Where the great Sons of Art expensive strove
Of the fair Seat the Beauties to improve.

Here Neighb'ring Youth dissolv'd in soft Delight
 Play'd all the Day, and revell'd all the Night ;
 Hither did *Rome's Patrician* Lords resort,
 Where Pleasure then was thought to keep her Court,
 And left their Shows and Games and high Employs
 To be regal'd with *Baiæ's* sweeter Joys,
 To which *Thessalian Tempe's* charming Field,
 And, *Daphne*, thy delightful Scenes must yield,

The steaming Baths by tepid Vapours made
 Thro' subterranean Galleries convey'd,
 And *Cæsar's* Ponds once for their finny Store
 And Structure fam'd, and num'rous Wonders more
Britannia's Heroe saw, the proud Remains
 Of *Roman* Greatness scatter'd thro' the Plains.

They view'd *Puzzuola* on the adverse Strand,
 Whose Forts in Part the spacious Bay command ;
 Where in deep Beds extended underground
 Exhaustless Stores combustible are found,
Naphtha and Sulphur-Veins, that kindled rage
 And furious War in trembling Prisons wage.
 With Vapours now they fill the Vaults below,
 Now thro' the Air hot Eructions throw
 Of Smoak and livid Flame ; and thus they form
 Beneath, the Earthquake, and above, the Storm :

And

And since, from Wombs abrupt the cleaving Soil
 On the flat Lands has with convulsive Toil
 Exploded Hills and new-born Mountains cast,
 And with projected Heaps whole Towns effac't.

Not far remote they saw the spreading Plains
 By Nature rich and till'd by *Cuma's* Swains,
 Where the fam'd Sybil in her Cave profound
 Secrets involv'd in Words of mystick Sound
 Oft utter'd from her agitated Breast,
 And future Fates inspir'd by Heav'n exprest,
 That sees in Causes and effective Springs
 The sleeping Scenes of unexistent Things :
 She Tribes unborn could number, and explain
 Of dark Events a long successive Chain,
 And by Prediction greater Fame acquir'd
 Than all her Sisters with like Rapture fir'd.

Curious his Mind he with new Pleasure fed
 Viewing sublime *Vesuvio's* stormy Head,
 That high in Air with gloomy Terrours crown'd
 Scatters its crude unfinish'd Bowels round,
 Smokes in the Skies, and Thunders underground ;
 Covers the Fields with unconcocted Oar,
 And with vast Heaps of Cynders spreads the Shore ;

While lab'ring it explodes from bellowing Caves
 Blue Sulphur flaming in uplifted Waves.
 He view'd the Vines, which round the Hills produce
 Clusters, that swell with such a gen'rous Juice
 As seem'd a Spirit, which its Strength acquires
 From Chymick Nature's subterranean Fires,

The *Briton* hence *Calabria's* Plain descry'd
 Adorn'd with Grain and Groves and flow'ry Pride,
 Where crouded Towns almost contiguous stand,
 And scarce for Tillage leave sufficient Land.

And now a costly Barge of Pleasure bore
 The King and *Albion's* Prince to *Ischia's* Shore,
 That with the ample Gulph encompass'd lay,
 Which the rich Soil's expanded Arms embay :
 They landed with a splendid Train ; and while
 They view'd the Face of this delightful Isle,
 Three Lords with Consternation in their Eyes
 Arriv'd from *Napolis* the King surprize
 With News unwelcome ; That *Apulia's* Lord
 Had drawn against his Prince his faithless Sword ;
 That marching onward at his Army's Head,
 And threatning high, he the bold Rebels led
 To the imperial Seat of *Artolan*,
 And that to *Capua's* Gates the hardy Van

Was now advanc'd---Th' uneasy King with speed
And *Albion's* Prince from *Ischia's* Isle proceed
To high *Parthenope*---And then, to save
The Realm from fierce Sedition, Orders, gave
To congregate his faithful Troops, and form
An Army to dispell the low'ring Storm.

Barri, a Lord for loyal Zeal approv'd
By *Artolan*, and thro' the Realm belov'd,
To publick Good and Merit still a Friend,
Was by the King commanded to attend
Britannia's Prince since first he came to Land,
And now alone did in his Presence stand.
Alfred reflecting on the troubled State,
Bespoke the Courtier thus---Kind Lord, relate
The genuine Causes, which you judge inspire
The People's Breasts with this seditious Fire.
No Facts important, no fit Lights conceal,
But all the Springs of this Disease reveal;
That done, with Zeal I'll labour to prepare
Some Remedy of Force, with timely Care.

The courteous Lord, who fully understood
Alfred's great Mind and Aims at publick Good, '
Resolv'd to make th' enquiring Heroe know
The fatal Fountain of the Nation's Woe,

In Hope his num'rous Qualities divine
 Would now to prop a sinking State combine:
 Then thus he answer'd---With a patient Ear,
 Illustrious *Briton*, my Narration hear.
 To sacred Vows, and social Virtue true,
 Uncensur'd still I paid th' Allegiance due
 To *Artolan* my Prince, and studious strove
 To guard his Throne, and fix his People's Love;
 And now at your Command I must with Sighs
 Tell the true Springs whence Feuds intestine rise.

Know, *Alfred*, that our Prince, of Thought refin'd }
 And blest with high Endowments of the Mind, }
 To splendid Modes of Worship is inclin'd: }
 Hence he adorn'd our Domes at vast Expence
 With various Pomp and great Magnificence:
 Those of the sacred Rank he most caref'd
 Who Show admir'd, and active Zeal express'd
 To beautify and make Religion shine
 In a rich Dress and Equipage divine.
 Besides misled he often seem'd to aim
 At Pow'r above the Laws, that thus his Name
 Might more respected and august become
 In foreign Courts, and more rever'd at Home.
 Hence all who sooth'd his Passion, and approv'd
 The Monarch's Conduct most, were most belov'd,

In Swarms the Flatt'ers settled round the Crown,
And fill'd all Posts of Profit and Renown :
Dora and *Arban* gain'd his chief Regard,
And uncontroul'd the royal Favour shar'd,
Whence haughty Thoughts th' unrivall'd Pair elate,
While That Religion rul'd, and This the State.

Dora a Prelate, who for Wit admir'd
And courtly Mien to Greatness still aspir'd,
By subtile Conduct and consummate Art
In Adulation, won the Monarch's Heart.
The Flatt'rer soon high Pontiff was proclaim'd,
The Height at which his tow'ring Wishes aim'd.
Now while o'er sacred Rituals he presides,
And all our Priests and solemn Worship guides,
He soon display'd his Arbitrary Mind
Where superstitious Bigotry combin'd
With Cruelty and Pride, and now began
To form and fix a new religious Plan.
He forc'd the Priests and People to adore
Their God by Rules and Ways unknown before :
His Laws new-fangled Rites and Modes enjoin,
Gay sacred Toys and Pageantry divine ;
New priestly Habits gorgeous to behold,
Invented Shrines and Statues smear'd with Gold,

A me-

A meretricious ceremonial Load
 Of godly Pomp imported from Abroad.
 Now costly Decorations introduc'd,
 Liturgick Rules and Manners never us'd
 In Temples here till now, create Offence,
 And the whole Realm against the Priest incense ;
 While most his Precepts resolute withstand,
 Condemn the new, and the old Rites demand.
 The haughty Priest, with vengeful Rage inflam'd
 To find the End oppos'd at which he aim'd,
 Engag'd the Conscience of his zealous Lord
 To force the disobedient by the Sword.
 Now Persecution still with Slaughter fed,
 Shaking the Vipers round her frightful Head
 And grasping in her Hand her bloody Spear,
 Advanc'd, and fill'd the trembling Realm with Fear.
 Houses were empty'd, Prisons crouded, Chains
 Unwieldy, and unsufferable Pains
 From Racks and Tortures, for Religion's Sake,
 Thro' the sad Nation great Destruction make ;
 And is it Wonder such tyrannick Ways
 Should Discontents and Heats seditious raise ?

Besides this Grief, the suff'ring Land arraigns
 The Government, and in bold Speech complains

That

That *Arban*, of immod'rate Pow'r possess'd,
 Abus'd his Sov'reign and his Towns oppress'd :
 That he rapacious, by a lawless Course,
 By various secret Frauds and open Force,
 Draining the People's Chests to fill his own,
 In Wealth was Rival to a Monarch grown.

From these two Heads, illustrious *Briton*, spring
 The Passions that inflame the Realm, and bring
 Threats on the Pontiff, and embroil the King.

Hence were malignant Ferments spread that tend
 To publick Feuds and in Rebellion end :

And now the Storm breaks out, unhappy Fate !
 That shakes th' enfebl'd Pillars of the State.

Of sacred Customs Men tenacious are,
 And will no sudden Change of Worship bear :
 This shew'd the Weakness of our Priest supreme,
 Who strove to fix at once his novel Scheme.

All Reas'ning Heads on peaceful Counsels bent
 Saw rip'ning in its Seeds the sad Event,

While the high Pontiff with imperious Sway
 Forc'd on the Subjects his new Modes, and they
 Stood full determin'd never to obey.

They judg'd that Conscience cannot be compell'd,
 Nor her divine Dominion be upheld
 By uninstruative Penalties and Fines,
 Dark Prisons, and unedifying Mines ;

In vain th' Erroneous banish'd from their Home
 In Search of Truth thro' foreign Regions roam,
 Or in the Gallies School are taught in Chains,
 And disciplin'd for Heav'n by unenlightning Pains.

He ceas'd---Then *Alfred* thus his Thoughts exprest ;
 This Kingdom's Woes with Pity fill my Breast :
 I judge the Breach of fundamental Laws,
 Vows, and religious Rites, may justly cause
 The Tribes their State-Directors to arraign,
 And of their heavy Grievances complain :
 Yet publick Right here is not so infring'd,
 Nor so the Frame of Government unhing'd,
 That Subjects wrong'd should martial Methods chuse,
 Enroll their Troops, and Force coercive use :
 All should Submission pay to Pow'r supream,
 And, till fierce Rage and Cruelty extream
 Shall warrant Self-Defence, should patient pray
 Succour Divine, and for Deliv'rance stay.
 Religion's sacred Altars I revere,
 And to celestial Truth shall still adhere
 Fix'd and determin'd, but I can't approve
 A Sword unsheath'd ill Prelates to remove :
 Nor will right Reason's Light their Cause support,
 Who would by Force reform an erring Court:

But

But to prevent the most destructive Harms,
 And all the dire Effects of civil Arms,
 As Intercessour I'll assiduous try
 To make each Host with Terms of Peace comply.

Soon as the King return'd to *Naple's* Strand,
 He issu'd to the Chiefs his high Command
 Their Cohorts to assemble on the Plains
 Of fair *Campania*, where soft Pleasure reigns.
 Now dawn'd the tender Morn, delightful View,
 Streaking with rosy Red th' ethereal Blue :
 And then the Chiefs the Royal Standard rear'd,
 While bold in Arms the must'ring Host appear'd :
 Next Day the Monarch, with his martial Lords
 Who brandish'd high in Air their threat'ning Swords,
 And with an ardent loyal Zeal inspir'd
 Impatient of Delay the War requir'd,
 Advancing join'd his Troops ; the King, to give
 His distant Legions Leisure to arrive,
 Staid in the Camp the next succeeding Day,
 Then drawing forth his Army in Array
 Mov'd forward to engage th' *Apulian* Host,
 And settle Quiet at the Rebell's Cost.
 The solar Orb had reach'd the Azure Height
 Of Heav'n, and shone with strong meridian Light,
 When the seditious Cohorts march'd in Sight.

Now

Now Front to Front th' embattled Armies stood,
And Death prepar'd to sooth his Thirst of Blood.

The *Briton*, conscious that the Rebels warr'd
Chiefly their ancient sacred Rites to guard
Against the Dictates of the Priest supream,
Who now impos'd a new religious Scheme,
Tho' they rapacious *Arban* too accus'd,
Who, so the Tribes alledg'd, his Trust abus'd,
Determin'd to attempt the Plan, design'd
With Thoughts delib'rate and an anxious Mind,
To make intestine Strife and Uproar cease,
Disarm the Rebels and recover Peace.

His Enterprize approv'd by *Artolan*,
The *Briton* issu'd from the Army's Van;
And to the Rebels with a princely Train
Advancing pass'd the interposing Plain:
But first a Herald to the Foe he sent
To make his Person and his great Intent
To *Ulla* known, who the bold Cohorts led.
Ulla receiv'd him at his Army's Head,
And strove all Honours and Respect to shew
That his high Birth and Merit claim'd as due.

Then

Then *Albion's* Prince the Leader thus address'd ;
 That this seditious Strife may be suppress'd,
 And heav'nly Peace again may bless the Land,
 Say, what your Troops and you their Chief demand.
 If you oppress'd such just Concessions want
 Which your great Monarch may with Honour grant,
 From civil Arms to give the Nation Rest,
 Your Grievances with Speed shall be redrest,
 If I, who act the Mediatour's Part,
 Am able to incline your Sov'reign's Heart.

Ulla reply'd---Illustrious *Alfred*, know
 That our chief Suff'rings and Resentments grow
 From this---That haughty *Dora* misemploys
 His Pow'r, while ancient Worship he destroys :
 He those pursues with Punishments severe
 Who to their old Religion firm adhere,
 And to the Pontiff's Laws Respect deny,
 Nor with invented Rituals will comply :
 Hence Persecution rages in our Streets,
 And he, that flies from Guilt, Destruction meets.
 And each brave Man is justify'd, who draws
 The Sword to vindicate Religion's Cause
 Favour'd by Heav'n and fix'd by civil Laws.
 Who can their sacred Rites, their Deity
 And venerable Priests affronted see

By novel Worship, and supine and cold
 Th' impending Tempest o'er their Church behold?
 Against these Foes our Ensigns are display'd,
 These daring Giants, that the Skies invade;
 Our pious Ardour must to Heav'n commend
 This right'ous War, while we for Heav'n contend,
 And arm'd against an innovating Sect,
 Our Altars dearer than our Lives protect.

Know likewise *Arban* is obnoxious grown,
 And by his Conduct has disgrac'd the Throne,
 Whilst he by Rapine and a thousand Frauds
 Has fleec'd the People, pillag'd their Abodes,
 And gainful Posts at open Market fold,
 And thus exhausted all our Springs of Gold,
 Whose ne'er returning Streams their Passage make
 To *Arban's* dead uncirculating Lake:
 Whence just Reproaches and immortal Shame
 Will stigmatize th' Oppressour's hateful Name.
 We ask this Pair, whose Crimes for Vengeance call,
 May by the righteous Sword of Justice fall;
 And that such Lords of Probity and Skill
 As we shall name, may publick Places fill:
 This done, we'll lay our Swords with Pleasure down,
 Obey our Sov'reign, and defend his Crown;

Soon

Soon as his Heralds Amneſty declare
To thoſe who Arms to guard their Altars bear.

He ceas'd---The *Briton* then his Thoughts expreſt;
Important are the Ills which you ſuggeſt,
And ought, but not by Force, to be redreſt.
If Princes never with tyrannick Aim
Subvert their Empire's fundamental Frame,
Nor breaking thro' the ſacred Rules of Right
Ravage with barb'rous Rage and lawleſs Might
Their Realms, the Subject has no Plea to take
The Field in Arms for meer Religion's Sake.
Kings ſhould in Peace their Dignity enjoy
Who ne'er the Ends of civil Power deſtroy.
But ſince ſome potent Fav'rites you arraign,
And for your threaten'd Altars ſhew your Pain,
An Interceſſour I'll with Ardour preſs
Your gracious Prince your Suff'rings to redreſs;
Your Worſhip from new Rituals to ſecure,
Clean as at firſt and from Addition pure.
Since Means coercive are in vain enjoind
To force the Judgement and convince the Mind,
I'll ſtrive to win your Prince no more with Arms
And Vengeance to enforce Religion's Charms;
Bloody Inſtructors never to enroll,
That teach with Fire and Sword, and ſtorm the Soul.

Mean Time you'll no Hostilities commence,
Till I return and bring your Monarch's Sense.

He said---And soon the loyal Host regain'd,
And *Ulla's* Terms for settling Peace explain'd,
Which with a frowning Air the King disdain'd.
But *Britain's* Prince with Eloquence divine
And Weight of Reason labour'd to incline
The Monarch *Ulla's* Offers to embrace,
And his obnoxious Courtiers to displace.

He urg'd; to free from Ministers the Throne
Who by illegal Deeds are hateful grown
Is a wise Act, nor will Dishonour bring,
But loud Applauses on th' indulgent King;
Save Seas of Blood, and stop the fierce Alarms
And Devastations of intestine Arms:
Better one favour'd Chief should sink, than all
The ruin'd Frame of Government should fall:
Tho' the griev'd Subject should not Sword in Hand
Favours, for which he ought to pray, demand;
Yet Kings to some Complaints should rather yield,
Then run the Hazard of a doubtful Field,
And feed within the Bowels of a State,
Consuming War and cherish deadly Hate,

By

By which, who'er victorious prove at last,
The Crown is weaken'd, and the Land laid waste.

He urg'd; their Squadrons, tho' misled, reveal
For Truth and Heav'n's Commands an ardent Zeal,
And that Religion's Charms the Breast inflame
With nobler Fire than Views of Pow'r and Fame,
While all the Warriours strong in Faith regard
Immortal Bliss their Valour's sure Reward;
Hence in the Field they the bright Fauchion wave
Fearless of Death, and grow in Battle brave.

The *Briton* thus continued---To displace
Pontiff's who dangerous Principles embrace,
And by coercive cruel Ways enjoin
New Modes of Worship, and new Rites divine,
Will Feuds remove and stable Peace ensure,
Nor can your Altars else remain secure:
What Kingdoms e'er with ready Choice submit
To new Religion, and their Ancient quit?
In such Conjunctions they their Prince withstand,
And ev'n to Blood resist his high Command:
These must by Time be gain'd, nor will at once
Embrace new Worship and the old renounce.

And when a potent Minister of State
 Becomes the Mark of universal Hate,
 Envy, and Rage, 'tis Prudence to remove
 That Officer to fix the People's Love,
 Advance the Sov'reign's Credit, and prevent
 The threat'ning Storm from publick Discontent.

Alfred did these convincing Reasons press
 With so much Spirit, such a just Address,
 And uncontested Signs of Zeal sincere,
 The King began to lend a gracious Ear,
 And soften'd by repeated Pray'rs comply'd
 With *Ulla's* Terms in Part, and Part deny'd.
Alfred, his glorious Enterprize in view,
 With eager Speed back to the Rebels flew,
 Th' *Apulian* and his Captains to persuade
 That the Concessions by their Sov'reign made
 Were Grounds sufficient to dismiss their Arms,
 Quit Fields of Battle, and regain their Farms.
 Oft did the Heroe, to obstruct the Tide
 Of growing War, with Speed alternate ride
 Between the Armies that embattled stand,
 And only watch the Word of high Command
 Their mutual Fury to discharge, and stain
 With its own native Blood *Campania's* Plain :

With

With soft Address the Way to Peace he smooth'd,
And now the Rebels, now the Monarch sooth'd,
Whence Condescensions grew on either Side,
While each by Turns adher'd, by Turns comply'd.
At length his Care and wise Advice succeed,
And either Host to proffer'd Terms agreed.
The Rebel-Chiefs, the King so gave Command,
Their Pardon publish'd, kiss'd his gracious Hand.
And *Artolan* in solemn Manner swore
Their Freedom and Religion to restore;
To rule the Land by Law and not by Might,
Defend his Subjects and protect their Right.

Thus Peace returning on the Nation smil'd,
Disarm'd the Youth and eager Death beguil'd.
Now from each Host loud Acclamations rise,
And ecchoing Shouts of Triumph fill the Skies,
Which beaten from *Vesuvio's* smoaky Caves
Ring thro' the Shores, and shake the list'ning Waves.
As when returning Beams new Light display,
And dart along the Hemisphere the Day,
Nocturnal Clouds that o'er th' Horizon spread
Swelling with Vengeance in their Bowels fed,
Won by the mild insinuating Heat
Of interceding Rays, by Steps retreat,

Neglect to form the Tempest, and prepare
 To leave at Rest the Empire of the Air.
 So *Alfred's* Wisdom from *Campania's* Plain
 Dispell'd the Storm, and eas'd the People's Pain,

Now did the Monarch, fierce Sedition's Fire
 Subdu'd, to fair *Parthenope* retire,
 Where he dismiss'd the Ministers of State
 Who had incurr'd the People's general Hate,
Dora the Pontiff, who abus'd his Trust,
 From his high Station was excluded first ;
 And all the novel Modes and Rites divine
 Obtruded on the Nation with Design
 To change Religion, by the ruling Priest
 Who Pow'r ill us'd, the Sov'reign soon dismiss,
 While all condemn'd the Pontiff's barb'rous Course,
 That would new Rites impose and Conscience force,
 Justly ; can Arms o'er Reason Conquests win,
 And triumph o'er the awful Judge within ?
 Do bloody Troops in Casuistry excell ?
 Can Lictors able in Dispute dispell
 The Clouds of Errour that involve the Mind,
 And by enlight'ning Pains restore the Blind ?
 Can Scourges argue, or the Rack persuade ?
 Can Kings the Empire of the Soul invade ?

No ;

No, Let them first draw Armies in Array
Along the Shore, and bid the Ocean stay
His rushing Tides, the driving Storm restrain,
And stop the rolling Sands on *Libya's* Plain ;
That done, the Tyrant may to Conscience say
Rebel submit, and my Decrees obey.

Next *Arban* was discarded odious, grown
By Tyranny and Lust of Gold unknown ;
By Fraud and Force he strove his Soul to cloy
With Wealth, which yet he knew not to enjoy.

The King, obnoxious Courtiers thus disgrac'd,
Bourgen and *Poli* in their Posts replac'd,
Two Ministers of celebrated Name,
That from the North of fair *Calabria* came.
Bourgen, whose Virtues did illustrious shine,
Such as adorn'd his fam'd Heroick Line,
The Soul's minute Recesses had in View,
And all the secret Springs of Empire knew.
Studious his Monarch's Glory he sustain'd,
Chear'd loyal Zeal, and Headstrong Faction rein'd ;
He to the Depths of Treason could descend,
And thro' her dark and winding Walks attend
The wily Serpent's Way, her Aims defeat,
And make her hopeless to her Cave retreat,

He

He shew'd a Zeal to serve Religion's Cause,
 Defend the Crown, and vindicate the Laws,
 Ne'er did his Actions from his Words dissent,
 Who never promis'd what he never meant,
 And unelated, when at Court employ'd,
 Only the Pride of doing well enjoy'd :
 Wrongs he forgot, but ne'er forgot his Friends,
 Nor publick Good postpon'd to private Ends,
 While worthy Patriots for great Posts he fought,
 And back to Favour banish'd Virtue brought.

Poli was own'd a Genius rich and vast,
 By no profound experienc'd Sage surpass :
 The Monarch's Treasure, his important Trust,
 He still dispens'd to his high Office just :
 He, Poet-like, a Politician born
 Could only Nature's Work by Art adorn ;
 Time did the finish'd Statesman but display,
 That whole in Embrio, tho' infolded, lay :
 Yet had he great appear'd by Art alone,
 Had sparing Nature less Indulgence shown.
 He by his Reason and superiour Sense
 Convey'd in all the Charms of Eloquence,
 Where *Roman* Force conspir'd with *Attick* Art,
 Convinc'd the Mind, and triumph'd o'er the Heart.

On

On the full Audience he impulsive lay,
Like a strong Wind whose Pow'r the Seas obey,
Then did he work and agitate the Soul,
Make the mov'd Passions This and That Way roll,
And Ferments raise by Turns, by Turns compose;
Hence he, withstood in vain by envious Foes,
An Oracle in Council did preside,
And matchless in Debate the Senate guide.

Crater a Lord for Books and Business turn'd,
Who the Decay of Arts and Learning mourn'd,
Conscious that Erudition would refine
Illustrious Blood, and make it brighter shine,
That Sciences, which polish native Wit,
Industrious Youth for Trusts important fit;
Enrich'd his Mind in celebrated Schools
With Letters, Arts, and wise instructive Rules;
Then he in foreign Courts his Monarch's Cause
And Country's Int'rest manag'd with Applause:
Pleas'd with the promis'd Statesman all admir'd
His Genius much, and much his Skill acquir'd.
Now to State Cares and busy Life inur'd,
By a swift Growth the Minister matur'd
Came back, and, soon in a high Post employ'd,
Well serv'd his Sov'reign and his Smiles enjoy'd.

The King the Leader of his Army nam'd
Ogan, a Chief for Deeds immortal fam'd :
 He brave in Arms, and great in martial Skill
 With his just Praises did *Europa* fill ;
 He knew to scatter gath'ring Clouds from far,
 To fight a Battle, or direct a War.
 His wise Encampments, Marches, Choice of Ground
 And just Precautions with Success were crown'd ;
 And thus by Foresight, Judgement, Vigilance
 He seem'd resolv'd to leave no Room for Chance,
 And would no Hazard in the Battle run,
 Assuring Vict'ry ere the Fight begun :
 Yet when engag'd he did such Courage show,
 And such Heroick Fire, as he would owe
 To Arms alone his Triumph's o'er the Foe. }
 Patient of Toil and rigorous Cold he knew
 To gain ev'n Winter Laurels, to pursue
 The Foe o'er frozen Mountains, and distain
 The Snows with Blood and thaw the icy Plain.

The Monarch's Friends joy'd at their happy Fate,
 That Heads so able to direct a State,
 Endow'd with Courage, Zeal for publick Right,
 Deep Judgement, watchful Care, and piercing Sight,
 Were to high Stations rais'd ; they now believ'd
 The Nation's Honour lost might be retriev'd ;

And

And should the factious Chiefs at Court disgrac'd;
Indignant rave, and strive to be replac'd;
Should violate their Oaths and sacred Vows;
And while a Cause abjur'd they bold espouse,
And the supream Avenger's Wrath despise,
Rival th' accurs'd Original of Lies ;
Should they clandestine Councils hold, and form
Seditious Plots to raise a civil Storm,
Enroll their Troops, and foreign Pow'rs engage
To lend them Forces and assist their Rage ;
Good Subjects hop'd these Statesmen would discern
Their secret Schemes and Walks of Darknes learn ;
On their own Head would plotted Mischief turn,
And make them Treason disappointed mourn ;
That while at Helm such skillful Masters stand,
And steer with Conduct and a steady Hand,
They'd free at length th' endanger'd Ship of State
From Rocks and Shelves, on which, unhappy Fate !
By temerarious Pilots she was thrown,
Void of Reflection, or perfidious grown,
And then thro' Uproar, Storms, and raging Seas
Successful Guide her to the Port in Peace ;
While joyful Subjects shall obey their King,
And the Snake Faction hiss without a Sting.

Alfred with Joy unfeign'd the Monarch prais'd,
Who thus to high Employ's the Worthy rais'd ;
And said---You soon the glorious Fruits will find
Of your new Scheme with so much Skill design'd :
My wise Preceptor taught me, while he strove
My Mind with prudent Maxims to improve,
That Kings the Care of Empire should commit
To Men renown'd for Wisdom, more than Wit ;
There might be found ev'n in degen'rate Times
Ill fam'd for Vice and execrable Crimes,
When publick Spirit's lost, and Honour scorn'd,
Subjects with State Abilities adorn'd,
Would Rulers search them out, and not regard
Suitors unsham'd, nor Sycophants reward,
Who shew no Title to their Monarch's Grant,
But their false Virtue, and their real Want.
The Wise with gen'rous Qualities endow'd
Seek secret Life, and shun the noisy Croud ;
Nor is superiour Merit ever known
For a great Place to importune the Throne.
Still bashful Virtue would from Courts retreat,
And only to be Useful would be Great,
Nor till by warm Entreaties long withstood,
Stoops to Promotion for the general Good.

He

He said---And now the City, highly joy'd
 With their restor'd Tranquillity, employ'd
 The Days a while in Sports and Games, the Nights
 In Feasts and various Pastimes and Delights.

Dora's and *Arban's* Friends at Court disgrac'd,
 And envy'd Rivals in their Stations plac'd,
 Impatient rav'd, and curs'd their luckless Fate,
 Venting in desp'rate Speech enormous Hate.
 So the seraphick Rebel-Host, that fell
 From Seats of Blifs to the black Mouth of Hell,
 Pursu'd by Vengeance and to Flames condemn'd
 Rag'd in Destruction, and their God blasphem'd.
 Spurr'd by Revenge to desp'rate Means they fly
 And with their Schemes to make their Prince comply
 On their great Credit, Pow'r, and Wealth rely. }
 The Leaders firm to their old Maxim stand,
 Never to serve a King they can't command ;
 Nor to superiour Pow'rs Subjection pay,
 Who their imperious Dictates disobey.
 Intent to wreck their Malice on the Court,
 The restless Chiefs invited now resort
 To *Arban's* Palace, where in Council met
 They their ill Fate with Menaces regret,

And

And, stung by Fury and infernal Hate;
 Decreed ill Blood and Faction to create,
 Perplex their Sov'reign and unhinge the State;
 While they resolv'd their Posts to re-enjoy,
 Or if they could not govern, to destroy.

Thus Strife intestine must the Land devour
 To please a fond Caprice or Lust of Pow'r,
 While the false Patriot grows his Countries Foe,
 And sows the baneful Seeds of publick Woe
 To sooth Revenge, and with his cruel Sword
 Thro' the sad Kingdom's Bowels wound its Lord.
 Now did th' assembled Friends in Turn suggest
 Their various Schemes, that each esteem'd as best,
 By which the ruling Pow'rs might be distrest,
 Schemes with infernal Art contriv'd to bring
 Scorn on the Court, and Hatred on the King.

Than *Arban* thus th' attentive Lords bespoke,
 Since *Albion's* Prince has by his Counsels broke
 A Frame of Government so wisely laid,
 And a new Scheme to us destructive made,
 Tis fit that first due Justice he should feel,
 And in his Veins receive the fatal Steel.
 Let us, ere yet the *Briton* shall pursue
 His Way, and bid to *Artolan* adieu,

Dispatch

Dispatch a Ship arm'd with a valiant Band
 Of chosen Men, that on *Sicilia's* Strand
 May lye in ambush till he gains the Land;
 Whence rushing on him with a sudden Blow
 They may avenge us on this hateful Foe:
 Thus with his Blood, by just Resentment spilt;
 Let us assuage our Wrath, and purge his Guilt.
 That done, the Men their Vessel may regain,
 And to *Hesperia's* Shore soon cross the Main:
 Then we'll employ our utmost Care and Toil
 To sink the Monarch, and the State embroil.

He ceas'd--The Project pleas'd, and such were hir'd
 As this infernal Enterprize requir'd,
 Who guiltless Blood with Arms clandestine spilt
 For impious Gain, and by Profession kill.
 The Ruffians, won by these conspiring Lords,
 To cut the *Briton* off with treach'rous Swords
 Made haste, and, eager of the great Reward,
 Convenient Stores a Bark and Arms prepar'd:
Rabal was nam'd their Chief, one newly come
 To dwell in fair *Parthenope* from *Rome*,
 Where at the *British* Heroe's earnest Pray'r,
 When by the Pontiff crown'd, that all might share
 The joyful Triumph, he and others charg'd
 With various Crimes by *Leo* were enlarg'd.

While *Rabal* restless on his Bed resolv'd
 Th' atrocious Deed, that rashly he resolv'd
 To perpetrate, his conscious Soul relents,
 And of the black Engagement he repents :
 Then anxious to himself he thus begun ;
 What has ungrateful savage *Rabal* done ?
 Shall I consent that by a treach'rous Blow
 A Prince shall die to whom my Life I owe ?
 Shall he, the Flow'r and Joy of humane Kind,
 The Man, he gracious fav'd, his Murd'rer find ?
 If I advance to strike him to the Heart,
 Aw'd by his Presence I should backward start :
 My shudd'ring Soul would feel distracting Pains,
 And struck with Horrour leave my freezing Veins :
 My Sword uplifted from my trembling Hand
 Would fall, while I should pale and lifeless stand :
 But gen'rous *Alfred's* Mercy, so he'll find,
 Has left Impressions grateful on my Mind.

Now at the Birth of Day out sprang the Light,
 Beauteous Eruption, from the Womb of Night ;
 When *Rabal* rose, made haste to Court, and told
 The black Design, and did at large unfold
 The bloody Scheme, and who the Authors were,
 Whose Heads contriv'd the execrable Snare.

Then

Then *Arban*, *Borez*, *Fraca*, Chiefs that fir'd
With fierce Revenge against the Prince conspir'd,
Seiz'd by the Sov'reign's Order were convey'd
To the State-Prison and in Fetters laid.

Now *Artolan* pronounc'd his high Command;
That these three Lords that hir'd the cruel Band
Should at his awful Judgment-Seat appear,
And there arraign'd a righteous Sentence hear.
The Lords before his just Tribunal stood,
Charg'd with a cruel Plot to shed the Blood
Of *Albion's* pious Prince, who guilty prov'd
And doom'd to die were by the Guards remov'd.

And now the Conforts of the Pris'ners drown'd
In Floods of Tears, their Children weeping round,
And many noble Lords by Birth ally'd,
Suing for Mercy to the Prince apply'd.
They the indulgent *Briton's* Breast assail
With vehement Address, and to prevail
All the pathetick Sentiments express
That Fear or Love can dictate in Distress :
They press'd him to forgive, and Pardon ask
For the three sentenc'd Lords, an easy Task
For such an Intercessour, who alone
They judg'd the King's Displeasure could atone.

Soon as they paus'd--*Britannia's* distant Heir
 The Supplicants dismiss'd, their earnest Pray'r
 Not granted nor deny'd---Yet *Alfred* thought
 He should not seek the Mercy they besought |
 For Criminals so black, but let the Laws
 Exert their Force, and vindicate his Cause.

Then faithful *Guithun* thus the Prince bespoke ;
 Let not this Crime so much your Wrath provoke
 As from your Breast Compassion to exclude,
 Just Anger sometimes is too far pursu'd.
 It is a Deed illustrious great and brave
 The Guilt to pardon, and th' Offender save.
 To bright heroick Virtue it belongs
 To bear Affronts, and patient suffer Wrongs ;
 The Virtuous know, tho' wrathful Men believe
 Revenge is sweet, 'tis sweeter to forgive.

Th' Almighty Being is to punish slow,
 While Mercies free from his soft Bowels flow :
 His Stores of Wrath Digestion long endure,
 And long lye hoarded crude and immature,
 Ere they a perfect State by Growth attain,
 And a due Ripeness for Destruction gain.

So great and godlike Natures Pity show,
Prone to forgive, and scarce Resentment know :
Heroe's, who Conquerours of themselves suppress
Pride and Revenge, more glorious Aims express
Than mighty Warriours, who with Laurels grac'd
Subdue wide Realms, and lay fair Cities waste.
Then let not *Alfred* seek ev'n Vengeance due,
But for th' Offenders to their Monarch sue ;
This to Religion's Honour will redound,
Advance your Glory, and your Foes confound.

He said---The Prince receiv'd th' impressiv Force
Of *Guithun's* prudent and divine Discourse :
Then he absolv'd his Foes, and ardent strove
With *Artolan* his Anger to remove,
From the three Lords to turn th' impending Doom,
And sink their Crime in dark Oblivion's Womb.
He urg'd, that since their treach'rous Schemes relate
To *Alfred's* private Person, not the State,
Th' offended King with Honour might forgive
The Lords condemn'd, and gracious bid them live.

The Monarch, by the Heroe's Suit prepar'd,
Forgave the Treason, and the Authors spar'd :
Tho' Fame soon after told, this generous Deed
Did not extinguish, but their Anger feed.

The pious *Briton* by the Lords carefs'd,
Prais'd by the King, and by the People blefs'd,
Took Leave in princely Manner of the Court,
And mid'st loud Shouts arriving at the Port
Embark'd, and stood for fair *Sicilia's* Shore,
New Scenes of curious Nature to explore,
The Hills and Towns and Soil that Wonder cause,
The People's Manners, and the Monarch's Laws,



ALFRED.



ALFRED.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred leaves Naples and directs his Course to Sicily. The Coast of Italy, by which he steer'd, described, as well as the Gulphs between Sicily and Calabria. He lands at Messina, is kindly received by Barlan King of the Island, where the People, unlike their Prince, were dissolved in Pleasure, and expressed the greatest Corruption of Manners. Their Idleness and Vices. Their Temple of Pleasure standing in the Middle of the Land described. Alfred's Curiosity led him to visit several remarkable Places in the Island. He

goes to Catania, and from thence to Centoripe, intending to visit Mount Ætna the next Morning. At this Town an Angel inform'd him, that Lucifer with Design to destroy him, had order'd the Demons to cause a great Earthquake and a mighty Eruption from Ætna. He warn'd Alfred to fly with Speed to the Eerian Hills, that by this Means he might escape the Judgement, which Heaven would permit to punish the Inhabitants of the Island for their Crimes, and where he might securely see this terrible Tragedy. Alfred obeys. The Angel assists him and Guithun in their Flight. The Eruption described. At Alfred's Prayer it ceases, and the Demons are driven away. Guithun from hence takes Occasion to discourse on the future general Conflagration, and shews what Preparations appear for it in the Structure of the Earth.



AND now unmoor'd the Heroe's
Ship advanc'd

From *Napolis*, and o'er the Ocean
danc'd,

While a propitious Wind the Sails
inspir'd,

And by Degrees the less'ning
Tow'rs retir'd.

Sweet-scented Exhalations, balmy Dews,

And od'rous Steams, which Zephyrs far diffuse,

The grateful Breath of each *Hesperian* Field

And which green Groves and thymy Mountains yield,

Regal'd

Regal'd the *Britons* Smell, while o'er the Tide,
The Shoar in Prospect, they progressive ride,
= So when in *India's* Aromatick Isles
Batavian Merchants burn redundant Piles,
The Fruits of spicy Gardens, to the Skies
In wheeling Clouds delicious Vapours rise,
Which thro' the Air their spreading Incense cast,
Superfluous Sweets and rich voluptuous Waste,
Whence barren Hills and Seas and Lands unfown
Are sooth'd with fragrant Pleasures not their own.

Now did the Prince thro' foaming Billows sail,
And weather'd soon, push'd by a breezy Gale,
The Promontory whose high Head divides
The rolling Waves that wash its rocky Sides :
This Point, and that of *Palinuro*, keep
The spreading Gulph half-sever'd from the Deep.

Hence with a prosp'rous Course they spoon'd away
Before the Wind, and gain'd the ample Bay
Where fam'd *Salerno* stands sublime, a Town
For letter'd Sages of the first Renown :
Some from the lofty Chair in crouded Schools
Expounded Nature, some taught moral Rules ;
With these the Sons of *Æsculapian* Art,
And tuneful Bards who touch the melting Heart

With

With rapt'rous Songs, enjoy'd the sweet Abode,
Whence Streams of Science thro' *Hesperia* flow'd.

Advancing now along *Calabria's* Coast,
The *Terinean* raging Gulph they crost,
Between th' *Æolian* Islands and the Land
Where *Bruttian* Pow'rs had once supream Command.
Standing their Course they soon beheld from far
Th' embattled Waves, that wage perpetual War,
And with alternate Fury rouse the Main,
Which Coasts almost contiguous so restrain
That turbulent it rolls in peaceful Skies,
And feels without a Wind the Tempest rise.
From Shore to Shore high restless Billows roam,
With Uproar fill the Deep, and spread with Foam
The ambient Air, and thus, surprizing Sight!
To the black Meteors send up Clouds of white.
So narrow is the interposing Tide
Whose boist'rous Waves *Sicilia's* Isle divide
From fair *Calabria* on the adverse Side,
That ancient Sages oft declar'd, that these
Were once continu'd Lands, but by the Seas
Insulted, and with Storms and Earthquakes worn
They were by slow Degrees asunder torn.
Revolving Eddies of impetuous Wind
Caught in the Gulphs and by the Cliffs confin'd,
Whirlpools

Whirlpools and intercepted Floods enrag'd,
Tides pushing Tides and Storms with Storms engag'd,
From Rock to Rock, from Cave to Cave rebound,
Embroid the Coast, and thro' the Hills resound.
These congregated Terrors constant roar
As deep-mouth'd Hell-hounds dwelt along the Shore,
While dreadful Echoes fill the Land and Main,
Amaze the Merchant, and affright the Swain.

Here *Scylla*, whence prodigious Fables sprung
Divulg'd by Sailers and by Poets sung,
With her sublime acuminate Peaks ;
Pierces the Clouds and their black Fleeces breaks ;
Begirt in Part with Groupes of smaller Rocks,
Which by the Winds assaulted, and the Shocks
Of raging Seas their craggy Heads reveal,
Or in the Flood their treach'rous Heaps conceal,
Such is the crooked Current of the Tide,
That the aspiring Cliffs on either Side,
And Promontories, to th' admiring Sight
Appear to open now, and now unite ;
By Turns the stormy Waters to embay,
And give by Turns to rushing Billows Way ;
Whence with loud Uproar Waves on Waves recoil,
Roar in the Mountains, and the Sea embroil :

Hence

Hence ancient Bards in legendary Verse
 Imagin'd Tales of this wild Deep rehearse ;
 Hence rose the Monsters of *Sicilia's* Main,
 The dreadful Offspring of the Poet's Brain
 Not *Scylla's* Womb, with all the barking Brood
 And howling Horrors which the Rocks include.

Like Danger's threaten'd from the adverse Strand,
 Ill fam'd for Whirlpools, Gulphs, and faithless Sand :
 The boist'rous Sea with Fury turning round
 From central Caves and Channels underground
 Rolls back upon it self, indignant raves
 And labours with regurgitating Waves,
 And, while the Eastern Wind the Ocean moves,
 Oft to th' advent'rous Merchant fatal proves.
 Here too, the *Tyrrhene* Sea thro' Roads unseen
 Secret Canals and Burrows sub-marine,
 Rushes along the excavated Isle,
 Laves *Aetna's* Roots, and makes its Forges boil,
 Whence greater Heat and Rage the Hill acquires,
 Gives louder Groans, and vomits fiercer Fires :
 Barks hither beaten by the Tempest's Force
 Ingulph'd pursue a subterranean Course,
 Nor longer subject to the Wind's Command,
 Pass thro' the Channels of the cavern'd Land

By

By which to *Africk* Seas th' *Ionian* creep,
 As *Caspian* divots to seek the *Indian* Deep :
 Hence ancient Fables, which these Seas defame
 And make *Charybdis* doubly dreadful, came.

Five Times the solar Orb's indulgent Ray
 Had cherish'd either Hemisphere with Day,
 Since first they took from *Napolis* their Way ;
 When fair *Messina's* Town began to rise,
 And thrust her beauteous Head amid't the Skies.
 Pleas'd with the Prospect ravishing to Sight
Britannia's Prince approach'd with great Delight
 The safe and ample Port, and landing there
 Did to the King's imperial Seat repair,
 A stately Pile that rear'd on rising Ground
 Proudly survey'd the Seas and Soil around.
Barlan the Monarch of *Sicilia's* Isle
 Embrac'd the royal Youth, reliev'd his Toil
 With fit Refreshments, and with Joy express'd
 Marks of Distinction to his high-born Guest.

This Prince renown'd to Arts of Peace inclin'd,
 Temp'rate, indulgent, and serene of Mind,
 Oppos'd the Pow'r of Luxury in vain
 Which thro' the Kingdom did licentious reign.

The

The hateful Dregs of Vice now uncontroul'd
 In a black Deluge o'er *Sicilia* roll'd,
 While Pleasure here her conquering Banners spreads,
 On the soft Necks of captive Nobles treads,
 And ruin'd Virtue's Spoils in Triumph leads. }
 The Nation sunk in Ease and Indolence,
 And studious to regale each craving Sense,
 Their Change of Taste with Change of Pleasure cloy,
 Suck every Sweet, and feast on every Joy.

Soon as they waken'd from their soft Repose;
 All to replunge their Souls in Riot rose;
 With Thirst reviv'd soft Luxury renew'd
 Repeated old Delights and fresh pursu'd:
 And when the falling Sun withdrew his Ray,
 And to the adverse World transferr'd the Day,
 The wanton Tribes employ'd succeeding Night
 In boundless Mirth, and revell'd in Delight;
 While charming Musick and expensive Feasts
 Protracted till the Morn regal'd the Guests,
 And Wines and Liquors of delicious Taste,
 Not by *Hesperia's* noblest Grape surpass,
 Went in capacious mantling Goblets round;
 Drench'd their warm Veins, and all Reflection drown'd:
 Gay Nymphs & Youths in their full Pride and Bloom
 Danc'd with immodest Airs along the Room,

While

While Tongues obscene recited amorous Pains,
 And Love Adventures in lascivious Strains.
 They *Bacchus* now extoll, now *Venus* praise,
 And *Cupid* now advance in wanton Lays :
 Honours divine to *Woodland* Gods ascribe,
 And sing vile Anthems to th' invented Tribe
 Of Deities aton'd with wicked Rites,
 Vicious Devotion, and impure Delights. }

Enormous *Bacchanalian* Pleasures, loose
Milesian Feasts and Luxury in Use
 Among abandon'd *Sibarites*, were dear
 To all the Natives sunk in Riot here,
 As they to brutal Instincts had resign'd
 Celestial Reason's Empire of the Mind.
 Their Brows adorn'd with parti-colour'd Flow'rs,
 They revel now in odorif'rous Bow'rs,
 Now in the verdant Meadows sing and dance,
 Or on the Stream in gilded Boats advance.
 On endless Mirth and wild Excess intent,
 Their Limbs unactive, and their Souls unbent,
 Mindless, they all domestick Cares disband,
 Forget to plant the Grove, or sow the Land :
 Commerce and publick Business of the State
 With like Reluctance they decline, and hate

Charges

Charges of Weight, and each important Task,
That Thought, Concern, and Application ask.

Nor could they intellectual Labour bear,
No Hours for Works of Erudition spare ;
No venerable Schools of Learning rise
To form the Mind in soft *Sicilia's* Skies,
But oscitant supine and dull of Mind
Letters they mock and Sciences refin'd.
Romantick Fables, which with fatal Art
Diffuse soft Poison and infect the Heart,
Novels and comick Writings, that inspire
Immodest Thoughts and kindle wild Desire,
And lyrick Labours of a wanton Cast,
Only delight their vitiated Taste.

Reserv'd Demeanour and a modest Air,
The lovely Grace that most adorns the Fair,
The sweetest Beauty of the Sex, were here
Despis'd, while all affected to appear
By decent Rules of Conduct unrestrain'd,
Their Countenance assur'd, and never stain'd
With one weak Blush, for vain *Sicilia's* Court
Made that *Plebeian* Quality their Sport.
The fair themselves could unoffended hear
Tales the most shocking to a moral Ear,

And

And would as flat the best Production blast,
Not season'd high for this degen'rate Taste.

In the sweet middle Land with Plenty crown'd
A Grove sublime protects th' enchanting Ground,
Where Jes'mine, fragrant Myrtle, graceful Pines,
And Orange-Rows, aspire in beauteous Lines,
While Day descending thro' the op'ning Glades
Smiles on the Walks, and wanders thro' the Shades:
Here painted Birds pleas'd with eternal Spring
From Tree to Tree their Flights alternate wing,
And tuneful Strains to echoing Grotto's sing.
Hither lascivious Zephyrs come to load
Their downy Wings, and sportive spread Abroad
The odoriferous Spoils of blooming Bow'rs,
And the sweet Breath of verdant Plants and Flow'rs;
Which join'd, the Smell with greater Pleasure feast
Than all the Gardens of the spicy East,
Or burning Incense of the Phoenix Nest.

A Chrystal River thro' a smiling Plain
In wanton Mazes to the *Tuscan* Main
Now draws his Ebbing, now his reflux Train.
Here the bright Turrets of the Temple rise
Sacred to *Pleasure* mid't the wond'ring Skies.

High Silver Walls and Pillars cas'd with Gold,
 For Cost and Art unparallell'd, uphold
 Th' expanded Roof of fragrant Cedar, whence
 Promiscuous Glory infet Gems dispense.
 Here Statues stand, that seem with Breath inspir'd,
 Frolick with Wine, or with wild Passion fir'd,
 Where the surprizing artful Chizel feigns
 Force in the Limbs, and Spirit in the Veins.
 Here *Venus* smil'd attended with her Doves,
 Alluring Graces and unhallow'd Loves,
 Her Limbs in Marble soft look'd charming sweet,
 A Chaplet crown'd her Head, and at her Feet
 Lay prostrate Vot'ries, who embrac'd her Cause,
 Ador'd her Beauty, and obey'd her Laws.

There next in Order pleas'd Spectators see
Cupid a wanton Boy-Divinity,
 Her Offspring, near th' immoral Goddess stand,
 His Eyes encircled with a Linnen Band;
 He holds his fatal Bow for Action strung,
 And arm'd with Shafts his Quiver backward hung.

Here *Bacchus* glows, the Clusters of the Vine
 Around his Brows their Purple Riches twine;
 This a full flowing Bowl, the other Hand,
 The mystick Emblem of his wide Command,

The

The *Thyrſus* graſps, and o'er his Cheeks a Red
That rivals fiery Carbuncles is ſpread :

His Belly with vaſt Draughts of Wine oppreſt,
And ſtriving with the ſtrong fermenting Gueſt,
Streighten'd the Limits of his lab'ring Breſt.

There Goats-Foot luſtful Satyrs laugh, and here
Stand Nymphs immodeſt to the Goddeſs dear.

Within, the Roof, encas'd by Azure Stone
With golden Streaks diſtinguiſh'd, glorious ſhone,
With poliſh'd Marble rich in curious Veins,
And Porph'ry varied with ſurprizing Stains :
Pillaſters finiſh'd with unrivall'd Art
Strength to the Pile and Elegance impart :
Beneath the Ceiling hang with Blood diſtain'd
Arms, Gauntlets, Standards, and proud Laurels gain'd
From valiant Warriours, and th' inglorious Spoils
Of hapleſs Kings, who, after martial Toils
And num'rous Conqueſts, with Applauſes crown'd,
Reſign'd their Pow'r and Pleaſure's Empire own'd.
Amidſt a thouſand envy'd Trophies more,
That grace the Temple, Walls, and lofty Door,
Here ſhines the mighty *Macedonian's* Sword,
Which of the World's wide Empire made him Lord,
And the ſam'd Heroe's Club ſuſpended ſwings,
That vanquiſh'd Plagues and quell'd tyrannick Kings.

Sweet Flow'rs of various Hue, white, blue, and red,
 Beauteous Profusion, o'er the Floor are spread,
 The Violet, Jes'mine, Rose, and blooming Pride
 Of Orange-Groves, whence Odours are supply'd,
 That *Asia's* Gumms, and *India's* Spice excell,
 And more regale the Goddess *Pleasure's* Smell.
 Goblets of Gold, vast Silver Vessels, Gemms,
 Bracelets of Pearl, and glitt'ring Diadems,
 The Gifts of Princes and great Potentates,
 Enrich the Walls and grace the lofty Gates.
 Besides Oblations made by all Degrees,
 And the sad Spoils of ruin'd Families
 (Lavish Donation on her Altars thrown)
 Th' unchaste luxurious Deity atone ;
 In all the Pomp of Youth, and Beauty's Bloom,
 Clad in fine Linnen from soft *Agypt's* Loom,
 O'er which unrivall'd Silks their Pride display,
 Light as fair Clouds and as the Morning gay,
 She sits sublime with Flow'rs sweet-scented crown'd,
 A Croud of vain Adorers pour'd around,
 And spreading forth with wanton Arms her Arms
 Smiles lovely and unfolds ten thousand Charms.
 Which her voluptuous Votaries inspire
 With Thoughts impure, and kindle loose Desire.

The

The lazy Priests that at her Altar serve,
And from her grateful Precepts never swerve,
Immers'd in Riot and dissolv'd in Ease
Strive the immoral Deity to please.
Ne'er to a Temple such vast Throngs repair,
Shew warmer Zeal or more sincere an Air.
Princes, who Toil and publick Care detest,
And Lords of Pow'r and Wealth immense possess,
Mindless of Profit, busy Life, and Fame,
Crouding in long Processions hither came,
Their Heads with various flow'ry Garlands grac'd,
Greens in their Hands and Scarves around their Waste:
With Flutes and Timbrels playing, they advance,
And with lewd Joy intoxicated dance;
Pamper'd with Wine and Riot they express
Prophane Religion and devout Excess.
These stretch'd on Down their Deity adore,
Those drench'd with Surfeit round the Altar snore;
Some in the verdant Walks lascivious Play,
Or in the Myrtle-Groves unthoughtful stray.
Some sportive on the River's Silver Tide
Singing in gilded Barges wanton ride,
With silken Flags display'd, and painted Oars,
While beauteous Syrens on the flow'ry Shores

In Order rang'd their charming Voices join,
And in transporting Melody combine.

Thus soft *Sicilian* Lords their Hours employ'd
And undisturb'd with Care their Senses cloy'd,
While vulgar Tribes immers'd in vain Delight
Consum'd the Day in Sport, in Feasts the Night,
Only sat down to eat, and rose to play,
By Vice exhausted, and in Riot grey.

Sage *Guithun*, with Amazement seiz'd to see,
Such unexampled Scenes of Luxury,
Thus said to *Alfred*---Sure some heavy Fate
Impends o'er this supine degen'rate State :
The King of Heav'n, tho' slow to Wrath, at last
With some fore Veng'ance will this People blast,
With Plague or Famine sweep their Sons away,
Or give them up to foreign Arms a Prey.

Now *Alfred* went from Town to Town to view
What curious Objects Nature here could shew ;
He pass'd the fertile Acres, where 'tis said,
The Oxen facred to the Sun were fed,
And the delicious Region near the Coast,
On which the *Tjrrhene* Sea's loud Waves are tost.

He

He saw *Trinacria's* Helicon convey
 Its Silver Current to the spreading Bay.
 Then *Tyndarum* he view'd of ancient Fame
 That to the tuneful Muses gave its Name,
 And with proud Cities once in Beauty vy'd,
 Now fapp'd and ruin'd by the Ocean's Tide.

Then *Gnithun* thus began---While, with Design
 Of gaining wide Renown by Strains divine,
 The *Grecian* Poets gen'rous chose to climb
 Superiour Seats, and then from Heights sublime
 Plung'd in the Depths of Nature to explore
 Surprizing Scenes and Walks untry'd before,
Sicilian Muses did the Breast inspire,
 So ancient Poets told, with gentle Fire,
 And with a soft and easy Impulse raise
 The flowing Genius fit for lyrick Lays
 To sing the Flocks, the Forrests, and the Plains,
 The Pleasures of the Nymphs, & Labours of the Swains.

Alfred reply'd---The *Pagan* Bards implor'd
 Justly those Gods, whom they sincere ador'd;
 But Wonder 'tis the Christian tuneful Train
 Such venerable Thoughts should still retain
 Of unexistent heav'nly Potentates,
 The empty Idols of the Heathen States,

That in Defiance of their Founder they
 Senseless exploded Deities should pray
 Gracious to guide and animate their Flights,
 When they aspire to more than vulgar Heights.

Then to the *Eerian* lofty Hills they came,
 For their rich Acres of unrivall'd Fame :
Sicilia's Isle, the Granary, that fed
 Dependant *Rome*, the World's imperial Head,
 Is so exhaustless, that her teeming Soil,
 When scarce assisted by the Farmer's Toil,
 Yields gen'rous Fruits, yet not her happiest Ground
 Is more with Flocks and Corn and Vineyards crown'd,
 Than the fat Glèbe, that this high Ridge surveys,
 Where lavish Nature Wealth immense displays.

They enter'd next *Leontium's* fertile Plain,
 Where Fields excuse the Labour of the Swain,
 And up and down produce spontaneous Grain
 Unwounded with the Plough-share, and with Crops,
 Where till'd, exceeds the greedy Farmer's Hopes.

Next they approach'd the fam'd *Pergæan* Lake,
 Which ancient Bards their frequent Subject make,
 And sing how here their God of Darkness pleas'd
 With her consummate Beauty eager seiz'd

Bright

Bright *Proserpina*, and compell'd the Fair
 To change for Night and Hell the lightsome Air.
 Well might the *Gracian* Wits in Fiction bold,
 That useful Men among the Gods enroll'd,
 Fix *Ceres* Birth, who to the harrow'd Soil
 First trusted Grain, in this prolifick Isle.

And then the curious *Briton* took his Way
 To the rich Land where *Pagan* Fables say,
 Fierce *Anthropophagi*, a cruel Race,
 Horrid, inhumane and obscene of Face,
*Cyclopi*an Shepherds, savage *Lastrigons*,
 And Giants dwelt, the Earth's enormous Sons,
 Of Strength and Bulk immense, who once engag'd
 Against the Gods in impious War engag'd,
 And made uplifted Hills and Mountains rise
 Torn from their Roots against th' affrighted Skies,
 Till thunder-struck the Warriours headlong came
 From their proud Heights & stretch'd involv'd in Flame;
 Where vast *Typhæus* raves and groaning lyes
 Beneath whole *Aetna's* Weight, but never dies.

To visit *Aetna's* Heap and smoaking Head,
Britannia's Prince his Way with Pleasure sped
 To high *Catanea's* Tow'rs, which from the Hill
 Ejected Fires with frequent Terror fill,

Whose

Whose lab'ring Vaults with inborn Thunder roar
 From struggling Vapours, undigested Oar,
 And fighting Elements, that wide and far
 Disturb the Skies with subterranean War.
 Soon they arriv'd at the fair City's Gate
 Not far remote from *Aetna's* airy Height :
 Two Days the Heroe in *Catanea* staid,
 And pleas'd the Haven and the Town survey'd,
 Thence he advanc'd thro' fertile Fields, and came
 To *Centoripe's* Walls of ancient Fame.

The Prince of Darknes now conceiv'd with Joy,
 That he successful might his Power employ
 The Troubler of his Empire to destroy :
 Then call'd the earthy, bloated Fiends, that dwell
 In gloomy Caves near the sad Gulph of Hell,
 That o'er low Damps and restless Stores preside,
 And wild thro' cavern'd Ground in Tempests ride ;
 Earthquakes by fierce collected Vapours form,
 Inspire the Whirlwind and excite the Storm,
 Which while in Vaults beneath imprison'd, howl,
 Roar when awake, and in their Slumber growl.

[spoke ;
 The Fiends appear'd---Whom thus their Prince be-
Alfred, whose hateful Deeds my Wrath provoke,
 Will,

Will, when the rising Sun reveals his Face,
 Advance to see this celebrated Place.
 But then, terrestrial active Demons, show
 Your mighty Pow'r in the dark Realms below :
 With inward Conflicts work all *Aetna's* Ground,
 And with Convulsions shake the Soil around ;
 Let your strong Breath on Caves of Sulphur blow,
 Kindle fat Oars and make the Forges glow ;
 Disjoin the rocky Girders of the Hill,
 And with intestine War its Bowels fill,
 Till they explode hot Cinders, Smoke, and Fire,
 In which involv'd the *Briton* may expire.

The Fiends obedient bow'd, and, to pursue
 The Task enjoin'd, in humming Swarms withdrew,
 And to avoid th' ungrateful Realms of Light,
 Shot to their low Abodes, and plung'd in Night.

Now *Albion's* Prince in *Centoripe* stay'd,
 Which *Aetna's* smoaky Furnaces survey'd,
 Resolv'd to view the wond'rous Scenes that Fame
 Hoarse with her Province labour'd to proclaim :
 Then, while at Noon of Night, with Toil oppress'd
 In Slumber's downy Arms he lay carefs'd,
Amel in Heav'n, as *Alfred's* Guardian known,
 By high Commission left th' Eternal's Throne,

And

And swift as solar Emanations fly
 Thro' empty Gulphs and unresisting Sky,
 Heav'ns Envoy brighter than the brightest Flame
 Down the blue Precipice to *Alfred* came.

Then gently waken'd *Britain's* Son, and said
 With gracious Air---Forfake in Haste your Bed
 To quit this dang'rous Place, for, *Alfred*, know,
 The potent Prince of Hell, your watchful Foe,
 Prepares against your Life a fatal Blow. }
 Soon as the circling Sun's projected Ray
 Shall gild the Mountains and renew the Day,
 Vindictive Fiends will by their Lord's Command
 With dreadful Earthquakes shake *Sicilia's* Land,
 And trouble *Aetna's* Caves, whence mid't the Skies
 Ejected Storms of Fire and Stones may rise
 Thro' horrid Mouths, and o'er the trembling Soil
 Spread glowing Cinders and *Metallick* Spoil.
 This Plot's imagin'd *Alfred* to destroy ;
 But to defeat th' Apostates cruel Joy,
 From Seats of Bliss commission'd I descend
 Your Life from Rage infernal to defend :
 Then rise, *Britannia's* Prince, without Delay
 And to the *Eerian* Mountain's speed your Way,
 I'll be your faithful Guide, and lead you right,
 Dispell the Darkness and assist your Flight.

He

He ceas'd---The *Briton* soon Obedience paid :
 The Seraph *Guithun* and the Prince convey'd
 Safe to the mention'd Hill whose airy Height
 Affords to *Aetna's* Peaks an easy Sight ;
 Then thus bespoke them---Hence, from Danger free
 You'll hear the Noise and dire Eruptions see :
 Tho' you elude th' Apostate's deep Design,
 Yet 'tis decreed by Providence divine
 To let the Fiends pursue their vengeful Toil,
 To scourge the Natives of this godless Isle,
 Lewd as *Gomorrha* and as *Sodom* vile. }
 Tho' lull'd by Mercȳ's Charms stern Justice sleeps,
 And Wrath imprison'd in her Phiol keeps,
 Rous'd up at length She in the destin'd Hour
 On vicious Realms will ripen'd Vengeance pour.
 The Seraph ceas'd---Then from thér Sight withdrew,
 And thro' the Skies on Wings immortal flew.

Now had the Forces of returning Light
 Affail'd and put nocturnal Shades to Flight :
 The Sun, as conscious of the fatal Day,
 Shone with a waning Face and languid Ray ;
 The stagnant Air unventilated stood,
 Oppress'd with lazy Reeks, and streak'd with Blood,
 While in the Skies prodigious Meteors hung,
 Wolves howl'd, and ill presaging Ravens sung ;

Portentous

Portentous Shrieks and lamentable Cries
 From neighb'ring Woods and cavern'd Mountains rise;
 The troubled Billows foaming rush to Land,
 And wild Sea-Monsters yell along the Strand.

Now had the Sun climb'd half his steepy Way,
 Rolling up Azure Heights the golden Day,
 When the fierce Fiends employ'd their Strength & Skill
 To rend the Roots of *Aetna's* trembling Hill.
 Now Sounds, like Thunder ready for the Birth,
 Fill the dark Prisons of the troubled Earth,
 Whose rocky Girders, Ribs, and Vaults profound }
 Shake with intestine War, and all around }
 Spread strong Concussions thro' the heaving Ground; }
 Whence dreadful Roarings and deep Groans prelude
 To the vast Strife and Uproar that ensu'd :
 The list'ning Shepherds fear, and busy Swains
 Start at the Noise, and tremble on the Plains.

Soon from the Hill exploded Flakes of Fire
 Involv'd in Clouds of Smoak to Heav'n aspire :
 The ruddy Oars offensive Light display,
 While burning Sulphur choaks the solar Ray.
 Such Storms, such Tempests now the Heav'ns embroil,
 Such Consternation struck *Sicilia's* Isle,

As

As no descriptive Words have Force to teach,
Nor *Roman* Wits can paint, nor *Grecian* reach ;
And scarce will be outrivall'd till the Day,
When Heav'n and Earth dissolv'd shall melt away,
And Time it self shall cease---When, Nature's Frame
Sapp'd and disjointed by consuming Flame,
Its beauteous Parts shall from their Order fly,
And undistinguish'd in Destruction lie.

The lofty Peaks at once in lab'ring Throws
Spread melted Metals and unmelted Snows ;
Dislodge crude Minerals from their dark Abodes,
And cast from hollow Caves unweildy Loads.
The Mountain's working Sides, dread Sight ! expell
From their profoundest Gulphs and hottest Hell
Uplifted Heaps and Hurricanes of Fire,
Which with loud Storms of red hot Stones conspire
To gain Belief, that Mortals soon should see
Nature's last Pangs and dying Agony.
From Marble Rocks below great Fragments torn,
And missive Hills abrupt in Tempests born,
Prodigious Ruin ! now ejected fly
Against the Azure Lines that guard the Sky.
Cinders, unfinish'd Earths, and pitchy Smoke,
Ashes, and Show'rs of Pumice-Stones, that broke
Mingled

Mingled with flaming Sulphur from the Hill,
 The Air and Earth with Strife and Terrour fill,
 While gasping Birds their Way obstructed found,
 And fell with burning Feathers to the Ground.

The Sun that labour'd to support the Day
 Loft in black Fumes his suffocated Ray,
 And from his sick'ning Orb faint Lustre sent,
 While Thunder, which from Caves beneath had Vent
 And subterranean Lightning's fœtid Flame
 Such Uproar, such a Scene of Horror frame,
 As if blue Mountains rushing from on high,
 And Earth's hard Rocks rais'd to the middle Sky,
 Met, and confed'rate Forces would employ
 Distinction, Peace, and Order to destroy.
 Now *Chaos* Marks of secret Joy express'd,
 To see insulted Nature so oppress'd,
 And Strife and Misrule of the World possess'd.
 While thus discordant Elements engag'd,
 And Ruin War with Ruin fiercely wag'd,
 While *Ætna* with Supplies the Combate fed,
 And dreadful Flames and Smoke th' Horizon spread,
 Thick Clouds of Ashes, which the Skies engrost
 Pour down unfruitful Show'rs on *Libya's* Coast :

Torrents

Torrents of rocky Fragments, fluid Oar,
And Cataracts of Fire, with Fury roar
Along the Mountain's Sides, and join'd below
In one amazing Inundation flow.
The massy Waves whole Cities overturn,
At once the Flocks and Shepherds drown and burn,
Demolish Tow'rs, rend from their Roots the Woods;
And from their Channels raise th' exhaling Floods.
Heaps of hot Cinders, and th' unductile Store
Of Fossils, scorch the Land and spread the Shore;
While livid Streams along the Valley creep,
Rolling unburrow'd Treasures to the Deep,
And, disemboguing there their pond'rous Train;
Bury the Mountain's Entrails in the Main.
Sea-Monsters howling from the Terrour fled,
While sodden Fish swam on the Waters dead,
And liquid Metals mingling with the Waves
Now for marine change subterranean Caves.
The Billows thinn'd and sever'd by the Heat
Flew to the Clouds and left their ancient Seat;
The Skies th' ascending Ocean entertain,
Surpriz'd at this new Origine of Rain.

Touch'd with the penal Wrath that thus defac't
The fruitful Soil, and laid the Cities waste,

The *British* Prince besought with ardent Pray'r
 Th' Almighty Power the suff'ring Isle to spare,
 To stop the Fury of th' infernal Band,
 And not compleat the Ruin of the Land.

His Pray'r prevail'd, and by th' Almighty sent,
Sicilia's whole Destruction to prevent,
 A beamy Envoy, like a darting Ray,
 Swift to the troubled Mountain wing'd his Way,
 And bade the wrathful Demons Vengeance stay. }
 Reluctant they the great Command obey'd, }
 And stopp'd th' Eruptions that such Havock made;
 The Sun shone bright, and peaceful was the Air,
 Which freed the trembling Nation from Despair.

The Christian Heroe, who with Pleasure found
 His Supplications with Success were crown'd,
 To Heav'n becoming Gratitude express'd;
 When *Guithun* thus *Britannia's* Prince address'd.

The Conflagration by the Judge supream
 Destin'd to ruin Nature's present Scheme
 By these amazing Scenes we may conceive,
 Which in the Mind no faint Idea leave
 Of those destructive Flames, that shall consume
 The Globe terrestrial at the general Doom.

And

And for the Fire that shall the World invade,
Remark the wond'rous Preparations made;
Reflect what various burning Mountains stand
In *Libya's* parch'd inhospitable Land :
What Numbers more eject their fiery Spoils
In *Asia's* Realms and distant *India's* Isles :
Regard the Hills which *Europeans* know,
Hecla, Vesuvius, Aetna, Strombolo,
That from their working Bowels vomit Flame,
Besides *Volcano's* of inferiour Name.

What burning Stores are lodg'd in barren Sands
Of vast Extent in solitary Lands
Scorch'd by the Sun's direct, incumbent Ray,
And of their Moisture drain'd by too-much Day !
What plenteous fiery Fossils have their Birth
In the superiour Layings of the Earth,
As well in Climes with Beams indulgent blest'd,
As those with fierce ungenial Heat oppress'd !
See, thro' the fruitful Surface of the Ground
Rich marly Veins and Hills of Chalk abound,
And Heaps of Flint lie scatter'd o'er the Plains,
While Beds of Sulphur and exhaustless Veins
Of Coal combustible of various Kind,
In various Regions lab'ring Delves find.

Of liquid Pitch what Treasures, what of dry,
 And what of fat *Bitumen* hoarded lie !
 Enough on fam'd *Euphrates* Banks alone
 Was found to fix, as Cement, Stone to Stone,
 And bind the wond'rous Walls of *Babylon*.
 Add the hot Springs and Floods, that scorch the Soil,
 And Baths, that with incocted Sulphur boil ;
 Each reeking Lake, that burns, but ne'er consumes,
 And suffocates the Air with sultry Fumes,
 Like that, which drowns the execrable Land,
 Which impious *Sodom's* Tow'rs did once command ;
 All these enclose a Stock of Heat immense,
 And secret Seeds of Flame embody'd, whence
 The destin'd Conflagration may acquire
 Vast Re-enforcements of collected Fire.

Contemplate now what ruddy Entrails glow,
 What kindled Streams and smoaking Torrents flow
 In distant Channels and deep Vaults below.
 What burning Stores disturb the Gulphs profound
 And the vast Hollows of the central Ground !
 What *Æstuaries* rage ! what reeking Tides !
 What Exhalations heave their Prison's Sides !
 Which thro' the rocking Earth Convulsions make,
 And the strong Girders and Foundations shake ;
 Whence

Whence thro' the gaping Chasms and Mountains rent
Tempests of Fire and Whirlwind find a Vent.
At last, so Reason dictates, as of old
The Vaults profound, that liquid Treasures hold,
Broke up, th' ascending Waters met with those
That floated on the Surface, to compose
The mighty Flood that Hills and Valleys drown'd ;
So now, the Globe terrestrial to confound,
Vast burning Seas from Earth's profoundest Caves
And Gulphs disrupt may rise in boiling Waves
To join with those above, and then employ
Associate Flames this Fabrick to destroy.
Should all these Hoards release their Stock of Fire,
And emptying all their Magazines conspire
At once with Arms confed'rate to assail
Nature's high Fences, must they not prevail ?

Then *Alfred* thus---Let us with Speed retreat
From this abandon'd Race, this godless Seat,
Lest we the dreadful Cup of Vengeance share,
Which Heav'n, no longer patient, will prepare
For these Abodes, where monstrous Men abound
In Guilt obdurate, and in Pleasure drown'd.

Then at the tender Dawning of the Day
To fair *Messina's* Gates he took his Way

To bid the Court adieu, embark, and stand
His Course intended to *Iberia's* Land;
Unheedful then, that Hell might undermine
By captivating Snares his wife Design,
Or that Temptation's Force might over-pow'r
His Virtue's Strength in some unguarded Hour,



ALFRED.



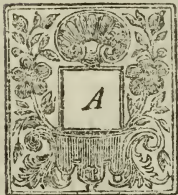
ALFRED.

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred returns to Court, designing to take Leave of the King, is received with great Marks of Respect, and while there, growing more remiss and less guarded, he tastes the Pleasures of the Place with unwarrantable Liberty. Albana descended from the royal Family, and a Person of consummate Beauty, falls in Love with the Prince, and by Degrees raises the like Passion in him, which Guithun perceiving, warns Alfred of the Danger, presses him to leave Sicily and pursue his first Design. Alfred is convinced of his Error, resolves to correct his Conduct, and quit Messina, but breaks his Resolutions and continues fluctuating and unsteady, sometimes yielding, and sometimes getting Ground over his Passion; till seized with a dangerous Fever, he is awakened by Reflection on ap-

proaching Death; repents of his Misbehaviour, deprecates divine Displeasure, and sincerely resolves to leave the Sicilian Court. Upon which Amel is sent from Heaven to encourage him, and remove his Dis-temper. Alfred being recovered, found that his Virtue was now strong enough to put his Resolutions into Practice, and then takes Leave of the King. Albana enraged at his Design, hires Ruffians to kill him, but is disappointed by the Management of Mara her Friend and Confident, who herself had a Passion for Alfred. Mara substitutes Broglio in his Place, who is slain by Assassins. Mara mean Time reveals Albana's Plot against Alfred. The Prince leaves Messina, privately embarks and sails for Spain. Albana reflecting on her Order to kill Alfred, is distracted between the Passions of Revenge and Love, but the latter prevailing, she going to Alfred's Chambers to prevent his Death, meets the Assassins coming out, who tell her the Work was done, she swoons, and is carried to her Apartments, where in Anguish she stabs herself.



ALFRED return'd to soft Sicilia's Court,

That seem'd unchang'd by the late dire Effort

Which *Aetna* made the Kingdom to deface,

And purify by Fire th' unhallow'd Race,

The Courtiers Marks of general Joy express'd;

And while the Sov'reign Britain's Prince cares'd,

Chiefs

Chiefs and superiour Officers of State,
 Distinguish'd Lords did on the Stranger wait
 Affiduous, and by Turns the Guest invite
 To Feasts and Scenes of exquisite Delight.

Alfred intemp'rate Instincts now obey'd,
 While at their Banquets he unwatchful staid;
 Mean Time his pious Zeal began to cool,
 While oft he swerv'd from that celestial Rule
 Which he imbib'd in Virtue's sacred School,

Beauteous *Albana* by the Mother's Side
 Near to *Sicilia's* King in Blood ally'd,
 The Relict of *Panorma's* generous Lord,
 For Wit and Features was by all ador'd.

None in her Cheeks, from artful Graces free,
 Could borrow'd Bloom and Charms unactive see;
 But Beauties, such as in the Realms above
 Spring from immortal Youth and blisful Love,
 Like opening Roses at the Sun's Embrace
 Smil'd heav'nly sweet and blossom'd in her Face.

No Tongue her gracious Movement can declare,
 Nor Words the most expressive paint the Air
 And winning Manner of the lovely Fair.

But then beneath these various Charms she hid
 Habits, that heav'nly Virtue's Rules forbid:

Nor

Nor did she guard her Honour free from Blame,
 But with repeated Guilt distain'd her Fame.
 She oft the Prince at publick Feasts had seen,
 And with his Person pleas'd, and princely Mien,
 Her glancing Eyes she frequent on him turn'd,
 His Features view'd, and as she view'd, she burn'd.
 Wounded she felt the soft Contagion's Pain
 Beat thro' her Heart and shoot thro' every Vein:
 By pow'rful Efforts of alluring Smiles,
 Expressive Looks and all-engaging Wiles,
 She strove to make her Love to *Alfred* known,
 And fire his Soul with Passion, like her own.

Britannia's Prince, whose unexperienc'd Breast
 That prevalent Infection ne'er possess'd,
 The Snare eluded, and preserv'd his Heart
 Unmov'd by all her Charms and all her Art.

Finding that *Albion's* Heroe could despise
 The silent Eloquence of Smiles and Eyes,
 One Day, the Season fit, she thus address
 Th' attentive *Briton* now her Brother's Guest,
 While she observ'd him singled from the Rest.

The Sense, Politeness, wise and graceful Mien,
 Perfections which in *Alfred* we have seen

With

With Wonder and Delight, illustrious Prince,
Will now with Ease th' admiring World convince,
That the bright Virtue's of a noble Mind
To these more *Southern* Climes are not confin'd.
Endow'd with Letters, Elegance of Taste,
And courtly Manners yet by none surpass,
You from a distant Isle and colder Skies
Sicilia's Sons and *Rome* her self surprize.
At their first Rising, your strong Beams display
A Blaze of Glory and meridian Day :
Your early Branches rich with Verdure shoot,
And mingled with their Bloom bear ripen'd Fruit.
These confluent Graces, which such Lustre wear,
Make you th' unrivall'd Idol of the Fair :
You o'er the Sex to boundless Empire born,
Gain all the Beauties that the Court adorn,
And with despotick Pow'r their Passions sway ;
Should *Alfred* sue what Heart can disobey ?
The envy'd Princess, whose superiour Charms
Shall warm your Breast and win you to her Arms,
Proud of the glorious Conquest of her Eyes
Would match the happy Natives of the Skies.

She ceas'd---And blushing with a modest Air
Doubled her Graces and enforc'd the Snare.

The Heroe, conscious of her Flame confess't,
 Prudent conceal'd the Secret in his Breast,
 And thus reply'd---*Albana*, were it true
 That these profuse Encomiums were my Due,
 That from immod'rate courtly Candour grow,
 And not from Justice but Indulgence flow ;
 And if, assur'd none would my Suit refuse,
 I might the most engaging Beauty chuse,
 Yet bound by strict irrevocable Vows
 Not the most charming Princess to espouse
 While trav'ling I pursue my first Design,
 I must the great Felicity decline.
 Religion and *Atulpho's* high Commands
 Bid me advance and visit various Lands
 To form my Mind, should Empire be my Fate,
 To guide with skilful Hands the Helm of State.
 For this I chearful left my native Soil
 To undergo great Dangers, Care, and Toil,
 In Lands unknown and on unpractis'd Seas,
 That I my Thirst of Science might appease.
 Tho' Providence supream, which I adore,
 Enjoins me soon to leave *Sicilia's* Shore
 New States and distant Kingdoms to survey,
 And I the mighty Impulse must obey ;
 No Absence, Time, or intervening Space
 Shall from my grateful Soul the Thoughts efface

Of

Of the high Honours hear on *Alfred* thrown,
And chiefly those by bright *Albana* shown.

He ceas'd---The Princess with Resentment fir'd,
Which yet she cover'd artfully, retir'd.
And now her Breast with warring Passions strove,
An Uproar caus'd by disappointed Love,
A Medly of Distress, Revenge, and Care,
And Rage the genuine Offspring of Despair.
She wrung her Hands, and raving beat her Breast,
Now threw her self upon the Bed oppress'd
With heavy Grief, now starting stamp'd the Ground,
Fix'd her sad Eyes, or turn'd them wildly round.
= So when in cruel Pastime Peasants fling
Their pointed Reeds, and break the vig'rous wing
Of some proud Swan, the lovely Suff'rer's Cries
And piteous Moans ring thro' the ambient Skies;
Flutt'ring in Flight she with her Pinion beats
The River's Face, and seeks the shelt'ring Seats
Of the next reedy Isle, and of her Pains
To Hills and Woods and murm'ring Streams complains,
While from her Wound fresh vital Crimson flows
Plenteous, and dyes to red her native Snows.

Then thus the Princess to her self begun;
Ungrateful, cruel, proud, *Atulpho's* Son,

Hast thou *Albana's* Favour thus abus'd,
 Slighted my Charms and profer'd Love refus'd?
 Rejected! mock'd! my Soul is all on Fire,
 My tender Flames more gen'rous Heat acquire,
 And nobler Passions now my Breast inspire. }
 I'll show the vain *Transalpine*, barb'rous Boy,
 That I can ruin, if I can't enjoy;
 That 'tis the hardest Province to assuage
 Love's soft Emotions, when improv'd to Rage:
 By me instructed, haughty Youth, believe
 A Woman scorn'd can ne'er th' Affront forgive.

But as her Passion's high unbridled Tide,
 Its Fury spent, did by Degrees subside,
 Resolv'd by fresh Efforts to prove her Fate
 She artful dress'd a new ensnaring Bait:
 Then in a chosen Season she address'd
Britannia's Prince, and thus her Thoughts express'd.

Alfred, I know, that you prepare to leave
Sicilia's slighted Kingdom, and bereave
 Her troubled Natives of the vast Delight!
 That thro' the Court and City you excite,
 In Virtue rich and Ornaments divine,
 That all imperial Pomp and Pow'r out-shine.

- But

But chief our Beauties will their Fate bewail,
 By their weak Charms unable to prevail
 And soften *Alfred's* adamantinè Breast,
 And scorn'd *Albana* sad above the rest
 Will secret weep, or fill the conscious Air
 With the sad Accents of extream Despair;
 While on the sandy Margin of the Main
 With Hands to Heav'n uplifted we in vain
 To Winds and Waves and echoing Rocks complain.
 Can blooming Youth inviting Blifs deny?
 From Seats of Joy to Scenes of Horrour fly?
 All the Delights and Pride of Life postpone
 To barb'rous Kingdoms and to Seas unknown,
 To *Scythia's* Snows or *Libya's* burning Zone?

She said---And then to win the Royal Prize
 Smil'd lovely, and, with fascinating Eyes
 And all engaging Airs and Arts combin'd,
 She studious strove to captivate his Mind.
 Th' Assailant stood collected in her Charms
 Darting against the Prince her piercing Arms,
 And overwhelm'd him with a gushing Blaze
 Of Beauty, and a Burst of dazzling Rays.

And now, this pow'rful Effort made, the Fair
 Left *Albion's* Prince to struggle with the Snare.

Nor did the bright Aggressor miss her Aim,
 For *Britain's* Son perceiv'd a secret Flame,
 And felt the vital Force of quick'ning Love;
 And now his Spirits by the Impulse move
 Of the new Guest, while soft unpractis'd Pains
 Throb in his Breast and thrill along his Veins.
 Th' unknown Contagion with a pleasing Smart
 Beats thro' his Nerves and vibrates in his Heart.
 Now changing Cheeks, by Turns from pale to red,
 Confess'd the gentle Wound that inward bled.
 Sometimes he started up as in Surprise,
 And sometimes rigid stood, and fix'd his Eyes;
 While the new Pow'r impatient of Controul
 Rais'd this seditious Tumult in his Soul,
 Reason, thy Pow'r's imperious Love obey,
 Or own at best a weak, divided Sway:
 As when on *Indian* Plains a Rattle-Snake
 Perches a Red-Bird in a shady Brake;
 The wily Serpent from his Eyes conveys
 A splendid Show'r of captivating Rays;
 The Bird enchanted cannot turn his Sight,
 Nor from the bright Destroyer take his Flight;
 But to the Ground he falls, and panting lies
 Still gazing on the Charmer, tho' he dies.
 So *Alfred* felt th' Infection in his Heart,
 And conscious of its Poison hugg'd the Dart;

Now

Now Passion's Tide retires at Reason's Frown,
 Now rushes back and bears Reflection down ;
 It this and that Way in his Bosom roll'd,
 By Turns prevailing and by Turns controul'd.

At Court-Assemblies oft he met the Fair,
 Nor could he but in Pain her Absence bear ;
 Hence oft impatient he *Albana* fought,
 And, when he found the Idol of his Thought,
 A Strefs of Joy did in his Bosom rise,
 Bound thro' his Heart, and sparkle in his Eyes ;
 His Spirits sprung and with redoubled Force
 Shot thro' their Roads and brighten'd in their Course.
 Profuse Delight, when she was present, shown,
 And gay Demeanour in the Prince unknown,
 Repeated Visits, and protracted Stay,
 Conspiring Signs, victorious Love betray ;
 And tho' he thought that Conquest he conceal'd,
 His every Look the secret Wound reveal'd,
 And his disorder'd Temper plain confess
 The Pow'r that rul'd his Soul and broke his Rest.
 But tho' this Passion he unwary feeds,
 He yet resolv'd that no forbidden Deeds
 Should on his Conduct leave a guilty Stain,
 Determin'd still his Virtue to maintain.

Albana, Mistrefs of th' engaging Art,
 Saw her felf Vict'or of the Heroe's Heart,
 And, with the Triumph of her Beauty pleas'd,
 Felt the fierce Conflict in her Breast appeas'd:
 Nor did she ceafe to profecute her Aim,
 But rais'd by perfect Skill the *Briton's* Flame.

And now conspicuous genuine Marks convince
Sicilia's Courtiers, that *Britannia's* Prince
 Was by *Albana* smit, whilst he in vain
 Strove to fuppress his felf-discovering Pain.

Guithun mean Time, whose watchful Eye discern'd
Alfred's Diforder firft, the Fountain learn'd
 Whence it deriv'd its Rife, and had in View
 The fatal Danger ready to enfue.
 To extricate the Heroe, and defeat
 The threat'ning Mifchief by a wife Retreat,
 No longer he his prudent Scheme delay'd,
 But thus to touch the *Briton's* Heart essay'd.

Indulgent *Alfred*, my important Care,
 My free Difcourfe with wonted Candour hear.
 Duty, and Love, and Gratitude, extort,
 To cure your erring Judgement, this Effort.

My

My Prince I fear has with too strong a Taste
 Of late th' Enjoyments of the Court embrac't :
 Nipt by this wanton Isle's malignant Air,
 The lovely Bloom your Virtue's us'd to bear
 Begins to languish, and your heav'nly Light
 That shone out strong and dazling to the Sight,
 Involv'd in Vapours looks less pure and bright.

Think how the Pontiff with paternal Care
 Pray'd and advis'd you wisely to beware
 Of Beauty's Charms, and Pleasure's fatal Snare.
 Since you first yielded to Temptation's Force,
 And then pursu'd your late voluptuous Course,
 Is not a sensual Tincture thro' your Mind
 Deeply diffus'd, by which 'tis now inclin'd
 Not heav'nly, but terrestrial Bliss, to chuse,
 Pursue low Pleasures, and sublime refuse !
 While Plays, and Sports, and Banquets, you frequent
 On soft *Sicilia's* Luxury intent,
 Can you maintain your Intercourse above
 By vig'rous Efforts of celestial Love
 And lively Hope ? Say, can you now adore
 And praise the Pow'r supream, and as before
 Taste gen'rous Pleasures and divine Delight ?
 Say, can your Mind to Heav'n direct her Flight

In ardent Anhelations ? Can she rise
 From these low Regions to possess the Skies,
 And hold a sacred Correspondence there ?
 Does she not flâg and hang in cloudy Air,
 Or fordid cling to this dark Planet's Face,
 And clasp Pollution with impure Embrace ?
 Does not the conscious Pow'r, the Judge within,
 With Frowns and awful Menaces begin
 To fill you with Remorse and secret Fear ?
 Can you before th' Almighty's Throne appear,
 And his impartial Scrutiny abide,
 Or from his searching Eye your Errour hide ?
 Besides, while you with Pleasure have been charm'd
 Unvigilant and of your Guard disarm'd,
Albana not for moral Honour fam'd
 Has by her Beauty's Charms your Heart inflam'd :
 This secret is no more, Men speak it free,
 Nor can you veil what all around you see.

Oh ! *Alfred*, where will this Deportment end ?
 The most destructive Evils must attend
 A Conduct (if pursu'd) so ill begun,
Alfred is lost, and *Albion* is undone.
 By Distance screen'd and shelter'd safe beware
 How you approach too near th' alluring Snare.

If you to nice Distinctions have Resort,
And on the Frontier of Destruction sport,
On Virtue's utmost Bounds, you'll miss your Way,
And thro' a Maze of Vice and Errour stray.
Never uncautious rashly tempt your Fate,
But dread the Hook hid in th' enticing Bait ;
Would you maintain unblemish'd Virtue ? still
Shun dubious Things, as well as plainly ill.

Tho' now, 'tis true, the strong Temptation's Force
Suspends Religion, and diverts its Course ;
Yet still the Pow'r that chiefly rules your Soul,
And will I trust your future Life controul,
Is heav'nly Virtue, which, tho' now oppress'd
It sleeps a while unactive in your Breast,
Will, rous'd and waken'd by a conscious Sting,
From its elastick self-recov'ring Spring
New Strength acquire, and re-inflated gain
Its former Empire and o'er Passion reign.

He ceas'd---Prince *Alfred*, who began to melt,
Soon strong Emotions in his Bosom felt,
And while to right Reflection he return'd,
He saw his Folly and his Errour mourn'd :
And now convinc'd he had too far comply'd,
And on his Virtue's Strength too much rely'd,

Firm he resolv'd his Conduct to correct,
 To shun ensnaring Luxury, neglect
 Th' engaging Fair, and, arm'd with Reason, wrest
 Her beauteous Image wholly from his Breast.

Guithun was ravish'd in the Prince to find
 So good a Taste, and so dispos'd a Mind :
 Then press'd him to forsake *Sicilia's* Isle,
 And change soft Pleasure for instructive Toil.
Alfred assents, determin'd to pursue
 His great Design, and yet new Kingdoms view :
 But *Alfred* was not conscious how the Heart
 Is faithless, and from Vows inclin'd to start :
 Moral Intentions, form'd in Heat and Haste,
 O'erpow'r'd by youthful Instinct cannot last.

Soon as at Court by Chance he met the Fair,
 Won by her Graces and alluring Air,
 He felt the secret Fire begin to burn,
 Which now o'er Reason triumph'd in its Turn.
 Decrees, that he believ'd would keep the Field
 And ne'er again to tempting Objects yield,
 In ignominious Weakness at the Sight
 Of the resistless Foe were put to Flight.
 Now did the Prince *Albana's* Charms adore,
 With the same Ardour which he shew'd before ;

And

And, by his Mien and Looks and Words, confess
That Love restor'd reign'd Victor in his Breast.
But when by Night on Bed he sought Repose,
Tumultuous Thoughts thick in his Soul arose
Stung with Reflection, while with Shame he view'd
His broken Vows, and felt his Flame renew'd :
Then he resolv'd to shun th' alluring Bait,
But soon relaps'd, and urg'd again his Fate.

Now Love and Reason *Alfred's* Heart divide,
The ruling Pow'r not fix'd on either Side :
The Dictates now of Prudence he obeys,
And conquering Passion now the Heroe sways,
Who oft with unsuccessful Efforts try'd
To quell the Tyrant, which his Force defy'd.
When he *Albana* sees, with Beauty charm'd,
Won by a Smile and by a Glance disarm'd
Of all his Vows, his Weakness he betrays,
And melts, like Wax, before the solar Rays :
But when alone attentive and sedate
He views his Virtue's fluctuating State,
He mourns the Fault he wants a Heart to mend,
And does by Turns repent, by Turns offend.
Perplex'd unequal Life ! so Men, that game,
When Losers rave and their ill Fortune blame,

Then vow, with Hands uplifted to the Sky,
 They'll touch no more the Card, nor throw the Die;
 Till caught again by the same tempting Bait,
 Again they try, and curse again their Fate.
 Great are their Streights whose adverse Instincts reign
 With equal Force, and doubtful War maintain:
 Oft pious Paths they keep, and oft forsake,
 Repeat their Vows, and break the Vows they make:
 They conquer now, and now the Battle lose,
 Not wholly Vice, nor wholly Virtue chuse.
 As near the Cape, or *Taprobana's* Coast
 Where the wild Waves of orient Seas are tost,
 If Hurricanes or wild Tornadoes rise
 And breaking spread loud Terrour thro' the Skies,
 In furious War Winds opposite engage,
 And with Success alternate spend their Rage;
 While prevalent by Turns the Rivals share
 The litigated Empire of the Air:
 So *Alfred* fed intestine doubtful Strife,
 And full of Anguish past distracted Life;
 Tho' urg'd by *Guithun* oft to break away
 From this luxurious Isle, still would he stay,
 Inventing new Excuses for Delay.

Amel mean Time commission'd from above
 To stop the Growth of rash pernicious Love,

Descending

Descending from on high thro' liquid Skies,
With rapid Pinions to *Sicilia* flies.

Now Night prevail'd when he the *Briton* found :
While Sleep's soft Chains his yielding Senses bound,
Unseen the Angel darted at his Breast
A pointed livid Flame, that soon possess'd
The Seats of Life, fill'd every Limb with Pains,
His Heart with Anguish, and with Heat his Veins.
His Orders thus the Minister obey'd,
Then to regain the Heav'ns his Wings display'd.
The Prince in restless Agitations turn'd
From Side to Side, and, while his Body burn'd
In the fierce Fever's Flame, he pass'd the Night
Watching with eager Eyes returning Light.
With the hard Labour of a panting Breast,
Aches acute, and raging Thirst oppress'd,
Fetching repeated Sighs the *Briton* lay,
Till the bright Sun had finish'd half the Day.

Archon, whose Praises for consummate Skill
Sicilia's Court and grateful Cities fill,
Just Methods takes and gen'rous Druggs ordains
To cool the Fire and mitigate the Pains.
But still the sharp Disease new Force acquir'd,
For Time, as well as Med'cine, is requir'd

To

To aid succumbent Nature, and appease
 Seditious Ferments now, now Torment ease.
 Six Times the Sun by Turns his Face reveal'd
 And to each adverse World by Turns conceal'd,
 While restless *Alfred* languish'd on his Bed,
 And in his Veins the secret Poison fed.
 Now trembling Pulse, deep Groans, and double Sighs
 Which from oppress'd and sinking Nature rise,
 Sicknefs at Heart, and short unequal Breath,
 Seem'd ill presaging Messengers of Death.

The Heroe held in this suspended State,
 Anxious of Mind and doubtful of his Fate,
 And setting vast Eternity in View,
 And Scenes of Life that after Death ensue,
 The awful Day that shall, with just Regard
 To Vice and Virtue, punish and reward,
 Delib'rate Thoughts on his late Conduct turns,
 And with Displeasure from Reflection burns.
 For now the Worm, that circling lay at rest,
 By this Affright awaken'd in his Breast
 Unfolds his Volumes and erects his Crest :
 Then all enrag'd, exerting double Force,
 Wounds deep his Soul and stings him with Remorse.
 Thus rous'd the contrite Heroe now repents,
 O'erwhelm'd with Grief and Shame his Guilt laments,
 And

And, with Confession and repeated Pray'r,
Implor'd the Judge the Penitent to spare.

To *Guithun*, standing by with Woe oppress'd,
In troubled Accents thus the Prince address'd;
Guithun, my Friend, my wife and faithful Guide,
Had I with thy divine Advice comply'd,
I had not felt these Terrours in my Mind,
But unreluctant had my Life resign'd
To Heav'n's Decree; but oh! 'tis now too late,
Guilt makes me startle at approaching Fate.
Distracted in my Thoughts I trembling lie
Doubtful of Life and ill prepar'd to die.
Offended Justice frowns, how much I fear
Before th' august Tribunal to appear!
In deeper Colours this my Guilt displays,
And in Proportion should my Sorrow raise,
That I, who storms of fiery Vengeance saw
Which on my Soul impress'd a solemn Awe,
Should soon forget those Scenes of Wrath divine,
And, stupid grown, from Virtue's Paths decline.
But should th' eternal Mind, whom I implore,
Gracious my pristine State of Health restore,
---My sacred Vows sincerely I renew
Religion's heav'nly Precepts to pursue

With

With ardent Zeal, and fly this dang'rous Land
Where reigning Vice enjoys such wide Command,
Where fatal Nets o'erspread th' insidious Ground
In Riot drench'd and in loose Pleasures drown'd.

He ceas'd---And prudent *Guithun* thus replies,
Grief in his Breast and Pity in his Eyes,
Whene'er a contrite Criminal laments
Contracted Guilt, indulgent Heav'n repents
Of threaten'd Vengeance, and to Justice flow
Lets fall his lifted Arm, and drops the Blow ;
Mercy divine displays her heav'nly Charms,
And meets Returners with expanded Arms :
Then in th' Almighty's promis'd Aid confide,
On this in vain no Penitent rely'd.
If you no more your erring Steps allow,
But your griev'd Soul in deep Contrition bow
To the great Being Nature's causeless Cause,
Who rules the World by just and equal Laws,
By the Redeemer's Merit, *Alfred*, know,
Not by your own, he will propitious grow :
Then to the Pow'r supream your Will resign,
For if, by Death decreed, he should confine
Your Body to the Tomb, your Mind will rise
To endless Bliss, and triumph in the Skies ;

Alfred

Alfred will sure (to this safe Refuge fly,)
Live to his Praise, or in his Favour die.

The Prince reply'd---My Crimes difarm my Soul
Of wonted Firmness, and her Pow'rs controul:
Frenzy it is, not Courage, to engage
Th' Almighty Being and provoke his Rage
By bold Defiance, on his Thunder press,
And rush on Arms divine; in my Distress
I chuse to importune, as you advise,
The Judge supreme with penitential Cries;
I'll justify the Rod, and not arraign,
That wounds my Body and inflicts my Pain.
I ask for Mercy at th' Almighty's Feet,
And may perhaps divine Compassion meet:
But still whate'er is my determin'd Fate,
It never impious Murmurs shall create:
Still on th' Eternal's Goodness I rely,
Living I love, and trust him if I die.

His ardent Pray'r strove thro' the void Abyss
To the sublime Abodes of Peace and Bliss,
And like a balmy Cloud of Incense rose
Whence thro' the happy Skies sweet Odour flows:

This

This the great Intercessour, who alone
 Can by his Merits Wrath divine atone,
 Presented gracious to the Father's Throne. }
 He thus appeas'd exprefs'd his high Command }
 That *Amel* swift should gain *Sicilia's* Land }
 And heal the *Briton*; he without Delay }
 Quick, as a golden Sun-beam, wing'd his Way. }
 He reach'd the Isle and to the Prince address'd }
 With trembling Pulse and Death-like Sweat oppress'd: }

And thus he said---*Briton*, my tender Care,
 Th' Almighty Being, who has heard your Pray'r,
 Will *Alfred's* threaten'd Life indulgent save,
 And gracious disappoint th' expecting Grave.
 This Med'cine in my Hand shall Health assure,
 Assuage your Feaver, and compleat your Cure.
 Then to the painful Boil with Speed apply
 This wholesome Gumm, and *Alfred* shall not dye.
 He said---And with a mild angelick Mien
 Retir'd, and mounted to the World unseen.

Guithun the Sov'reign Drugg extended o'er
 Soft Sattin, and apply'd it to the Sore,
 Which ripen'd by the healing Vertue broke,
 And gave the Poison vent,--Then *Alfred* spoke

To

To *Guithun* thus---I find my sharp Disease,
Remov'd, and Nature feels returning Ease :
New vital Vigour animates my Heart,
And active Spirits thro' my Sinews dart.
Now he his God, who the bright Seraph sent
His Fate by timely Succour to prevent,
Devoutly prais'd, and his great Name ador'd
Who to his Body Health at once restor'd,
And to his Mind Tranquillity and Rest :
Then with an ardent Zeal these Words exprest ;
Since gracious Heav'n has from my Soul the Night
Dispell'd, and open'd my suspended Sight
Whence I my Stains with Shame and Sorrow view,
Bear Witness I my solemn Vows renew
Celestial Virtue's Dictates to pursue.
Should I *Britannia's* Crown imperial wear
This firm Decree delib'rate I declare ;
Acts of Religion, sacred Pray'r and Praise
Which pious Minds by heav'nly Commerce raise.
Affairs of high Importance that relate
To the Defence and Glory of the State,
Decrees of Justice, and domestick Care,
Shall all my Hours in settled Order share.

Th' Approach of Death thus cures an erring Mind,
Teaches the Deaf to hear, to see, the blind :

Confine

Confine the Youth, that makes forbidden Joys
 And sensual Pleasure his immoral Choice,
 Let him in Pain and threat'ning Sickness lye,
 While his despairing Friends stand weeping by,
 And while he draws in Sobs unequal Breath,
 And grows acquainted with instructive Death,
 How soon convinc'd will he his Crimes confess?
 What diff'rent ~~M~~otions will his Mind possess?
 How will he now soft Pleasure's Charms despise,
 While he reviews them with enlighten'd Eyes!
 Nor Sports, nor Women, nor th' enchanting Bowl,
 Will please his Taste or captivate his Soul:
 Thus Rays divine, and intellectual Light,
 Dawn from the Grave, and break from gloomy Night.

Notions
Alfred, his florid Looks and Strength restor'd,
 Address'd with high Respect *Sicilia's* Lord,
 And, for his princely Favours shewn express'd,
 The worthy Passion of a grateful Breast:
 In lively Words then bade the Court adieu,
 Determin'd soon Sea-Labours to pursue.

To fair *Albana* busy Fame reveal'd
 Th' important News no longer now conceal'd:
 She finding *Alfred* was no more her Slave,
 Defeated of her Aim began to rave;

And

And her outrageous Sorrow to abate,
Affwage her tort'ring Pain, and sooth her Hate
By deep and sweet Revenge, she studious bent
Her Genius rich in Mischief to invent
With black infernal Art some Project sure,
The Heroe's swift Destruction to procure.
Now in her Mind she various Schemes resolv'd,
And on the Ruffian's Steel at length resolv'd :
For here great Numbers Wounds clandestine give
For annual Stipends, and by Murder live.
From this inhumane execrable Band,
Ready for Slaughter at their Lord's Command,
She chose out four that should their Arms employ
The *British* Prince in secret to destroy.

Mara, of noble Birth, in Blood ally'd
And in strict Friendship to *Albana* ty'd
Was near her Heart, and priviledg'd to know
Her private Life, as well the Scenes of Woe
As of Delight ; besides she knew the Fair
Did to the *Briton* warm Affection bear.
To her *Albana* had the Secret told
How she disclos'd her Passion, and how cold
To her discover'd Love the Prince appear'd,
And how unmov'd her tender Story heard ;

R.

Till

Till by Degrees the long resisted Dart
 Enter'd his Breast and pierc'd his yielding Heart.
 He then, she said, his pleasing Wound declar'd,
 But for *Albana* now owns no Regard.
 Without addressing me, whom he before
 Did as the Idol of his Soul adore,
 Cruel he seeks to leave *Messina's* Shore.
 Then her Resentment fully she display'd,
 And told the vengeful Scheme her Wrath had laid.

Mara, who *Albion's* Prince admir'd and lov'd,
 With a feign'd Joy the black Design approv'd,
 Flatt'ring her Rage, but with conceal'd Intent
Albana's bloody Purpose to prevent.
 This to accomplish she with Care oppress'd
 To *Broglio*, sprung from noble Blood, address'd.
 He *Mara's* Brother had perfidious slain,
 And oft had profer'd Love to her in vain.
Broglio, said she, would you by Deeds attest
 That Flame sincere which you have oft profess'd,
 Gain my Esteem by granting my Request.
Alfred oblig'd to pass the following Night
 With one of high Extraction in Delight,
 Has ask'd, that she would some fit Youth engage,
 Alike in Stature and alike in Age,

On the *Britannick* Prince's Bed to lye,
 And thus elude attentive *Guithun's* Eye.
 This Scheme to footh two Passion's *Mara* wrought,
 While to avenge her Brother's Death she fought,
 And guard the *Briton's* Life from threat'ning Harms,
 And disappoint th' *Affassin's* barb'rous Arms.

Broglio, impatient to oblige the Fair,
 Comply'd, unconscious of the hidden Snare,
 And to th' Apartment secret took his Way
 Where for Repose the *Briton* constant lay,
 And, to obtain bright *Mara* for his Bride,
 In *Alfred's* Bed he *Alfred's* Place supply'd,
 Where, from th' *Affassins* ent'ring swift the Room,
 The hapless Youth receiv'd another's Doom;
 Stabb'd in soft Slumber he resign'd his Breath,
 And chang'd its Image into real Death.

Ere this fell out the Secret *Mara* told
 To *Albion's* Prince, and did the Plot unfold
 Against his Life, then urg'd him to retreat
 With Speed from this inhospitable Seat.
 Her Words obtain'd Belief, the Prince resolv'd
 A while th' important Subject, then resolv'd
 Soon to embark, and change *Sicilia's* Isle
 For Seas less dang'rous, and securer Soil.

Mara, with Airs that tender Nature move
 And all th' engaging Eloquence of Love,
 Earnest *Britannia's* Heroe now addrest
 To bid her live by granting this Request ;
 That she his future Fortunes might attend,
 And near his Person Life remaining spend ;
 To win him to consent, and gain his Heart,
 She urg'd her ardent Passion, and the Part
 She generous acted with successful Art,
 While she contriv'd that *Alfred* might not feel
 Plung'd in his Breast th' Assassin's fatal Steel :
 And hop'd her Beauty, Wit, and blooming Age,
 When thus assisted would his Soul engage ;
 But in her Story *Broglia's* Fate suppress'd,
 Assur'd the Heroe would that Deed detest.

Here *Briton's* Prince his grateful Sense declar'd
 Of *Mara's* Care and Vigilance to ward
 Th' impending Blow against his Life design'd,
 Who thus enrag'd *Albana*-countermin'd.
 Then said---Controul'd by *Albion's* King's Command
 And solemn Vows, I must your Suit withstand ;
 And as I dare not feed forbidden Love,
 So now I cannot Conjugal approve.

Then

Then he repeated to her Merit due
His Thanks unfeign'd, and bade a long adieu,

Bent to depart before, and now appriz'd
Of the black Scheme against his Life devis'd
By the vindictive Fair, the Prince withdrew
Secret from Court his Purpose to pursue.
Then on a Ship made ready in the Bay
The *British* Pair embark, soon Anchor weigh,
And to a prosp'rous Wind the Sail display.

The Plan adjusted *Alfred* to destroy,
Albana felt a while distemper'd Joy,
While in her Bosom for Dominion strove
Rival Emotions, fierce Revenge and Love;
Like adverse Tides, or Storms of Wind engag'd
In furious Conflict, her wild Passions rag'd.

Now did Revenge her swelling Breast controul,
And with its Vipers sting and urge her Soul,
When thus she said---*Briton!* thy Fate's decreed,
To injur'd Love thou shalt a Victim bleed.
The Poniard's Point shall more successful prove
To pierce thy Heart, than the soft Dart of Love.
Methinks I see the brave Assailant stand
Grasping his bright Steeetto in his Hand

Ready to strike the Blow, and make thee feel
 Fix'd in thy wounded Veins the fatal Steel.
 I see, I see Thee agonizing lye,
 Delightful Sight ! bleed, Traytor, bleed and die.
 I hear thy deep-fetch'd Sighs and double Breath,
 Thy Sobs and Groans, and see Thee strive with Death.
 How do convulsive Throws thy Sinews rack,
 Thy Members quiver, and thy Heart-strings crack !
 How do thy rolling Eye-balls search the Light,
 Swim in thick Mists and sink in endless Night !
 Voluptuous Scene ! what high Delight it brings !
 From just Revenge what rapt'rous Pleasure springs !

This Tempest scatter'd, Love, before restrain'd,
 Its Force exerted and Dominion gain'd.
 Lovely the Prince did to her Thoughts return,
 Reviv'd her Flame, and made it fiercer burn :
 His godlike Image to her Mind endear'd,
 His beauteous Form, and blooming Youth appear'd :
 And hence the Princess tender grew, and felt
 Her yielding Heart with soft Compassion melt.
 Then thus she said---My Orders I repent ;
 Must *Alfred* die?---No, I'll his Fate prevent.
 Indignant Love insults my Mind, and now
 How much the Tragick Scheme I disavow ?

I feel

I feel my Soul with Horrour backward start ;
 Shall I deſtroy by baſe revengeful Art
 The chief Delight, the Idol of my Heart ?
 I'm wild, diſtracted, tortur'd with Debate ;
 I have decreed, yet would reverſe his Fate,
 At once the Object of my Love and Hate.

Arm'd with vindictive Fury could I wreſt
 His dear yet odious Image from my Breſt,
 I ſhould not wiſh my Orders to recall,
 But ſee him die and triumph in his Fall.
 But while my Paſſion rules I muſt the Steel,
 That pierces his, in my own Boſom feel.
 Why does *Albana* undetermin'd ſtand ?
 If *Alfred* bleeds by my unjuſt Command,
 Of Life impatient I muſt Death implore
 To eaſe my Anguiſh, and my Peace reſtore.
 Should *Alfred* die, no more I Being own,
 What is the joyleſs Name ? the Blifs is gone :
 I muſt repair to Hills and loneſome Woods,
 Or fighting wander by the murm'ring Floods :
 Now meet the howling Wolf and griſly Bear,
 Companions ſavage as my wild Deſpair :
 Now on the ſandy Shores complaining creep,
 Lull'd with the whirling Gulphs, and ſtormy Deep ;

Mufick becoming my delightful State,
If I prevent not godlike *Alfred's* Fate.

But then reflecting on her flighted Charms,
And his Refusal of her proffer'd Arms,
Tho' he had oft in lively Words confels'd
The soft Contagion that his Heart possess'd ;
And how to fee *Albana* he declin'd,
And now to quit *Sicilia's* Coast design'd ;
Unbridled Fury soon began to burn
With Flames reviv'd, and triumph'd in its Turn.
Thus fierce Revenge and melting Pity strove
For Empire in her Breast, till tender Love,
The most prevailing Instinct of the Soul,
Its rival Passion did at length controul ;
And then she cry'd---My Orders I recall,
If 'tis not now too late---The *Briton's* Fall
I must prevent---In this indulgent View
To *Alfred's* Rooms she with her Servants flew.
The Leader of the mercenary Band,
Grasping his bloody Poniard in his Hand,
Met the impatient Princess at the Door
And cry'd---'Tis done---Proud *Alfred* is no more :
See, there he welters in his flowing Gore.

The Princess mutt'ring faintly, Furies ! Hell !
 Swooning away as Planet-smitten fell
 Into her Servants Arms, who weeping bear
 Sinking *Albana* back with tender Care :
 Reviv'd with burning Gumms and fragrant Oyl
 Her Spirits reassum'd their vital Toil.

The Princess now, Attendants sent away,
 Distress'd in anxious Thoughts extended lay,
 As meditating Slumber on her Bed
 Of softest Down with broider'd Scarlet spread.
 Conscious Reflections gave her deadly Pain,
 With frightful Visions fill'd her lab'ring Brain,
 And in her Soul with Guilt polluted bred
 Remorse and Horrour and amazing Dread.
 While, as she thought, she saw the *Briton* stand
 With open Breast, and shewing with his Hand
 The deep and ghastly Wound that reach'd his Heart,
 How did her shudd'ring Soul with Terrour start !

Then thus she said--- Assist me, bold Despair,
 Let me no longer breathe the vital Air ;
 Life is a Burden now too great to bear.
 Then rising up with heavy Grief oppress'd,
 She plung'd her Poniard deep within her Breast ;

And

And while her Heart in agonizing Strife
Quiver'd, and felt the Pangs of ebbing Life,
Her misty Eyes swam in prevailing Night,
Catch'd dubious Day, and hung on parting Light.



ALFRED.



ALFRED.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred sails from Sicily, and steers his Course for Spain. The Coast of Italy by which he passed described, excepting the Part before mentioned between Ostia and Naples. Passing the Streights into the Atlantick Ocean, he stood for the Mouth of the Bætis, or Guadalquivir, the River on which Hispalis, or Seville is built. Satan raises another Tempest, that forced the Prince back, and compelled him to land in the Evening on the Coast of Africa; where he and Guithun shelter'd themselves in a neighbouring Grove till the next Morning. While Alfred slept, to encourage him for future Labours and hazardous Adventures,

Amel

Amel descending from above, mounts with him in a Vision to Heaven, and shews him that blifsful Place. Then carries him down, and gives him a Prospect of Tophet or Gehenna, the Prison of condemned Criminals. While they ascend from these Seats, the Angel takes Occasion on the Way to let Alfred know what Revolutions and various Changes of the royal Lines shall happen in Albion till the present Times: That done Amel places him as he thought again in the Grove, and then withdraws. Alfred awakens from the Vision, which leaves deep Impression on his Mind.



N Air serene swift o'er the peaceful
Main

Push'd by propitious Winds they
steer'd for Spain:

While high *Messina's* Turrets
backward flew,

And smoaking *Aetna's* sinking Peaks withdrew,
They spoon'd away, and, with wide Sails display'd
To catch the breathing Force. their Passage made,
And with sharp Keels and Streamers waving high
Wounded at once the Deep and swept the Sky.
Advancing o'er the Billows soon they lost
The Towns and Tow'rs on soft *Hesperia's* Coast,
Which with Delight the *Britons* view'd before,
Coasting to *Naples* from fair *Ostia's* Shore.

Now

Now on the *Tyrrhene* foaming Sea they stood
Steady their destin'd Course, and plough'd the Flood
Fam'd from the Prince that for *Lavinia's* Charms
Flew o'er its Waves from flighted *Dido's* Arms,
To found a Pow'r that should from Pole to Pole;
From Sun to Sun the Subject World controul.
Then with auspicious Gales they pass'd the Land;
Where *Pisa's* Domes and lofty Castles stand,
A City, whilst with civil Freedom crown'd,
Frequent of People and for Wealth renown'd,
Potent by Land and Sea; but since the Yoke
Of Servitude her Strength and Spirit broke,
She languishes, she hangs her weeping Head,
And mourns her Riches and her Children fled:
Now Trav'lers Moss in stately Buildings meet,
And tread on springing Grass in every Street.

Next thro' the wide *Ligustick* Sea they steer'd,
Where *Genna's* Tow'rs sublime in Air appear'd
Dusky and in blue Distance almost lost,
Extended on *Hesperia's* crooked Coast.
Such are the Wealth and Beauties of the Town,
It vies with Cities of the first Renown,
Tho' hewn from solid Rocks by Toil and Art,
While the proud Walls and Buildings seem to start

From

From Marble Hills, whose Peaks transfigur'd rise
In glitt'ring Spires and Turret's midst the Skies.

Then thro' the *Gallick* Seas they made their Way,
Where, *Rhodanus*, thy Streams their Tribute pay
To the wide Deep, which their moist Treasures owe
To *Alpine* Mountains and to weeping Snow.
So the sad Nymph, as said by ancient Fame,
Dissolv'd in Tears a running Flood became;
And where *Massilia*, with Abundance blest
Fetch'd from the Shores of *Egypt* and the East,
Its tow'ry Pride on winding Land displays,
And with its Arms the peaceful Waves embays.

Next near the Coast the Voyagers were born
Which fam'd *Monspelia's* Palaces adorn,
Whose skilful Sons and salutary Air
Raise vital Flame, and broken Health repair;
Delicious Seat! where all the neighb'ring Soil
Smells sweet with Flow'rs, and flows with Wine & Oyl.

Then sailing thro' the *Balearick* Deep
With great Delight *Iberia's* Coast they sweep,
Where *Barcelona's* Turrets rise sublime,
O'erlook the Shore, and Heights ethereal climb;

Of

Of *Catalonia's* Kings th' imperial Seat,
 Who great in Arms did Victors long defeat
 Invading Pow'rs, and reign'd in Wealth and Ease
 Potent by Land, and Sov'reigns of the Seas.

And now they pass'd the narrow rushing Tide,
 Whose Waves th' *Iberian* from the *Moor* divide,
 And left behind the celebrated Land,
 Where the *Herculean* fabled Pillars stand,
 Confining on th' extended *Western* Main,
 And on the *North* oppos'd to spacious *Spain* ;
 Which elder Ages as the Bounds regard
 Of the known World, that further Progress barr'd.
 Then to the River's Mouth they steer'd away,
 Where, *Hispalis*, thy Tow'rs their Pride display,
 Double the Sun-beam and reflect the Day. }

Now while, with Thought intent and anxious Care,
 The Prince that rules the Empire of the Air
 Patrolling travers'd swift the vacant Space,
 Rang'd Azure Gulphs, and flew from Place to Place
 His Provinces and Frontiers to review,
 And learn if *Demons* to his Orders true
 Perform'd their Tasks, in Anguish he descry'd
 The *Briton's* Ship advancing on the Tide.

— As gath'ring gloomy Storms that heavy rise
 Loure with a threat'ning Aspect in the Skies;
 So frown'd th' Apostate, dreadful to behold;
 And his fierce Eyes in stern Defiance roll'd.
 Then to himself he said---Does *Alfred* still
 My Rage vindictive and infernal Skill
 Escape; and tho' with watchful Zeal pursu'd
 Defeat my Pow'r, and well-laid Plots elude?
 Can't all the Force and Stratagems of Hell,
 Nor all our Fiends this hateful *Briton* quell?
 Are we exhausted? is our Vengeance drain'd?
 No; since my Empire here is unrestrain'd,
 Room yet is left to check th' ambitious Boy,
 The Pleasure to afflict I'll still enjoy.
 And then he call'd the *Demons* of the Air,
 To whom he said---A Tempest swift prepare,
 And drive the *Briton* from *Iberia's* Shore
 To the parch'd Regions of the tawny Moor.

Th' obsequious Fiends their Monarch's will obey'd;
 And active Meteor's midst the Heav'ns convey'd,
 Which, there assembled, might a Tempest grow,
 And pour their Rage on Hell's immortal Foe;
 Force back his Vessel from *Iberia's* Soil,
 Distress the Heroe, and renew his Toil.

Collected Vapours now the Skies deform,
 And hollow whistling Gusts denounce the Storm,
 Which furious from the *North* ascending drew
 Its sable Train o'er Heav'n's extinguish'd Blue :
 While must'ring Clouds, such as pale Sailers dread;
 With awful Gloom the wide Horizon spread,
 Whose dusky Fleeces drown the solar Light,
 Suppress the Day and cause untimely Night ;
 Incumbent Gales hard on the Ocean bear,
 Weigh up the Deep, and drive it thro' the Air.
 Now diff'rent Winds in Hurricanes maintain
 Outragious Combate, and alternate reign ;
 Extream Distress afflicted Nature shows,
 Her Center shaking with tempestuous Throws ;
 While by impulsive Force emerging Waves
 Regurgitate from trembling rocky Caves,
 Whence fighting Tides and dreadful Whirlpools rise,
 And Floods uplifted climb the steepy Skies.
 Wild Horror, Mis-rule, Noise, and Strife confound }
 The Air, the Ocean, and the Heav'ns around, }
 Howl in the Woods and from the Hills rebound. }
 Now while the raging Seas resistless Shocks
 And furious Frets of Wind too near the Rocks
 The Vessel Force, and now while adverse Gales,
 That blowing from the Shore fill'd out the Sails,

Impell'd it back, the Crew uncertain stand,
 Whether the Ship disdainful of Command
 Would founder in the Deep, or perish on the Strand.

Then *Amel* swift descending from above,
 As order'd, thro' the Skies inferiour drove
 The *Demons* that with Clouds efface the Day,
 Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play.
 Aw'd by the Seraph's Frown they took their Flight,
 Bore off the Storm, and eas'd the Sailer's Fright.
 And now succeeds a soft *Favonian* Breeze,
 That curl'd the Floods, and gently shook the Trees.
 The Heav'ns, the wild seditious Uproar sooth'd,
 Serenely smil'd, and the calm Ocean smooth'd
 His furrow'd Face---Then did the Men descry
 A Creek where Vessels might at Anchor lye.
 To this safe Bay their leaky Ship they thrust
 And plac'd on Pow'r divine religious Trust:
 Then prais'd kind Heav'n, and leaping on the Shore
 With Pray'r devout they future Aid implore.

The solar Orb withdrawn, by doubtful Light
 They spy'd a neighb'ring Grove, to pass the Night
 Beneath the shelt'ring Trees they took their Way,
 And there decreed to wait th' Approach of Day.

Their

Their Strength in Part with Meats and Wine restor'd,
Refreshments from *Messina* sent Aboard,
On Leopards spotted Skins in *Libya* drest
Droufy they stretch'd their weary Limbs to Rest.

His Angel swifter than the Morning Ray,
So *Alfred* dreamt while slumb'ring sweet he lay,
With radiant Wings shot down the yielding Skies
Bliss and celestial Gladness in his Eyes,
Godlike his Mien, ineffable his Grace,
And rosy Youth possess'd his beaming Face :
Approaching *Alfred* with divine Address,
He gracious smil'd, and did these Words express.
Alfred, that you fresh Courage may acquire,
Improve your Vigour and heroick Fire,
Whence you in adverse Fate may firm abide
New Toils and Tryals which your Foes provide,
The Pow'r supream, whose Breast is still inclin'd
To guard the Righteous to his Will resign'd,
Has me his Angel from his Throne of Light
Sent to display before your wond'ring Sight
The peaceful Seats of endless Joy and Bliss,
And the low Regions of the dark Abyss ;
Whence you will learn your Zeal is well employ'd
To gain the first, the latter to avoid.

He said---And then the Angel gently caught
 The *Briton* up, and, so the Heroe thought,
 On his immortal Pinions *Alfred* bore,
 And with his Charge did high in *Ether* soar.
 — The Eagle never mounts so swift and strong,
 That with a Leveret trufs'd to feed her Young,
 To her safe Nest in some wild Mountain's Height
 Or Rock entrusted, wings her airy Flight.
 They pass'd the Globes immense, that run their Course
 By Aid divine and delegated Force;
 And thro' th' expanded Districts of the Skies,
 And o'er blue Hills and Fields of Chrystal rise
 Till they had gain'd the blest'd Abodes above,
 The Regions of Delight and Seats of Love :
 Where *Alfred* ravish'd saw dispers'd around
 The happy Saints, with all their Wishes crown'd ;
 Transports of Pleasure fill'd each swelling Breast,
 Which heav'd and labour'd with th' unequal Guest.
 Rich Splendor, that from Bliss internal came,
 Strove thro' their fair and undecaying Frame ;
 These bright Eruptions from within convey'd
 A Heav'n of Glory round each Saint display'd.

Then said the Angel---These blest'd Men regard;
 What Joys what Triumphs now their Toil reward !

What

What Words expressive can their Beauty tell !
 On every Face what Charms, what Graces dwell !
 What lovely Looks with Dignity combin'd !
 What blooming Cheeks with Strength immortal join'd !
 How great their Port ! How graceful do they move !
 How pleas'd they seem ! How full of Joy and Love !
 How rich their Robes, how ravishing to Sight,
 Form'd of pure Skies and interwoven Light !
 See, as along th' *Ethereal* Fields they go,
 Behind what sweeping Trains of Splendour flow !
 What Raptures of Delight fill every Breast
 With Life divine and Youth unfading blest !
 What Palms triumphant do the Victors bear ;
 Majestick Pomp ! What radiant Crowns they wear !
 How blisful are their Eyes ! How Godlike is their
 [Air !

The Guide continu'd---This bright Quire behold,
 See in their Hands melodious Harps of Gold :
 What Hymns, what Praises they for ever sing,
 What Hallelujahs to th' eternal King !
 How their extatick Strains in Confort rise,
 And fill with loud Devotion distant Skies !
 See, of their Glory they their Heads uncrown,
 And at th' Almighty's Feet fall prostrate down,
 Where they entranc'd in Adoration lye
 O'erwhelm'd with Blis ineffable, and cry

To him, who sits on high enthron'd in Light,
 Salvation, Honour, Pow'r, Dominion, Might,
 Thanksgiving, Blessing be for ever giv'n,
 And to the Lamb that dy'd, and purchas'd Heav'n
 For his Elect, while he propitious paid
 Their Ransom, and for Guilt Atonement made.
 With the Fruition of th' Almighty blest,
 Transports of Pleasure not to be exprest,
 And ardent Passions swell each striving Breast :
 And while his beatifick Favours move
 The strongest Efforts of exalted Love,
 Inflame their Soul, and rapt'rous Wonder raise,
 They drink in endless Joy, and send forth endless Praise.

There the bright Army of the Martyrs see
 That clad in Arms divine, Hope, Charity,
 Belief, and Patience, fought a glorious Fight,
 Subdu'd the World and put Hell's Prince to Flight ;
 In what Abodes of Glory now they dwell,
 Celestial Scenes of Joy ineffable !

These Worthies now unpersecuted rest,
 Who once endur'd Affliction's fiery Test :
Pagans by killing some their Fury cloy'd,
 Some by worse Christian Tyrants were destroy'd ;
 Some were by Racks and cruel Scourges try'd,
 And some by ling'ring manag'd Torment dy'd.

These

These 'midst consuming Flames confess'd their Lord,
Those by the Cross, these perish'd by the Sword.
Hark ! from beneath the Altar Night and Day
These Souls devoutly thus th' Almighty pray,
How long, how long, Lord righteous, faithful, good,
Will it yet be ere Thou avenge our Blood?
Ere thou indignant in thy Wrath resolve
Our Murd'ers in Destruction to involve,
Perform thy Word, make Justice spotless shine,
And vindicate thy Government divine?

The next to These in Dignity regard
That order There; what Joys their Deeds reward !
View their high Thrones, behold their Diadems
Form'd of blest Gold and bright *Ethereal* Gems,
A Weight of Glory inexpressible,
Their sparkling Eyes their inward Rapture tell.
These are good Kings, in whose auspicious Reign
None did of Wrong by Fraud or Force complain ;
They strove the People's Riches to encrease ;
And wag'd no War for Triumph but for Peace ;
They ne'er believ'd Religion Courts disgrac'd,
Nor that to act like God a Prince debas'd :
But frown'd on Vice, asserted Virtue's Cause,
And by their own enforc'd celestial Laws.

These knew that Crowns no Pow'r peculiar bring
 From Christian Precepts to exempt a King,
 Who levell'd with the Croud promiscuous stands
 At Heav'n's high Bar when Heav'n Account demands,
 His Dignity no more rever'd, for here
 Distinctions all but moral disappear.

To the next Order, *Alfred*,¹ turn your Sight,
 Clad in long Vests of beatifick Light,
 How fresh a Bloom their Cheeks immortal dies !
 What Extasies of Joy possess their Eyes !
 What circling Radiance darts from every Head,
 And from their Bow'rs what blifsful Odours spread !
 These Christian Chiefs o'er Churches did preside,
 And with Applause their sacred Province guide ;
 Who by their Lives, as well as Precepts, taught
 Rules that just Deeds and pure Belief promote ;
 With ardent Zeal to serve their Lord inspir'd
 They fed the Flock and not the Fleece desir'd ;
 They strove the Heart by Reason to incline,
 By gracious Speech and Evidence divine,
 And us'd no Arms Church-Conquests to acquire,
 But Faith's bright Sword, and Love's celestial Fire ;
 Now their rich Crowns and happy Seats regard,
 What endless Raptures transient Pain reward !

See there on high august Tribunals plac'd
 Judges with milk-white Robes of Honour grac'd;
 These, what impartial Justice bade, decreed,
 Condemn'd the Guilty and the Guiltless freed;
 With Minds unbiass'd and with Hands unstain'd,
 Fearless of Threats, they ancient Law maintain'd;
 Guarded the Orphan, screen'd the Widow's Right,
 And sav'd the Friendless from oppressive Might.

And now that small but glorious Band behold
 Of faithful Statesmen, who their Monarch told
 Truth undisguis'd, and, to their Province just,
 Discharg'd with high Applause their weighty Trust.
 These unasham'd own'd and ador'd a God,
 In the bright Steps of Christian Heroes trod,
 Contemn'd the impious with a worthy Pride,
 And scorn'd the Scoffers who the Just deride:
 They open Truth and artless Virtue prais'd,
 And ne'er the sweet-tongu'd worthless Flatt'rer rais'd;
 Never deceiv'd, nor play'd a double Part,
 But, when they vow'd, express'd sincere their Heart;
 Firm to their Word their inward Notions spoke,
 And promis'd wary, but no Promise broke.

See the brave Patriots there in blisful Bow'rs;
 These from a publick Spirit Sov'reign Pow'rs,

And

And Law and Right with equal Zeal upheld,
 And from their Breasts all private Aims expell'd.

Remark that Order, who illustrious shine
 In Linnen wrought above, and Vests divine,
 What mild Complacence, what a lovely Grace,
 And heav'nly Sweetness, dwell in every Face!
 These by celestial Goodness were inclin'd
 And ardent Love to succour humane Kind;
 In threat'ning Danger eas'd their Neighbour's Fears,
 And from the Mourner's Face wip'd off the Tears:
 They to their Home the weary Trav'ler led,
 And cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed;
 Charm'd wild Despair, to Anguish gave Relief,
 And with soft Accents sooth'd reluctant Grief:
 Pour'd kindly healing Balm on wounded Veins,
 Ransom'd the Captive from his servile Chains,
 And oft were mov'd by Pity to bestow
 Various Supplies on various Sons of Woe;
 But most to Men their Charity apply'd
 In Aims divine and pious Faith ally'd;
 They Persecution's Frowns could dauntless face,
 And boldly side with Virtue in Disgrace.

Now, while the Just review the dreadful Roads
 That led the Trav'lers to these bless'd Abodes,

Dangers

Dangers that once caus'd Terrour and affright,
And Suff'rings past, grow Objects of Delight.

So when a Swain, who seeks *Hesperia's* Soil,
Shudd'ring with Fear, and faint with Sweat and Toil,
Thro' craggy Rocks, steep Heights, and Snows, at last
Secure the tow'ring *Alpine* Hills has past ;
He stands, looks back and views the Wilderness,
Then triumphs and enjoys his late Distress.

And now the Seraph cry'd---How great, how strange
Above Expression is this happy Change !
What a serene, what a bright Mansion this !
What Scenes are these of Peace and endless Bliss !
What is an earthly Monarch's transient Crown,
His empty Grandour and inept Renown,
The Victor's Trophies in long Triumph born,
Or envy'd Laurels that his Brows adorn !
What all the Pomp of Courts and Purple Pride
By Heav'n's imperial State so much outvy'd !
How short do narrow-fighted Mortals guess
At the Delights the Saints in Heav'n possess !
What faint unequal Images they draw
Of these sweet Regions that they never saw !
They represent the Pleasures of the Blest
By Ease from Torment, and from Labour Rest :

By

By Robes of Glory which bright Trains display,
And Light out-shining far meridian Day ;
By Diadems, or by the Conquerour's Prize,
And Shouts that raise the Heroe to the Skies ;
By Palaces sublime, by pompous Feasts,
Where gen'rous Wine and Songs regale the Guests ;
By flow'ry Gardens ravishing to Sight,
Fountains of Joy and Rivers of Delight :
But all these weak Idea's, tho' the best
By which celestial Triumphs are exprest,
By measureless Degrees must fall below
Th' immortal Bliss that Heav'ns Possessours know.
Far as the Soul in noble Pow'rs excells
The Tenement of Clay, in which it dwells,
The Joys of Heav'n the Sweets of Sense exceed,
Fear no Decay, and no Accession need,

When *Alfred* thus had view'd with ravish'd Eyes
These bright *Ethereal* Seats, these happy Skies,
Which on his Soul divine Impressions made,
And high Idea's to his Thought convey'd,
They by Degrees descended thro' the Air
To the sad Realms of Horror and Despair ;
The Walks of Death, and gloomy Gulphs of Hell,
Where howling Pain and perfect Sorrow dwell.

Then

Then thus the Angel spoke---The Wretched see,
 Condemn'd by Heav'ns unchangeable Decree
 To freeze by cold, or burn in raging Fire,
 To strive with dying Pangs, but ne'er expire ;
 These once elated with enormous Pride
 The threat'ning Storms of penal Wrath defy'd,
 And bold rebell'd against th' Almighty's Throne,
 Nor would Religion's sacred Empire own :
 Scornful they mock'd, as unreflecting Fools,
 The strict Observers of the Christian Rules :
 These impious Beings thoughtless and supine,
 Immers'd in Vice and void of Taste divine,
 Preferr'd to heav'nly Blifs terrestrial Toys,
 And transient Pleasures to unceasing Joys.
 With fruitless Cries their Frenzy they lament,
 And of their fatal Choice too late repent ;
 In Groans and mournful Wailings waste their Breath,
 And agonize in endless Throws of Death :
 Th' Almighty's Arms of pointed Light'ning made
 Strike thro' their Bosoms and their Hearts invade ;
 Amidst the Depths of Woe the Wretches sink,
 Repeated Draughts of Wrath immortal drink,
 And with the eldest Phil, that contains
 The strongest Vengeance, drench their swelling Veins.

See, while in Hell they cast their envious Eyes
 Thro' intervening Gulphs to upper Skies,
 And view the Triumphs of the Righteous blest
 With heav'nly Joys and everlasting Rest,
 They rave, and cry, what Blifs did we refuse!
 For false Delight what real Pleasure lose!
 While those we mock'd have Seats celestial gain'd,
 We lye in Torture and in Darknes chain'd;
 Ruin'd, undone, and groaning in Despair
 Bewail the Fate we must for ever bear,
 And curse in vain th' Almighty's vengeful Darts
 That pierce our Breasts and fester in our Hearts.

And now survey, said the seraphick Guide,
Tophet accurs'd, that stretches far and wide
 Its gloomy Districts, view the burning Vale
 Whence Clouds of Smoke and sulph'rous Steams exhale,
 And where thro' num'rous gaping Chasms aspire
 Noisome Eruptions and red Flakes of Fire;
 While Storms beneath of striving Vapours rage,
 And subterranean War imprison'd wage,
 Rivers of Brimstone and infernal Oar
 Advance above and in their Channels roar:
 See, Hurricanes sweep o'er the level Land,
 And lift in Heaps the fluctuating Sand;

To rise or fall the restless Fields constrain,
 And This and That Way drive the rolling Plain.
 Thro' all the troubled Gulph fierce *Demons* ride
 In rapid Whirlwind, and the Tempest guide;
 While dreadful Screams and lamentable Cries,
 That from th' Abodes of Death incessant rise,
 Amazing Thunder, Light'nings, fiery Show'rs,
 Like those that fell on impious *Sodom's* Tow'rs,
 Uproar, and Strife, and Yellings of Despair,
 A hideous Medly, fill th' infernal Air.

His Guide then bore the Heroe to a Hill,
 Whence issuing Groans and Shrieks the Region fill;
 Then waving in the Air his glitt'ring Wand
 Of *Adamant Ethereal* in his Hand,
 Dispell'd the gloomy Shade that on the Cells
 And burning Caves impenetrable dwells,
 Thro' the dark Vaults was spread a sudden Day,
 Whose shining Beams to *Alfred's* Eyes display
 The chief Abodes of Pain, that Rebels bear
 In the low Realms of Guilt and sad Despair.

[Smoak
 Then said the Guide---How does this Mountain's
 With dismal Flames inwrapt the Region choak!
 See, in its Sides and round its Base below
 What ruddy Caves, what wide *Volcano's* glow!

What

What Furnaces, that far in Heat surpass
 Those where the footy Artist melts his Glafs,
 Or those which raging in *Sicilia's* Isle
 Pollute the Skies, and shake the cavern'd Soil!
 To these dire Vaults, where dwell the Fires intense
 That eat in deep and most afflict the Sense,
 The sharpest Torments in the Courts of Death,
 Blown up by Tempests of Almighty Breath
 And fed with strongest Lees of Wrath divine,
 Heav'n's just Decrees tyrannick Pow'rs consign,
 Who scorning Right the World with Rapine fill'd,
 Releas'd at Pleasure and at Pleasure kill'd;
 Urg'd by infernal Rage their Arms employ'd,
 And Realms with wanton Cruelty destroy'd;
 While their own Cities they of People drain'd,
 Till like the Forrest Lords with Blood distain'd
 They rioted in Spoil and o'er a Desert reign'd.

There groan the Giants that before the Flood;
 Abhorr'd for Rapine Violence and Blood,
 Affronted Heav'n, and us'd unbridled Might
 To tread down sacred Laws, and ravish Right:
 Such was their crying Guilt to Heav'n convey'd,
 That God repented he Mankind had made:
 Whence in his fore Displeasure he consum'd
 The godless Race to Death eternal doom'd.

There

There rave obdurate *Pharaoh* and his Host
 Of mighty Warriours, in the Ocean lost
 While striving from the Billows to retire;
 O'erwhelm'd with Water then, and now with Fire.

See, There th' *Assyrian* high imperial Lords,
 Princes, and Captains, whose resistlefs Swords
 Red'ning with Slaughter and with Triumph crown'd
 Destroy'd Mankind and aw'd the World around.
 They from the Field of Battle with the Slain
 Came down, and in th' infernal Depths remain:
 Their num'rous Guards and Multitudes immense,
 Whom once they kept for Glory and Defence;
 Around their Kings accurs'd tormented lye,
 While to their Shrieks the echoing Hills reply:

Behold the *Mèdes* and *Persian* Potentates
 Who rul'd with Pride elated *Asia's* States,
 And by unrighteous War, intent on Fame,
 Extended wide and far their dreaded Name:
 Weak and disarm'd these like the Vulgar Dead;
 (No Scepters grace their Hands, nor Crowns their Head;
 For no Distinction in these Seats remains,
 But that of greater Guilt and fiercer Pains,)

T

Descend

Descended to this execrable Place,
 The Prison of the old gygantick Race :
 The cruel Servants of their lawless Will
 The Caves around the great Oppressours fill.

See next the *Grecian* Tyrants who destroy'd
 The *Eastern* Nations and their Spoils enjoy'd :
 Illustrious Robbers rich by Rapine grown,
 And potent by Possessions not their own,
 Once of their vast extended Empire proud,
 Came hither mingled with the common Croud.

There burn the Chiefs that *Rome's* bright Scepter
 Imperial Crowns and awful Purple wore, [bore,
 Enslav'd the trembling World, Mankind distress'd,
 And unprotected Nations fore oppress'd ;
 They, with the Spoils of ruin'd Kingdoms fed
 Pamper'd with Riot and with Slaughter red,
 Came with the Slain down to these Caves profound,
 Not known from vulgar Shades ; and all around
 Their Armies lye, their Chiefs and Men of Might,
 Who ravag'd Realms and took in Blood Delight.
 To this dire Valley of *Gehenna*, this
 Wild Region of Despair, this dark Abyfs,
 Oppressive Lords of future Times, and all
 Who with their Iron Yoke their People gaul,

And

And while they Wars unwarrantable wage,
Leave bloody Marks of Cruelty and Rage,
Shall cast down headlong from their Thrones repair,
And in this Gulph superiour Torment bear.

Next see th' Apostate Princes, who inur'd
To right Belief at length their Creed abjur'd,
And, urg'd by Lust of Empire and Applause,
Renounc'd their Saviour and betray'd his Cause.

In the same Mount, Lords their sad Lodging take
Who kill'd their Subjects for Opinion's Sake:
These thought the Scepter should free Reason sway,
And that Belief should Fire and Sword obey,
And trusting not Religion's native Charms,
Planted their Faith in Blood & spread its Pow'r by Arms:
These did the Lands with fierce Instructors fill,
And forc'd Men to believe against their Will:
To honour God his Image they effac't,
Terrestrial Realms, to people Heav'n, laid waste,
And lest their Way erroneous Minds should miss,
Bade cruel Ruffians guide them safe to Blifs.

In the next Cells, that burn as fierce, behold
Perfidious Statesmen, who in Treason bold,

By deep Revenge or Lust of Riches sway'd,
 Their Prince, their Country, and their Trust betray'd.
 As not a Soul, that chain'd in Darknes raves
 And yells tormented in these burning Caves,
 Owns blacker Guilt, or Crimes that more disgrace
 Mankind than this accurs'd ungodly Race ;
 So none are doom'd to more unweildy Chains,
 To stronger Vengeance or more raging Pains.

There lye corrupted Judges, who for Gold
 Subverted Right and bought Decrees enroll'd,
 Or urg'd with Party-Malice wrested Laws,
 And shameless judg'd the Person, not the Cause.

Now say, immortal Seraph---*Alfred* cries,
 What is yon Mount whose Peaks exalted rise
 Amidst the Meteors of th' infernal Skies?
 They seem encas'd in Chrystal, and aspire
 Hoary with Frosts in raging Gulphs of Fire.

The gracious Angel answer'd---*Briton*, know
 This is a diff'rent Seat of Pain and Woe.
 Pris'ners by cruel Spirits, who inspir'd
 Their wicked Breasts and with Ambition fir'd
 And Thirst of Gain their impious Souls, by Turns
 From the high Hill that unextinguish'd burns

To this are carry'd, which exalted stands
 O'erlooking all the waste infernal Lands,
 Where cold extream and endless Winter reigns,
 And undissolv'd perpetual Ice remains :
 No polar Wind so keen and piercing blows
 O'er *Hyperborean* Coasts or *Russia's* Snows,
 As Blasts that in these stormy Caves are bred,
 And spend their Rage on this bleak Mountain's Head.
 Th' accurs'd immur'd in Chrystal freezing lye,
 Feel shiv'ring Pangs of Death, but never die :
 Millions of Atomes, all fine pointed Darts,
 Pierce thro' their Veins and penetrate their Hearts :
 They weep and gnash their chatt'ring Teeth, and fill
 With Groans and loud Despair the echoing Hill,
 While they by Turns from Death to Death retreat,
 Now burn by Cold intense, and now by Heat.
 When scorch'd in Flame, [they frozen Seats desire ;
 When there, again they ask their Vaults of Fire ;
 Sad Choice ! in either Suff'ring they complain,
 The Change enrages, not abates their Pain.

That spreading Lake, now said the Angel, view,
 With dismal Flakes of kindled Sulphur blue ;
 Regard the fluid scalding Stores, behold
 The livid Billows this and that way roll'd.

Tempests of Vengeance o'er the Surges sweep,
 Blow up the Flames and agitate the Deep ;
 Which tho' it ever burns is unconsum'd,
 As are the Rebels to its Torment doom'd :
 Pillars of furious Exhalations rise,
 And fill with Fire and Smoke the fultry Skies. }

See there great miter'd Chiefs of impious Mind
 And blameful Life to liquid Plagues consign'd.
 These as to teach, a Right to ruin claim'd,
 And at terrestrial Pomp and Riches aim'd ;
 I'll pleas'd with JESUS, like the *Jews* before
 Who hop'd he came their Kingdom to restore,
 For promising no more than endless Bliss
 In the next World, no Pow'r or Wealth in this,
 Scornful of his, did their own Scheme pursue,
 Nor had they distant Heav'n, but Earth in view ;
 These made beneath their Yoke the People groan,
 And Realms submissive their Dominion own ;
 And while they held o'er Conscience awful Sway,
 Made scepter'd Princes crossier'd Lords obey :
 Still with delicious Wines and Banquets chear'd,
 The Flock they should have fed, they only shear'd.
 Sad Disappointment ! how amazing strange
 Is this new State, this unexpected Change !

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from their painted Rooms and Beds of Ease
 They lye extended now on boiling Seas ;
 Instead of Liquors, which their Thirst requires,
 They drink full Draughts of Wrath, & swallow liquid
 [Fires.

The hateful Race that Providence deny'd,
 And from the Scoffer's impious Chair defy'd
 Almighty Pow'r, despis'd celestial Grace,
 And mock'd the Terrours of this dismal Place,
 To this hot Lake their sad Conviction owe,
 And disciplin'd in Hell Believers grow.

Now in these Waves to flow and now retire,
 And rowl involv'd in undulating Fire,
 The Fools are sentenc'd who on Earth employ'd
 Their transient Hours in soft Delights, enjoy'd
 Riot immense, and in Succession pleas'd
 Each craving Sense, and every Lust appeas'd.
 Bewitching Pleasure's sweet but faithless Tide,
 Where they embark'd and did enchanted ride
 'Midst all the Joys that Minds degen'rate charm
 And oft the Wisest of their Strength disarm,
 Smiling the thoughtless Voyager betrays,
 And all the soft luxurious Crew conveys
 To this dire Gulph, where her perfidious Stream
 Is empty'd ; now their short delusive Dream

Broke off, amaz'd and undeceiv'd they wake,
And feel the Tortures of the burning Lake.

Know, here th' Adult'rer must for ever groan,
Plung'd in fierce Flames first kindled by his own :
He now reflects amidst distracting Pains
On past Pollutions and his guilty Stains
With Shame and Horrour, and vain Curfes spends
On the sweet Poison which in Torment ends.

The Hypocrite, who blameless Men carefs'd,
And more than vulgar Piety express'd,
Yet Virtue in his secret Breast despis'd,
And in a Saint-like Figure liv'd disguis'd,
By artificial Looks and Goodness feign'd
Conceal'd his Fraud, and great Possessions gain'd,
Lays by his useless Mask and double Art,
Condemn'd to act the Suff'ers open Part :
He now involv'd in burning Waves remains
O'erwhelm'd with Wrath unfeign'd, and real Pains.

Here, They that threaten'd Torments did defy,
Imagin'd deep Deceit, and hugg'd a Lye,
Call for a Drop of Water to assuage
Their burning Tongue's unsufferable Rage.

There

There the Prophane, who Pow'r divine contemn'd,
With Imprecations horrible blasphem'd
Th' Almighty's Throne, and call'd him to attest
Their false or idle Speech, are now oppress'd
With Wrath immense, and all the Vengeance bear
They once invoc'd by execrable Pray'r.

While *Britain's* Prince *Gehenna's* Vaults survey'd,
He saw a black impenetrable Shade,
Of Foggs infernal and dark Vapours made
That on the Frontier near the Verge of Day
Pond'rous and gloomy and unactive lay :
Then earnest ask'd the Guardian Seraph why
Those Clouds opacous there collected lye.

Who thus reply'd---To *Alfred* I reveal
What those exalted Mounds of Shade conceal.
Then with a Gleam of swift projected Light
He pierc'd the Meteors and dispell'd the Night :
The parting Mists on either Side withdrew,
And the thick Darkness from its Station flew.
Then said---Behold the horrid Entrance there
Of this Abyfs, these Regions of Despair,
The Port of Death, and the black Mouth of Hell,
Where, as you see, tormented Rebels dwell.

Observe

Observe, the Angel said, the Fiends that wait
 In threat'ning Crouds to guard the gloomy Gate
 With Fire-brands arm'd, that none may e'er retreat
 By Pow'r or Stealth from this infernal Seat ;
 While from the Heights of Earth and Realms of Day
 Others the Dead to this sad Gulph convey :
 These, as the impious Criminals arrive,
 Receive them stern, and the chain'd Pris'ners drive
 With livid Flames and Whips of ruddy Wire
 To Vaults of dry, or Floods of liquid Fire ;
 Where, since their Crimes are of a various Dye,
 In various Torments they despairing lye.

Then said the *Briton*, Gracious Seraph, tell
 What is the Croud now rushing into Hell,
 The Gates unbarr'd and yawning horrible ;
 And who's the Man that walks with sullen Grace,
 Majestick Port and melancholy Pace,
 Fierce Rage and vast Disturbance in his Face.

The *Briton* ceas'd---The mild celestial Guide
 To the enquiring Heroe thus reply'd.
 The Swarms you see, who in this destin'd Hour
 Thro' the wide Gates to Hell's sad Prisons pour,
 By their wild Aspects and vindictive Air
 Their ghastly Wounds and bloody Marks declare,

Some

Some martial Rout, and that the num'rous Train
Come from the Field of Battle newly slain.
The Chief that leads them (*Solga* is his Name,
One lately proud of Empire, Wealth, and Fame,
Lord of the various Realms on either Side,
Where *Ganges* rolls his celebrated Tide,)
To me is known ; for by Supream Command
I long presided Chief o'er *India's* Land :
He vex'd the States around with proud Alarms,
And ruin'd Kingdoms by his lawless Arms ;
Impious his Vows and solemn Treaties broke,
Impos'd on peaceful Realms his heavy Yoke ;
And to extend his Conquests wide and far
Destroy'd the Nations by ambitious War :
Scarce one in Hell's intensest Fires exceeds
In Falsehood, Pride, Revenge, and cruel Deeds,
This godless King, none more the World defac't,
Nor spilt more Blood, nor laid more Cities waste.

See, while the Fiends to raging Flames convey
Solga, what Numbers meet him on the Way :
These were his Captains, Chiefs, and Potentates,
That rul'd the Monarch's tributary States :
They thus bespeak the King, their Voice I hear,
Perceiv'd by mine, tho' not by *Alfred's* Ear,

Art Thou, so lately rang'd among the Gods,
 At last arriv'd, at these accur'd Abodes ?
 Thou, who ^{with} Triumphs and wide Empire crown'd
 Didst awe with mighty Hosts the World around,
 Art thou descended to these Seats abhorr'd,
 By all the *Eastern* World so late ador'd,
 This Place of Torment, where distracting Pain
 Rage and Despair in endless Triumph reign ?
 Where are thy Purple Robes, thy dazzling Crown,
 Imperial Ensigns, and august Renown ?
 Art thou of all thy Pomp and Pow'r bereft ?
 Like us, unpity'd, poor, and naked left ?
 Could none of all thy Ministers design
 A Scheme to save their Prince from Wrath divine ?
 Are all thy false and sweet-tongu'd Flatt'ers gone,
 That us'd to croud and bow before thy Throne ?
 Where are thy num'rous Guards and mighty Host,
 That made the Nations tremble ? are they lost ?
 Vain Guards and Hosts, that could not *Solga* save
 From pow'rful Fate and this infernal Cave !
 Sink, cruel Tyrant, in th' Abyss of Hell
 Where fiercest Plagues and Pains immortal dwell.
 Go take Possession of these dismal Seats,
 Where Death unceasing Agonies repeats.
 Curst be the Hour we first thy Will obey'd,
 Curst be thy Court that has our Lives betray'd,

Where

Where first we learn'd to mock eternal Might,
 To plunge in Vice, and take in Blood Delight :
 Go to thy burning Cell ; 'tis some Relief,
 Sad Consolation ! to behold thy Grief.

To meet him, see, a Band of Women flies,
 How menacing their Looks ! how fierce their Cries !
 What Indignation rages in their Eyes !
 The foremost of the Train bespeaks him thus ;
 Tyrant, art thou become like one of us ?
 Art thou condemn'd to suffer gloomy Chains ;
 And howl and groan in everlasting Pains ?
 Must thou, like us, almighty Fury bear,
 And sink amidst the Depths of black Despair ?
 Thou, Thou of my Destruction art the Cause,
 By Thee seduc'd I brok' th' Eternal's Laws :
 To thee did I my Innocence resign,
 And perjur'd left my Consort's Bed for thine ;
 Thy guilty Flames I yielded to appease,
 But, Tyrant, say, who shall extinguish these
 Which I endure in these dark Prisons barr'd,
 Of Criminal Delights the sad Reward ?
 Perdition ! Fury ! Plagues ! oh I could wrest
 And tear thy hateful Soul from out thy Breast.
 Lend me, Despair, thy sharp envenom'd Dart,
 That I may stab this Monster to the Heart.

Know,

Know, *Solga*, Tyrant unexampled, know,
 I'll still enrage thy Pains and swell thy Woe;
 To pierce thy Breast and aggravate thy Hell
 I'll hourly haunt thee, in thy Ears I'll yell,
 And groan and scream and shriek about thy Cell:
 Besides, this Troop by thee betray'd will join
 Their Execrations and their Cries with mine.

Solga provok'd his Teeth indignant gnash'd,
 And bit the ruddy Flame that round him flash'd:
 Furious he beat his Breast, and rais'd his Eyes
 In bitter Anguish to the sultry Skies.
 Now *Demons* whip him to his burning Cell,
 Where he for ever must in Torments dwell,
 Sharper than e'er were by the Lictor's Hand
 Inflicted at the Tyrant's fierce Command.

Now while ascending from the Seats below,
 The Courts of Death and Residence of Woe,
 The gracious Seraph gently wing'd his Way
 Thro' gloomy Night to the bright Coasts of Day,
 He to the *British* Heroe thus address;
 Tenacious lodge th' Events within your Breast
 Which, *Alfred*, now shall by Prediction see
 Wrapt in the Womb of dark Futurity.

After

After great Dangers, Cares, and various Toil,
Alfred shall reach again his native Soil ;
Where he shall soon th' imperial Scepter sway,
And willing Subjects shall his Laws obey :
He'll quell the *Dane*, and with a potent Hand
Sweep the devouring Locusts from the Land ;
Will Peace and Plenty to the Isle restore,
And with his Navy guard *Britannia's* Shore.
Now shall the Kingdom thus deliver'd smile,
Pow'r shall defend and Plenty crown the Isle :
Letters shall flourish ; while with friendly Grace
Soft Equity and rig'rous Law embrace :
Freedom shall Might, and Justice Peace carefs,
And with united Charms the Nation blefs.
Enroll'd above, yet more great *Saxons* stand
That shall the confluent Monarchies command.
Thro' many peaceful Reigns fierce *Cimbrian* Swarms
Shall cease to vex the Realm with Foreign Arms.
(Yet on the Throne at length the *Dane* shall shine
And interrupt a while the *Saxon* Line)

Your potent Race shall by Degrees decay ;
And a new Line shall *Albion's* Scepter sway.
The mighty *Norman* from *Neustrasia's* Shore
On *Albion's* Strand shall valiant Cohorts pour,

And

And land the floating War; he'll *Harold* beat,
Then march in Triumph to th' imperial Seat.
Sublime *Augusta*, and the Throne ascend,
From whose high Blood four Monarchs shall descend.

And now a fam'd *Plantagenet* shall wear
Th' imperial Crown; and make the Realm his Care,
From this rich Stock shall flow a num'rous Train
That shall, with various Fate, o'er *Albion* reign;
Weak and inglorious now, now wise and great,
They'll raise by Turns, by Turns depress the State.
While this illustrious House shall rule the Isle
Discord and Heats shall long the Land embroil,
While rich and potent Patriots bold in Arms
Shall trouble *Albion's* Peace by fierce Alarms,
And jealous of their Freedom draw their Swords
To check th' encroaching Pow'r of Sov'reign Lords.
These long Disputes, whoe'er are Victors found,
Will deeply fair *Britannia's* Bosom wound.
Nor will she less beneath her Suff'rings groan
From undetermin'd Titles to the Throne,
While Chiefs for Empire strive with equal Might,
Victorious now, and now subdu'd in Fight.
Long the white Rose contending with the Red
With Seas of Blood shall *Albion* overspread:

Happy

Happy Espoufals shall at Length unite
 The rival Pow'rs, and settle doubtful Right;
 Shall fix the wav'ring State, its Wounds cement,
 And the fierce Rage of civil Arms prevent.
 By *Tudor* now restor'd the *British* Line,
 Which Foreign Arms victorious Will confine
 To the high Hills beyond *Sabrina's* Tide,
 Shall mount the Throne and o'er the Realm preside.

Now a new Race shall rise to rule the Isle,
 From *Caledonia's* independent Soil,
 Whose Kings united Scepters shall command,
 This of *Britannia*, that of *Scotia's* Land.
 Six Sov'reign Pow'rs shall from this Fountain flow,
 Who'll diff'rent Fate by diff'rent Conduct know.
 Nam'd by the States, and by th' august *Nassau*,
 Who shall the Land defend, proud Rebels awe,
 And great in Arms and wise in Council aim
 At Glory, and acquire immortal Fame,
 See, *GEORGE* on fair *Britannia's* Shore appears
 A second Saviour to dispell her Fears,
 Who midst triumphant Shouts of Joy unknown
 Shall reach *Augusta* and ascend the Throne.

From the old Seats, whence *Alfred's* Fathers came,
 Kings of high Merit and Heroick Fame,

U

Whose

Whose conqu'ring Swords acquir'd supream Command,
 Wore independent Crowns and shar'd the Land,
 This Monarch shall arrive on *Albion's* Strand.
 He shall the Kingdom rule by ancient Laws,
 Guard publick Right and aid Religion's Cause,
 Prone to forgive ev'n of his Foes the worst,
 To Friends indulgent and to all Men just.
 When with infernal Faction he contends
 Adhering firmly to his constant Friends,
 Of steady Mind and stable as a Rock
 'Midst boist'rous Waves, he'll Party-Fury mock.
 Calm and unchang'd he'll in the Storm preside,
 Manage unruly Strife, the Tempest guide,
 And stem and drive Sedition's refluent Tide.
 Thus he'll the headstrong Multitude restrain
 Mad as the Winds, and restless as the Main.
 Happy *Britannia!* If thy Sons could know
 To this indulgent Monarch what they'll owe,
 Could they the Lust of too great Pow'r appease
 Patient of Wealth, and reconcil'd to Ease.

The Prince, his Offspring, who shall bear his Name,
 Thirsty of Glory and Heroick Fame,
 Ev'n in the recent Bloom of Youth shall gain
 Laurels, the Warriour's Pride, on *Belgia's* Plain;

Where

Where he'll intrepid 'midst the Squadrons fight
To guard invaded Realms from *Gallick* Might.
Then in the Field for martial Deeds renown'd,
Laden with Spoils and with Applauses crown'd,
He'll with his Sov'reign pass to *Albion's* Isle,
And share by Sea and Land his various Toil.

His royal Consort of a noble Race,
Whom all the Charms of finish'd Beauty grace,
Happy in rich Endowments of the Mind,
Dear to her Prince and to the People kind,
Of gracious Mien and elegant Address,
Not too reserv'd, nor of too free Access,
Shall raise the Glory of *Britannia's* Court,
Religion guard, and Liberty support.
A Virgin she'll to Truth divine postpone
The tempting Pow'r and Splendor of a Throne :
Illustrious Fact! for which immortal Fame
And Praise shall crown, bright Heroine, thy Name.

See, from this royal Pair's blest Nuptial Bed,
Fruitful of Princes to supply the Dead,
A Train shall spring ; some of this royal Seed
Shall, as I trust in Heav'n it is decreed,

Britannia's Scepter in long Order bear ;
 And some shall Brides in foreign Kingdoms wear
 Imperial Crowns and sov'reign Honours share.

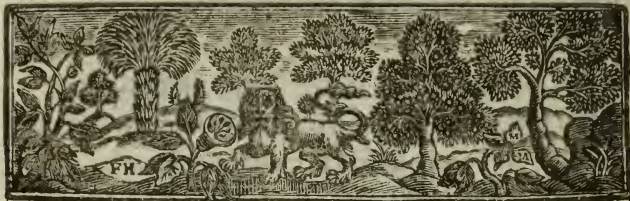
In their first Offspring blended shall conspire
 The Mother's Sweetness and the Father's Fire,
 Whence inward Beauties with exteriour join,
 And in a lovely Constellation shine.
 This Prince for Empire turn'd and high Command,
 The other Hope of fair *Britannia's* Land,
 Shall *Fred'rick* be, a Genius just and bright,
 No less the People's than the Court's Delight.
 By Thee, O *Alfred*, may he form his Mind
 To Science, Arts, and Arms, like Thee, inclin'd ;
 Then the illustrious Bloom the Youth displays
 Of princely Virtues, in maturer Days
 If such are granted, generous Fruits shall bear,
 And a full Head of ripen'd Glory wear.

The Seraph ceas'd---And *Alfred* thus replies ;
 In destin'd Time let that young Heroe rise,
 Who great in Arms *Britannia* may defend,
 Encrease her Virtue and her Pow'r extend ;
 And may no hard disastrous Fate delay ;
 In due Succession, that auspicious Day.

Now

Now did the gracious Guide the *Briton* bear
From the low Regions to superiour Air,
And plac'd him in the Grove, whence, so he thought,
He was on high by the bright Seraph caught.
Then Heav'ns illustrious Minister withdrew,
And thro' the azure Districts mounting flew.
Now was dissolv'd the visionary Scheme ;
And *Alfred* waken'd from th' important Dream,
To Heav'n in pure Devotion rais'd his Thought,
And Aid divine to guide his Steps besought.





ALFRED.

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

The Britons at the Return of Day leave the Wood, and advancing into the Country are seized as Spies by a Troop of the King of Agmat's Guards, who were in Search of Dalcanor, a great Offender fled from Justice. They are sent to Agmat, where the Inhabitants were then celebrating a high Festival in Honour of their God the SUN. They are carried before Albuzar the Governour, and examined, who, and whence they were. They own themselves to be Britons and Christians. The Governour tells them they must, according to an indispensable Law of the Country, pay solemn Worship to their Deity the SUN,

or

or suffer Death. The Britons refuse the first. Are condemned, and led to Execution. On the Way thither, Guithun, who was an eminent Astronomer, foreknew that a total Eclipse of the Sun would happen at this Time, and, to terrify and dissuade the Agmatians from putting them to Death, he threatens them that their God should immediately be extinguished and blotted out of the Skies. The Eclipse ensued. The People seized with the utmost Consternation, entreat Guithun to restore their Deity. Guithun promises that he should be re-established; which done, the People taking the Britons for Gods descended from Heaven in Humane Shape, were ready to pay divine Honours, and offer Sacrifices to them, which Guithun interposing prevents. The People kill Albuzar, and destroy his Palace. The Britons are carried to Abal the King, who receives them with great Kindness and Respect. The King of Dara hearing that Albuzar was slain, who, tho' an ill Man, had been a successful General, and had brought that Prince under the Agmatian Yoke, takes this Opportunity to rise in Arms and invade Abal's Kingdom; who hearing the News, immediately orders his Army should be assembled. Gives Alfred the chief Command. The Prince overthrows the Darans. Is received with great Applause at Agmat. Abal advanced in Age and grown weary of publick Cares, resigns his Crown and Dignity. The People chuse Alfred to fill his Place. Alfred refuses, and recommends to them Golan, who is unanimously elected King.



O W did the solar Orb revolving
rise

With growing Glory thro' the
Saffron Skies;

Alfred and *Guithun* from the
Wood advance

To search th' unpractis'd Country, when by Chance
A well arm'd Squadron by their Monarch sent

Dalcanor's Embarkation to prevent,

A Minister corrupt from Justice fled,

In their Pursuit of this Offender's Head

Observ'd the *British* Pair, who from the Shore

Wander'd this unknown Region to explore.

As Spies they seiz'd and led them to the Town

Of *Agmat* first in Empire and Renown.

The People then held to their God the SUN

Their annual Feast, which, when he rose, begun,

Worship divine th' adoring Vot'ries pay,

And solemnize with pompous Rites the Day.

The Domes with Clouds of balmy Incense smoke,

While fatty Vapours from the Entrails broke

Of Victims burning in each sacred Grove,

And Fumes in curling Columns upward strove.

Now were the *Britons* to *Albuzar* led,
Th' imperial City's delegated Head,

And

And the great King's first Officer of State ;
He bade them who and whence they were relate.

Alfred reply'd---You see of *Albion's* Isle
Two Natives shipwreck'd cast on *Libya's* Soil,
Then are you Christians---said the *Pagan* Chief.
The Prince return'd---To that divine Belief
We firm adhere---Then said *Albuzar*, know,
You on this Feast must to the Temple go,
And to our God the SUN due Honour show :
An ancient sacred Law commands that all
Found on this Day within our City's Wall
Must to adore our Deity comply,
And practise our religious Rites, or die.

Then *Alfred*---Heav'n indulgent is and good,
And takes Delight in Mercy, not in Blood :
This Pow'r supreme, that sits enthron'd above
A Mind benevolent, a God of Love,
Can no religious Cruelty approve.
Zealots to him detested Worship pay
Who, to instruct the Mind, the Body slay.
Schemes of Belief, that tend not to create
Intestine Ferments and embroil the State,
Should from coercive penal Laws be freed,
Doctrines from Heav'n no earthly Terrours need.

Can Creeds be fram'd by Liçtors ? to the Heart
 Can tort'ring Scourges, Racks, and Wheels, impart
 Passions devout and pure ? can Light divine
 Emerge from Dungeons or the Delver's Mine ?
 The greatest Monarchs can't extend, by Right,
 Beyond their Civil Sphere their civil Might.
 Hence none condemn'd should at your Altars bleed
 For Disagreement with the publick Creed :
 Oh ! let not Strangers shipwreck'd on your Strand
 Perish in this inhospitable Land ;
 Let not *Agmatian* Lords relentless grow,
 And, than the Storms we 'scap'd, less Mercy show.

Your God, the SUN, to Good and Bad is kind,
 Nor is his Bounty to a Sect confin'd,
 But his revivng Heat and Lustre flow
 Without Distinction on the Realms below.
 Hence we your Favour can't in vain implore,
 If, of th' illustrious Orb that you adore,
 You æmulous on all impartial shine,
 And spread around Benevolence divine.

He ceas'd---*Albuzar* wrathful thus reply'd ;
 Are then our God, our Laws, and Pow'r defy'd ?

Your

Your Words are vain, without prolong'd Debate
Kneel at our Altars, or expect your Fate.

Then *Alfred*---Idol-Worship we refuse,
Fix'd in our Faith, and Death shall rather chuse
Than on his Wrath by Disobedience run
Who reer'd the World, and made your God, the SUN,
Which shines dependent on that Source of Light,
And climbs the Skies by delegated Might.
This GOD unseen, whose Hands alone sustain
What first he made, the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Main,
Gave to the solar Orb his motive Force,
And settled Orders that direct his Course :
This God we honour and his Will obey,
But to his Creatures no Devotion pay.

He ceas'd---And, when incens'd *Albuzar* saw
The Christians in Contempt of *Agmat's* Law
Resolv'd the publick Worship to defy,
Refuse Obedience and accept to die,
He gave to waiting Officers Command
That both should suffer by the Headsman's Hand.
Then cruel Lictors to a neighb'ring Plain,
Where Criminals expir'd in tort'ring Pain,
Convey the *Britons*, while a shouting Throng
To see the bloody Action march along.

Guithun,

Guthun, who, vers'd in Astronomick Art
And own'd superiour to the greatest Part
Of Sages, knew that at th' approaching Noon
In Nature's Course the interceding Moon
Would wholly interrupt the solar Ray,
And with surprizing Gloom efface the Day,
Resolv'd in this important Hour to use
His Astrologick Præscience to amuse
Th' unletter'd Nation, and dispose their Mind
Not to inflict the cruel Stroke design'd.
Then, beck'ning with his Hand, he cry'd aloud,
'And earnest thus bespoke th' attentive Croud;
To shed our Blood beware how you proceed,
See, to deter you from this heinous Deed,
Heav'n will o'erspread the Land with sudden Night,
Blot out your SUN, and of his chearing Light
Defraud your Tribes, when you with fruitless Cries
'And unprevailing Pray'r shall fill the Skies.
See and repent, the awful Scene's begun,
Lift up your Eyes, behold the sick'ning Sun
Shines dimly, soon you'll find his splendid Train
Extinguish'd, and will seek the Day in vain.
Your God, prodigious Sight! At Noon will set,
'And mask his Visage with a Veil of Jet;

While

While you astonish'd will bewilder'd stray,
And in meridian Darknes lose your Way.

Now did the intervening Moon apace
Advancing in her heav'nly Road efface
The Source of Light, and by Degrees at last
His whole refulgent Body overcast ;
And while his Beams began to disappear,
The People shook at once with Cold and Fear ;
For, introduc'd by dark unnat'ral Shades,
A sudden Winter's Force the Air invades.
Uncherish'd now by solar Light and Heat
Their Hearts with Toil their vital Task repeat ;
While shiv'ring Chillness seizes every Vein,
Slackens their Sinews and disturbs their Brain,
Which deep Impressions left of various Kind,
That pain the Body or afflict the Mind.

Reveal'd by Darknes Stars amaz'd the Sight,
And thro' surprizing Gloom diffuse surprizing Light ;
The radiant Leaders of the Ev'n and Morn,
Beheld at once, the wond'ring Heav'ns adorn :
Nor could the Birds deluded overcome
Their sudden Fear and Consternation, some
In various Errour this and that Way flew,
Nor what Abodes to seek bewilder'd knew ;

While

While some to shady Coverts wing'd their Flight
 In their known Roofs to pass expected Night.
 Flocks in the dark from Shepherds went astray,
 Who the nocturnal Shade at middle Day
 Astonish'd view'd, mean Time the plowing Swains;
 The Ox unyok'd, in Terrour left the Plains.
 The Lyon too, deceiv'd, his Time mistook,
 Rous'd, yawn'd, & stretch'd, & his close Den forsook;
 Then roaring thro' the Forrest made his Way,
 And, tho' so lately fed, pursu'd his Prey.

The *Pagan* Nation, at this dismal Sight
 In Horrour and ineffable Affright,
 Fearing the SUN was blotted from the Skies,
 And would no more to bless their Kingdom rise,
 With howling Cries the *British* Sage implor'd
 That by his Aid their God might be restor'd.

Guithun aloud reply'd---Soon you shall find
 The Sun rekindled will again be kind.
 And as he said---The Moon, some Moments past;
 Whose Shade the solar Orb had overcast,
 Advancing on her known progressive Task,
 From his bright Face in Part remov'd the Mask:
 Then, wond'rous to behold! a sudden Blaze
 Of heav'nly Glory and oppressive Rays,

Unfufferable Burft of gushing Light,
 Sprung from the Heav'ns and pain'd the dazled Sight:
 Now by Degrees the SUN his Orb reveal'd,
 Which by Degrees the Moon before conceal'd.
 At this surprizing Scene the gather'd Croud
 In Songs and Dances, Acclamations loud
 And Shouts of Triumph, rapt'rous Joy exprefs
 To fee the SUN his Empire repoffefs.

Then all exclaim'd---Thefe are not Men, but Gods
 Newly defcended from their blefs'd Abodes
 In humane Form disguis'd; then let us fhew
 Honours divine to thefe high Beings due.

And firft the priestly Order richly drefs'd
 Their Zeal to honour *Albion's* Sons exprefs'd.
 Some brought fleek Bullocks for the Altar fed
 With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, fome eager led
 In folemn Pomp devoted harmlefs Lambs,
 While others forward fhov'd their bleating Dams,
 Which they as facred Victims meant to flay
 And publick Worſhip to the Strangers pay.
 Inconfant Vulgar, who as Gods adore
 The Men condemn'd to Torments juft before!

Guithun, perceiving this, amidst the Croud
 Impetuous rush'd and thus exclaim'd aloud;
 Deluded Men, your rash Attempt forbear,
 Dismiss the Pomp, and undue Honours spare.
 We are not Beings of celestial Race,
 But you as Brother-Mortals we embrace.
 Believe me, we are Flesh and Blood like you,
 And eat and drink our Vigour to renew.
 Common to you we under Suff'rings groan,
 And in our Breasts feel Passions, like your own.
 He said---Yet scarcely could his Zeal prevent
 Unhallow'd Rites, and change the Priests Intent.

The Multitude incens'd with Fury flew
 To his high Palace and *Albizar* flew
 With all his hapless Offspring, then defac'd
 His curious Gardens, Walks, and Groves, and raz'd
 His proud aspiring Structure, to assuage
 At the fierce Ruler's Cost vindictive Rage,
 Who by his rash Decree condemn'd to die
 Two judg'd immortal Natives of the Sky:
 While others with unusual Honours bring
 The *British* Pair to *Abal Agmat's* King,
 And told him these Commands on Nature lay,
 That they recall'd the SUN's departed Ray,
 Succour'd their God, and re-establish'd Day.

Th' in-

Th' indulgent Monarch clasp'd them to his Breast,
And of a grateful Mind great Marks exprest:

Abal, a Sov'reign generous, wise, fedate,
Long rul'd in War and Peace the happy State;
But when in Years advanc'd, to Ease inclin'd,
He to *Albuzar* publick Cares resign'd,
Who with despotick Will the Kingdom sway'd,
While his Commands the Camp and Court obey'd:
But ill the Fav'rite royal Goodness us'd,
Betray'd his Trust and his high Pow'r abus'd,
While he the Realm by cruel Ways distress'd,
Plunder'd the Wealthy and the Poor oppress'd:
Thus he excited universal Hate,
And by enormous Guilt brought on his Fate.
Th' indulgent King receiv'd in princely Sort
The *British* Heroe at his splendid Court,
Whose princely Virtues there to all appear
So bright, so great, so from Suspicion clear,
That soon he grew to *Abal's* Servants dear.

One Night, while Sleep his downy Wings had spread
O'er *Alfred's* Eyes, then resting on his Bed,
Bright *Amel* swift as Heav'n's exploded Flame
Down the steep Vacant to the *Briton* came,

And in a Vision to the Heroe said,
 Empow'r'd by high Commission I have sped
 My Way to *Abal's* Court, to let you know,
 That, by this Prince to quell a faithless Foe
 Who'll soon invade his Kingdom, when you 're pray'd
 With earnest Speech in Arms to give him Aid,
 You to the King should unreluctant yield,
 And lead his muster'd Warriours to the Field.
 This will become a great Heroick Mind,
 You'll hence without Remorse true Pleasure find,
 And by illustrious Deeds on *Agmat's* Plains
 Efface in Part your late *Sicilian* Stains.

This said, he vanish'd ; and without Delay
Alfred resolv'd Heav'n's Orders to obey.
 Then the next Evening, while the royal Pair
 Travers'd the Walks to breathe refreshing Air,
 Two Officers of Rank superiour bring,
 Panting with Haste, bad Tidings to the King,
 That with a potent Army *Dara's* Lord
 The Kingdom had invaded, and with Sword
 And Fire the Country and the Towns laid waste ;
 That he the Streights of *Abela* had past,
 And, if not soon oppos'd, might *Orban* gain,
 And thence advance direct to *Agmat's* Plain.

Present

Present of Mind the Monarch gave Command
 That his great Chiefs, the *Daran* to withstand,
 With utmost Speed their Forces should unite,
 And march th' Invader to engage in Fight.
 He then the *Briton* courteous thus bespoke ;
 The *Daran*, whom no Reasons just provoke,
 Has solemn Vows and Leagues of Friendship broke. }
 War not denounc'd the faithless Prince assail'd
 Our Towns ill-mann'd, and has so far prevail'd
 By unexpected ignominious Arms,
 That *Agmat* fears th' Aggressor's proud Alarms.
 My Chiefs, their Troops assembled, will attack
 Th' insulting Foe to drive the Tempest back ;
 But, *Alfred*, you, importunate I ask,
 Will head the gather'd Army, 'tis a Task
 Worthy the *British* Heroe's generous Hand
 To quell proud Might, and guard an injur'd Land.
 Then lead my Host to glorious Labour, thus
 Renown will you attend, and Safety us.
Alfred, whose Intercession could retrieve
 Th' extinguish'd Sun, may troubled States relieve
 With greater Ease ; on you I firm rely,
 On you, to whom the Gods no Aid deny.

Alfred, to pay Obedience fully bent
 To the Command by the bright Seraph sent,

Comply'd, and took at Dawn of Light his Way
 To *Goreb*, where collected Bodies lay
 Of *Abal's* Forces, and was quickly join'd
 By neighb'ring Troops to swell the Host design'd.
 The Army thus encreas'd puissant grows,
 When *Alfred* march'd to meet th' advancing Foes,
 And with such Ardour, such heroick Airs,
 And Spirit undismay'd for Fight prepares,
 That all his Looks, and Mien, and Words, express
 Th' auspicious Tokens that presage Success.
 The Host observ'd him with consummate Joy,
 Sure that his Aid would the proud Hopes destroy
 Of *Dara's* Monarch, and support their State
 Against the Terrours of impending Fate.

And now the *Daran* Army march'd in Sight,
 But Action was deferr'd by growing Night.
 In his Pavilion *Alfred* watchful lay,
 And search'd the Heav'ns with eager Eyes for Day.

At length the Morning Ray began to try
 Its tender Wings, and thro' th' Abyſs of Sky
 Flew smiling down; the *British* Heroe rose
 Pleas'd, his Brigades for Combate to dispose.
 Now clad in polish'd Armour, glorious Sight!
 That pain'd Spectators with reflected Light,

He

He mounted swift his *Mauritanian* Steed,
 Fam'd for his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Speed,
 The most renown'd of *Abal's* noble Breed. }
 With his strong Hand he grasp'd his trembling Lance,
 Look'd fearless round, and bade his Troops advance.
 His bounding Courser scornful of the Rein
 Carried the martial Tempest o'er the Plain
 With graceful Pride, the Rider with an Air
 And dauntless Aspect, such as Heroes wear
 And such as inbred Fire and Valour shew,
 Impatient of Delay to Battle flew.

The *Daran* at his mighty Army's Head,
 Bold and with sanguine Hopes of Conquest fed,
 Advancing thro' the Pass of *Cela* press'd,
 And by Degrees his Van the Vale possess'd.
 Soon was his Host extended wide and far,
 And cover'd all the Fields with spreading War.
 So when a Cloud, at first but small, in Air
 Is seen near *Western India's* Climates, where
 The *Æquinoctial* Girdle does embrace
 The Earth's round Globe, soon all th' *Ethereal* Space
 Black congregated Vapours overspread,
 Whence adverse Storms and Hurricanes inbred
 Are ready to explode their hostile Rage,
 And in aerial Fight their Strength engage.

Before the *Briton* would the Foe assault,
 Tho' near advanc'd, he bade his Squadrons halt;
 Then holding up on high a Parchment roll'd
 And turning to his Troops he cry'd, Behold
 The friendly League between the Monarchs sign'd
 And fix'd by sacred Oaths; no Wit can find
 Words of more Force, that can two Princes bind.
 Your Sov'reign from his Archieves gave in Trust
 To me this Volume, when his Orders first
Alfred receiv'd, to which I now am just.
 With worthy Indignation then to fire
 Your Breasts and double Courage to inspire
 The Treaty hear--A Herald now aloud
 Read the *Diploma* to the martial Croud
 That list'ning stood---The Chief, that Office done,
 Thus to the Cohorts pour'd around begun.

Warriours, you see the *Darian* King defies
 Justice divine, and mocks religious Tyes;
 'Tis clear he impious Principles allows,
 Affronts his GOD and violates his Vows;
 This has the Pow'r that rules the World incens'd,
 Who ne'er with such enormous Guilt dispens'd:
 Perfidious Princes War not only wage
 With injur'd Realms on Earth, but Heav'n engage,
 Whose

Whose fatal Vengeance Monarchs will pursue
Not to their Oaths nor solemn Promise true.
Confed'rate Pow'rs from the bright Host above
That Fraud abhor and your just Cause approve,
Sent by the Lord of Armies high Command,
Grasping immortal Sabres in their Hand,
Hover in Air unseen to charge the Foe,
And will their Hate of Treaty-breakers show.
Trust to your Cause, and on their Guilt depend;
The Realm their Arms invade, their Crimes defend:
Undaunted meet them, and in Battle brave
Assert your Monarch, and your Country save.

Devoutly then the Heroe rais'd his Eyes,
And, holding up the Treaty to the Skies,
He said---Great Pow'r, who dost the Just protect,
And perjur'd Nations in thy Wrath correct,
To vindicate thy Laws, and States affright
From breaking Leagues and violating Right,
Punish this Day by some *Aematian* Sword
This proud Invader, *Dara's* faithless Lord.

That said---He sprung, and with a gen'rous Thirst
Of Glory plung'd amidst the Ranks, and first
Noble *Borello* from fair *Arva's* Plains
Felt the bright Javelin in his wounded Veins.

Then mighty *Dravan* with enormous Rage
 Rush'd thro' the Field the Heroe to engage :
 The *Briton* heard him threat'ning from afar,
 And fir'd with Fury coveted the War :
 Then to th' advancing Chief intrepid flew,
 And by his matchless Arms the Champion flew.

— So a young Lyon, that in prosp'rous Fight
 His Courage oft has shown and prov'd his Might,
 If, now convinc'd of his superiour Force,
 He spies a vig'rous Bull that bellowing hoarse
 And proudly nodding thro' the flow'ry Meads
 His fair horn'd Troop with Pace majestick leads,
 Lashing his Sides he roars, he licks his Jaws,
 And oft to feel his Strength strikes out his Paws ;
 Then rushing on with Terrour in his Eyes,
 Rapid to tear his Foe in Combate flies.

Alfred his Weapon next at *Boran* threw,
 Which struck the valiant Chief, and, passing thro'
 His Bosom, enter'd deep his bleeding Heart
 That trembling felt low ebbing Life depart :
 The Warriour fell and in Convulsions lay
 Striving with earnest Eyes to catch the Day.

His Fauchion next great *Taracol* assail'd,
 Whose Sword o'er mighty Heroe's had prevail'd ;

The

The Weapon fever'd from the Neck the Head,
 This gasping bounded, while that jetting bled
 At all the open'd Veins, and drench'd the Ground
 With reeking Streams of Purple pour'd around.

When *Atrofan* a Chief of great Renown,
 By his high Birth of Kindred to the Crown,
 Seeing the Prince with such Success advance,
 Sprung forward to engage him with his Lance,
 Which with prodigious Strength and Fury hurl'd
 Had sent immediate to another World
 A vulgar Warriour, but in *Alfred's* Shield
 The Weapon stuck; he to assure the Field
 To his undaunted Foe with Vigour flew,
 And at a Blow cut Head and Head-piece through:
 He fell, and shook the Ground, a dreadful Cry
 Rung thro' the *Daran's* Host and reach'd the Sky.
 Then thro' opposing Files the *Briton* broke,
 And on the right and left at every Stroke
 Kill'd or dismember'd Heroes, till the Slain
 With ghastly Heaps deform'd the reeking Plain.

Della mean Time, who martial Honour fought,
 Brave but with unsuccessful Valour fought;
 For, by the *Daran's* thick Brigades opprest
 And compass'd round, the Leader in his Breast

Receiv'd

Receiv'd a mortal Thrust, the glitt'ring Spear,
 Its Point distain'd, did thro' the Back appear.
 Thus fell the wise and great *Agmatian* Chief,
 And thro' the Host mov'd universal Grief.
 The Troops by this intrepid Warriour led,
 Desponding when they saw their General dead,
 By greater Numbers press'd began to yield
 The Battle, and forsake th' unequal Field.

Soon as *Britannia's* conquering Heroe found
 That *Della's* strong Battallions left their Ground,
 To stop their Flight he 'midst the Cohorts flew,
 And from his foaming Courser eager threw
 Himself upon his Feet, and cry'd aloud
 With moving Accents to the daunted Croud,
 Courage, brave Warriours, tho' your Leader's slain,
 Renew the Combate and your Ground regain :
 Your wonted Valour now intrepid show,
 And with your Arms chastize a perjur'd Foe :
 You for your Country now in Arms appear,
 Your King, your Kindred, Friends, and all Things dear :
 Shall these fair Towns be lost? these fertile Plains?
 And servile will you wear th' Invader's Chains?
 Say, has th' extinguish'd SUN reviv'd his Light
 To see your Troops by ignominious Flight

Decline

Decline the Combate, leave in Fear the Field,
And to a faithless Prince your Nation yield?
Forbid it Heav'n, then follow me to Fame,
Renown and Safety be your double Aim.

Then to the Charge the valiant Heroe sprung,
And the first Weapon, which he furious flung,
Slew *Fared* fighting at his Squadron's Head,
In courtly Arts and military bred.

Next he at *Adull* cast his pointed Spear ;
It pierc'd his Head and pass'd from Ear to Ear :
His Vigour sinking by the dreadful Wound
The Heroe fell, and as he struck the Ground
His Arms and Armour clank'd, his Limbs grew cold,
And Life forsook th' inhospitable Mould.

Next his bright Javelin did at *Salan* fly,
And enter'd deep the Warriour's brawny Thigh,
Splinter'd th' opposing Bone, and with its Point
Made its swift Passage thro' the yielding Joint :
His Friends rush'd in, and on an ample Shield
Bore off the wounded Heroe from the Field.

Golan elsewhere, a brave *Agmatian* Lord,
 Amidst the Cohorts his destructive Sword
 Employ'd at vast Expence of hostile Blood :
Phada, who came from *Gira's* noble Flood,
 Oppos'd his Arms, but with unequal Force
 Strove to arrest the valiant Champion's Course;
 Who gath'ring up his Vigour cast his Dart
 With mighty Strength, and pierc'd the *Daran's* Heart.
 Bold *Capi* ne'er of threat'ning Death afraid
 With hasty Strides rush'd in to bring him Aid,
 But soon th' *Agmatian* Spear transfixt his Chest,
 The Heroe fell with endless Night oppress.

Next with resistless Arms the Warriour kills
 Great *Molpo* from the high *Atlantick* Hills,
 Whose lofty Ridges far thro' *Libya* run
 And with unmelted Snows upbraid the feeble Sun.
 Then mighty *Dupar* from *Garama's* Plain,
 And valiant *Orfat*, by his Arms were slain,
 And many Warriours more, that bleeding lay
 Their Eyes defrauded of their vital Ray.
 Thus did the Chief unrivall'd Valour show,
 And, where he fought, broke thro' th' opposing Foe,
 And soon the Time will come, that shall reward
 His Arms, that now so well his Country guard.

The

The *Daran* Chiefs with fresh Brigades attack
 Th' *Agmatian* Lord, and strive to drive him back:
 Now close in Fight the Foes each other prest,
 And Foot to Foot they strove and Breast to Breast,
 Whence on the Sand lay bleeding Heaps of Slain,
 And ghastly Ruin fill'd the Purple Plain.
 From mingled Cries by various Kinds of Death,
 From Groans of Warriours gasping out their Breath,
 From neighing Coursers, and the ringing Blows
 Of Swords on Helms and Shields, such Clamour rose,
 That all, who dwelt around, astonish'd stood,
 Pity'd Mankind, and mourn'd th' Expence of Blood.

— So when the raging Caves of *Strombolo*,
 Hot *Aetna*, or sublime *Vesuvius*, throw
 On high their Minerals and unfinish'd Oars,
 In Earth's low Vaults imprison'd Thunder roars,
 And with such Noise the pond'rous Vomit flies,
 So shakes the Shores, and so embroils the Skies,
 That all the neighb'ring Towns the Uproar hear,
 And struggling Nature's Dissolution fear.

Mean Time with Fury *Dara's* King engag'd
 Prince *Alfred's* Right, and thro' the Battle rag'd.
Boma; for Arts and martial Deeds renown'd,
 First from his Spear receiv'd a fatal Wound ;

He

He sinking groan'd and gasp'd, and grovling lay,
 Till Death excluded from his Eyes the Day.
 Striving th' invading Monarch to repell
 Next noble *Braga* much lamented fell;
 The fatal Javelin pierc'd his bleeding Veins,
 Wounded his Bowels, and transfixt his Reins.
 Next his broad Fauchion's horizontal Blow
 Struck off brave *Narva's* Head, a gen'rous Foe,
 Who, tho' a Patriot, was the Court's Delight;
 His Trunk dismember'd quiv'ring lay to Sight
 Ghastly, while all his fever'd Art'ries bled,
 Bath'd the dry Sand, and warm'd the neighb'ring Dead.
 Then *Sorba*, *Boscan*, Kindred to the Crown,
Burkell and *Mofa* Chiefs of high Renown,
 And mighty *Darkan* from fair *Guada's* Plain,
 Fell by the Monarch's Arms in Battle slain.

And while he made this terrible Effort,
 Th' *Agmatians* long the bloody War support,
 Till-born by Numbers down, and forc'd to yield;
 Their broken Cohorts left th' unequal Field.
 The *Daran* Squadrons Sword in Hand pursue,
 Hung on their Rear, and num'rous Warriours flew:
 Then fure of Conquest and with Plunder pleas'd
 They on the Camp and wealthy Baggage seiz'd.

While

While thus the Foe in gath'ring Spoils employ'd
 A half-won Vict'ry's unripe Fruits enjoy'd,
Alfred, that held his stagg'ring Foot from Flight
 Inspir'd fresh Courage and renew'd the Fight,
 Return'd the *Daran* Horse again invades,
 And made vast Havock 'midst their thick Brigades ;
 He broke th' opposing Files, and Victor spread
 The Ground with wounded Chiefs and Heaps of Dead.

As when a Torrent from the melting Snows
 Of *Libya's* lofty Mountains rapid flows
 Down the rude Tracts to feed the craving *Nile*,
 Fill his dry Caves, and chear burnt *Egypt's* Soil,
 It bears down Rocks and Forrefts in its Course,
 And gains the Valley with resistless Force.

The *Briton* so the *Daran's* Troops o'erthrew,
 That felt his dreadful Sword or from it flew.
 While now no Leader of superiour Fame,
 And bold in Fight, to charge the *Briton* came,
 A While his fatal Weapons he suspends,
 Nor glitt'ring Deaths by Spear or Javelin sends
 On Messages inglorious, while from far
 The clam'rous Bands maintain'd unhurtful War.

As when a Yelper of the mongrel Race
 Flies out, and barking fierce presumes to face
 A fearless Mastiff of the gen'rous Kind,
 Which Men in *Albion* or *Theffalia* find,

He unconcern'd does Looks disdainful throw,
 And careless thro' the Streets advances flow,
 Scorns the base Strife, and asks a nobler Foe:
 So did the Heroe vulgar Combate flight
 And spar'd his Arms, when now appear'd in Sight
 A Chief of dreaded Name, *Darvenna's* Lord,
 A Rival worthy of the *Briton's* Sword:
 Soon as the *Daran* saw Prince *Alfred* near,
 With mighty Strength he hurl'd his glitt'ring Spear;
 And had not *Alfred's* Shield the Weapon staid,
 Its Point had thro' his Breast its Passage made:
 The *Briton* then projected his, aside
 It flew; and *Rocar* by its Errour dy'd.
 There hissing Deaths a while alternate past,
 As yet with untriumphant Labour cast,
 While every Javelin and projected Lance
 Stay in their Shields, or thence recoiling glance:
 Then *Alfred* griev'd, that Victory so long
 Hov'ring in Air with balanc'd Pinions hung,
 Eager of Conquest gather'd up his Might,
 And straining all his Nerves to end the Fight,
 His pond'rous Spear against the *Daran* threw,
 Which thro' his polish'd Shield impetuous flew,
 And thro' the Cuirass wounded deep his Side,
 Whence streaming Blood his splendid Armour dy'd.

Their

Their Weapons wasted, which they threw from far,
 The Combatants advance to closer War.
 The *Daran* Chief hot to revenge his Wound,
 With stern Defiance travers'd first the Ground,
 Then wav'd his pond'rous Fauchion o'er his Head,
 And in proud Words pronounc'd the *Briton* dead.
Alfred incens'd, his Breath and Strength restor'd,
 Assail'd his Rival with his flaming Sword,
 And, while, his Arm high rais'd, a mortal Blow
 The Combatant prepar'd to sink his Foe,
 The *Briton* thrust his Weapon's glitt'ring Point
 With Force resistless thro' his Armour's Joint ;
 Between the Warriour's Ribs it furious went,
 And in his bleeding Heart its Vigour spent :
 He fell, and found his vital Spirits yield,
 Indignant gnash'd his Teeth, and bit the Field.
 Now, Numbers lost and their fam'd Champion slain,
 The *Daran* Troops unable to sustain
 Th' unequal Conflict in amazing Dread,
 Routed and ruin'd, from the Battle fled.

Then *Alfred* drew his Squadron's in Array,
 And march'd to meet the Monarch on his Way
 Laden with Riches by his Arms procur'd,
 And of the Battle won too soon assur'd:

Soon as the *Daran* saw the Foe advance,
 And found the Troops he left, by fatal Chance,
 Were vanquish'd, loud he curs'd his hapless Fate,
 Of his rash Errour now convinc'd too late. }
 Soon did the *Briton* bright in Arms invade }
 The Foe's Battalions at his Sight dismay'd, }
 And of their Youth immense Destruction made. }
 Broke by his Charge their disarray'd Remains
 O'erspread with scatter'd Spoils the Hills and Plains,
 Marks of their Army's ignominious Rout :
 The Victor suff'ring much by Toil and Drought
 Chac'd *Dara's* King, who hindmost left the Fight
 With Chiefs the sad Companions of his Flight,
 And all the Anguish, Spleen, and Rage confess'd,
 By proud discarded Ministers express'd ;
 But in the Chace, inglorious Fate ! by Chance
 The Monarch wounded by a random Lance
 Cast by a vulgar Hand expiring fell,
 And sunk, where Treaty-Breakers rave, to Hell.

Alfred surrounded with an endless Croud,
 'Midst Shouts of Triumph and Applauses loud,
 Returning enter'd *Agmat's* lofty Gate,
 Where the first Courtiers his Arrival wait ;
 These to the King the Victor Heroe led ;
 He clasp'd him in his Arms, and gracious said,

Receive

Receive my Thanks, victorious Prince, and know
 Since to your Sword th' *Agmatians* Safety owe,
 So your great Name in coming Ages here
 Shall be to all, as now to *Abal*, dear.

And now the chearful Court their Hours employ
 In Marks expressive of uncommon Joy;
 While all, in Musick, Feasts, and various Plays,
 Exhaust the Nights, and dissipate the Days.
 The Youth in Sports and active Kinds of Game,
 Eager of Conquest to assure a Name,
 With Vigour strive; on Chariots mounted some
 Exert their Art and Strength to overcome
 Their Rivals, some on Steeds and some on Foot
 Swift Races run, and some at Rovers shoot.
 These with Address project the glitt'ring Lance,
 Those rein hot Steeds, that bound, curvett & dance,
 Or with Applause in Caroufels advance.
 With long protended Spears these tilting spring,
 Those run with manag'd Courfers at the Ring.
 The *British* Prince to honour *Abal's* Court
 In Tournaments and Games of manly Sort
 Was pleas'd his Strength and Skill to signalize,
 And much applauded gain'd th' unenvy'd Prize.

Abal aspiring to heroick Fame
 Had, in preceeding Years, advanc'd his Name,
 Enlarg'd his Empire by successful Arms,
 And fill'd all *Libya's* Realms with loud Alarms:
 Vict'ry, with Lawrel-Honours in her Hand,
 Her shining Wings auspicious did expand
 And circling hover'd o'er the Monarch's Head,
 When he his Armies forth to Battle led ;
 While vanquish'd Cities and submissive States
 Rever'd his Pow'r, and humble Potentates
 At the great Conqu'rour's Feet their Scepters laid,
 Brought costly Presents; and his Favour pray'd.
 On these he gracious smil'd, but with his Frowns
 Shook disobedient tributary Crowns.

The num'rous Nations on the *Western* Shore,
 Where the *Atlantick* foaming Billows roar,
 From the *Herculean* Pillars to the Coast
 Where tow'ring *Claro's* Head in Clouds is lost,
 And from the inland Sea that laves the Strand
 Of *Tingitana* to the Sun-burnt Land,
 Where stretching *West* and *East* in azure Skies
 The snowy Peaks of lofty *Atlas* rise ;
 The swarthy Tribes, that on *Bardulio's* Brink
 Their Dwellings rear, or swift *Bagrada* Drink,
 And all, that till the Glebe with gainful Toil,
 From *Fessa's* Tow'rs to *Targa's* fruitless Soil,

To *Abal's* Yoke their Neck obsequious bow'd,
 Own'd the great Monarch, and Allegiance vow'd ;
 While his Alarms shook distant *Nubia's* Towr's,
 Nor dy'd unfelt by *Ethiopia's* Pow'rs.

Thus *Abal* reign'd in Triumph, till at last
 He difesteem'd, surprizing Change of Taste !
 Dominion, Pow'r, and Fame, which he before
 Did, as the Idols of his Soul, adore.
 Now burden'd with his Crown's oppressive Weight,
 The Cares of Empire and the Yoke of State,
 And with suspected secret Trouble pain'd
 He much of royal Servitude complain'd.
 From this Reverse of Relish known to few
 His Manners varied, and less princely grew.
 His solemn Looks and melancholy Mien
 Shew'd Marks of inward Grief and Wounds unseen.
 Oft the whole Night the Monarch wakeful lay
 Revolving anxious Thoughts, and oft by Day
 Retir'd in silent Groves he us'd to vent
 In mournful Sighs his hidden Discontent.
 Thus balancing a while he staid, but grown
 Ill pleas'd with long Success, and of a Throne
 No longer patient, did at length decree
 Soon of his Crown his weary Head to free.

Besides the sharp consuming Cares of State,
 That haunt the Great and on proud Purple wait,
 The King perceiv'd that dimly in its Urn
 His wearing Lamp of Life began to burn,
 And thought, thus prompted by declining Age,
 He now should quit the busy publick Stage,
 And act the King no longer, but retreat
 To some obscure and unfrequented Seat,
 Where Commerce with the Gods he might enjoy,
 And the Remains of Life in Peace employ.

In the fair Region of *Duccalia's* Land,
 That *Elmedina's* potent Lords Command,
 On the sweet Margin of a silver Flood
 A Fabrick fit for sweet Retirement stood,
 Here lavish Nature clad in bright Array
 Dispenses Plenty and Profusion gay;
 'Midst various Pleasures ravishing to Sight,
 And finish'd Scenes of exquisite Delight,
 In a terrestrial Heav'n she seem'd enthron'd,
 Young Joys and laughing Graces pour'd around,
 The curious Trav'ler would with fruitless Toil
 Attempt thro' all extended *Libya's* Soil
 To find such rural Charms, on either Hand
 Aspiring Hills rang'd in long Order stand

Sublime

Sulime in Air, proud of their secret Store,
 But of their Height, and Strength, and Beauty more.
 Contiguous Trees their twining Branches spread,
 Grace and enrich the Mountain's lofty Head,
 Whence pleasant Rills of limpid Water flow
 Down to refresh the smiling Vale below ;
 Where lost in Rivers they pursue their Race,
 With confluent Arms and wanton Folds embrace,
 And ling'ring leave the sweet voluptuous Place.

Promiscuous Flow'rs in gay successive Bloom,
 That various Hue from sportive Light assume,
 Display their glossy Silks, the Pride of Nature's Loom;
 While Myrtle-Bow'rs in fragrant Verdure dress'd,
 And Groves with golden Luxury oppress'd,
 Pomgranates, Citrons, Limes, as with Design
 To charm the Eye, their diff'rent Pleasures joyn;
 And to afford the ravish'd Smell Delight
 Sweet-scented Spoils and balmy Steams unite,
 While warm soft Breathing Zephyrs thro' the Air
 On downy Wings the od'rous Treasure bear.

The King resolv'd to this delightful Seat
 From Camps, and Courts, and Business to retreat,
 And, pleas'd his anxious Bosom to unfold,
 His form'd Design to favour'd Courtiers told.

They much surpris'd uncommon Grief express'd,
 And oft their Prince with earnest Pray'r address'd,
 And all the Words that troubled Love could find,
 To touch the Monarch's Heart and change his Mind;
 In vain---The King determin'd still appears
 Deaf to Persuasion and unmov'd with Tears.
 Now to the Lords assembled from the Throne
 In this Harangue he made his Purpose known,
 His Scepter in his Hand, and on his Head his Crown.

Agmatians, long in Fortune's Arms carefs'd,
 Long with successful Fields and Empire blefs'd,
 I've run my Course, now, of the toilsome Task
 The just Reward, Recess and Ease I ask.
 See, like the Swain, his Labour done, I stand
 Panting for Rest and due Repose demand
 In Life's cool Ev'ning, but without his View
 Still for fresh Toil lost Vigour to renew.

Nor, Subjects, think your Monarch is inclin'd
 By Aims ungenerous and an abject Mind;
 I've Things in Order of their Merit rang'd,
 Still my Ambition reigns, the Object chang'd.
 What is the State that dazzles Mortals Sight,
 And the proud Marks of Majesty and Might?

The

The Cares that mingle with imperial Sway,
 If Wisdom holds the Scales, its Pomp outweigh.
 Let others Laurels, Pow'r, and Greatness claim,
 A brighter Course of Glory is my Aim :
 While Pride and Lust of Empire I subdue,
 And low ambitious Ends no more pursue ;
 No more for Pow'r enlarg'd by Conquest plead,
 But my own Vict'ries chain'd in Triumph lead,

Nor hence conclude, that Pleasures I refuse ;
 No, I the chief and most exalted chuse,
 While, Care and Trouble banish'd from my Breast,
 I Peace enjoy and unmolested Rest :
 The sweet Possessions of a thoughtful Mind
 From Solitude deriv'd are more refin'd
 And grateful, than the mean Delights that please
 Voluptuous Minds, and loose Desires appease,
 Delights that Change of Age or Taste destroy,
 Repeated flatten, and familiar cloy.

Determin'd now, *Agmatians*, to acquire
 The happy State at which my Thoughts aspire,
 See, I renounce my Dignity and Crown,
 Resign my Pow'r, and lay my Scepter down.
 Then the bright Symbols of supream Command
 He gave to high-born *Bruno's* faithful Hand,

And

And thus bespoke th' august Assembly, See,
 From their Allegiance I my Subjects free.
 Now one, whose high Endowments well are known,
 And princely Virtues worthy of a Throne,
Agmatians, chuse delib'rate, yet with speed,
 That may to this important Trust succeed ;
 Whose generous Deeds and publick Aims persuade
 That he by Pow'r will no Man's Right invade ;
 But will the Poor from proud Oppressours guard,
 Punish severe, and bountiful Reward ;
 One that by Toil and Suff'rings oft endur'd
 Is for imperial Dignity matur'd ;
 Whence he will rein his Instincts, and controul
 The Perturbations that distract the Soul ;
 Just, but indulgent, as the Pow'rs supream,
 Will spare the Good, and Criminals condemn,
 And rule his Kingdom more by Love than Dread,
 By willing Subjects, not by Slaves, obey'd.
 He paus'd---And then his Hand upon his Breast
 Gracious th' assembled Lords he thus address ;
 Thus I your Prince---I err---th' Expression spare,
 The royal Stile I can't so soon forbear---
 The Diadem have taken from my Brow,
 Unking'd your Sov'reign, and absolv'd your Vow.

Now

Now Farewel Empire, Farewel Pomp and State,
 Ye envy'd Honours that on Greatness wait.
 Projects adieu, adieu to publick Toil,
 To Triumphs, Trophies, and to hostile Spoil.
 My Ministers, who did my Counsels guide,
 And weighty Burdens with your Prince divide,
 Of you and State-Fatigues I take my Leave,
 My Thanks unfeign'd to Merit due receive.
 To you, my valiant Chiefs, a long Adieu.
 Grateful my Debt, brave Men, I pay to you
 That shar'd my Toil and Dangers past, and stood
 Expos'd to various Deaths for publick Good.
 Farewel, my lov'd *Agmatians*, to my dear
 And loyal People I no more appear.
 This last Expression of indulgent Love
 To loyal Subjects did the Monarch move,
 And touch'd his Heart so near, moist Dews apace
 Gush'd from his Eyes and trickled down his Face.
 Now from th' assembled Court the King departs ;
 This pierc'd their Breasts and enter'd deep their Hearts.
 Th' *Agmatian* Lords, almost dissolv'd before,
 Their swelling Passions now resist no more,
 But bath'd in Tears by rival Trouble show
 A finish'd Triumph of ungovern'd Woe :
 No Fancy can suggest, no Tongue affords
 Sufficient Choice of strong descriptive Words,

That

That these sad Strains of Sorrow can exprefs,
And paint this Scene of exquisite Distrefs.

Soon as the Sun with beamy Honours crown'd
Had all the adverfe Stages of his Round
Compleated, each great Lord and every Head
Of the *Plebeians* now affembled, led
By Views of publick Int'reft not their own,
To chufe fome Heroe fit to mount the Throne ;
Nor was the Choice deferr'd, for all decreed
The *British* Prince moft worthy to fucceed
Their late great Sov'reign, him they Monarch name,
And Shouts of Joy th' elected King proclaim.

Alfred the Juft, now on a Chair of State
Curious to fee th' important Iffue fate ;
Then rifing from his Seat ftretch'd forth his Hand
And looking round did by his Mien demand
Attention---Then the Heroe Silence broke,
And gracious thus th' *Agmatian* Chiefs befpoke ;
The Honour done me this auspicious Day,
That would advance me to imperial Sway
And fill Ambition's moft enlarg'd Desire,
The utmoft Strains of Gratitude require.
While Breath inspir'd fhall feed my vital Flame,
And active Spirits animate this Frame,

Your

Your Nation's Honour thankful I'll defend,
 Divulge your Favours and your Fame extend.
 But know, *Agmatians*, by a sacred Vow
 I'm strictly bound, should gracious Heav'n allow
Alfred, deliver'd from my various Toil
 And Dangers, to regain *Britannia's* Isle,
 In War to guard my Country, and in Peace
 To raise her Empire and her Wealth encrease :
 Your gen'rous Offer hence I must refuse ;
 Do you some wise and valiant Native chuse
 Of all th' illustrious Qualities possess'd
 That your late King, to guide you right, express'd ;
 Who may th' *Agmatian* Throne applauded fill,
 And rule by Law and not despotick Will.

He ceas'd---And troubled they at length resolv'd
 Their Fate on *Alfred's* Vote should be devolv'd :
 Then all, th' assembled Chiefs the *Briton* pray'd
 To name the Heroe who should be obey'd.

Then *Alfred* thus---Lords worthy of the Throne
 Of *Agmat* to *Agmatians* best are known.
 Can I a Stranger here presume to tell
 What Chiefs in princely Virtues most excell?
 But since, if, as you ask, I give my Voice,
 I may procure a speedy peaceful Choice,

And

And long Disputes and Party-Feuds prevent,
 To name a gen'rous Patriot I consent.
 Brave *Golan* I pronounce a Heroe fit
 To whom imperial Pow'r you may commit.
 He in the bloody Battle lately fought,
 To his immortal Honour Wonders wrought,
 And by his equal, unelated Mind,
 That all Distinction and Applause declin'd,
 And various other Virtues, has exprefs'd
 Superiour Merit, and his Country blefs'd.

Then *Agmat's* Chiefs their Monarch *Golan* own,
 And judg'd him worthy of th' imperial Throne,
 While Hills and Dales with Acclamations ring,
 And echoing Shouts declare the chosen King.





ALFRED.

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred takes Leave of the King of Agmat and his Court. Embarks and sails for Spain. Arrives at the Mouth of the Bætis or Guadalquivir, which he enters, and then goes to Hispalis, now Seville. A short Description of that City and the Country thereabout. Here the Prince learns, from British Merchants, the News of the Death of King Atulpho, and that Ethelbal his Brother succeeded his Father in the Throne. Alfred retires and spends some Time to vent his Grief. Then returns to his Ships and sails to Olyssippo, now Lisbon. The Town described with the Nature of the Soil in that Part of Lusitania.

tania. Again he goes on Board, and coasts along the Country of Spain, till he arrives at Amanum, now Fontarabia in the Bay of Biscay, and having visited Sobrarbe, takes his Way to Pampelune the Capital City of Navarre. Here he was received with great Respect by Fortunio the new King: A great Plague happens among the Cattle, and Blasts of unwholsome Air destroy the Herbs and Fruits. Fortunio advises with Alfred about the most proper Measures to be taken in this Conjunction. The Prince, having declared his Opinion that some national Crime had occasioned this extraordinary Judgement, perswades him to recall Silva from Numidia, who was once his Preceptor, and sometime a favoured Minister in his Father's Reign, and to consult him as the fittest Person to give Directions in this Posture of Affairs. Silva is sent for, and when arrived acquaints the King, that Heaven being displeas'd with Navarre, because the notorious Treaty-Breakers and Violaters of the publick Faith in the late Reign had been uncensur'd, he advises him to bring those Offenders to condign Punishment, assuring him that this Atonement being made, the Plague would be removed. Fortunio follows this Advice, and the Land was restored to Health and Plenty.



H' appointed Time for publick Joy
expir'd,

The *British* Prince, as his wife
Scheme requir'd,

Bade *Agmat's* Monarch and his
Lords adieu,

Intent his first great Purpose to pursue.

With

With all the Marks of high Esteem caref'd,
 By Words unfeign'd and gen'rous Deeds expres'd,
 He left th' imperial Town, and to the Port,
 Attended by the Chiefs of *Golan's* Court
 And shouting vulgar Crouds, he took his Way,
 Where three tall Ships, the King so order'd, lay
 For *Alfred's* Use; here he embark'd and soon
 Stood off to Sea, now did the Vessel spoon
 Away thro' foamy Waves before the Wind,
 And left the Towns and Sun-burnt Shores behind.
 But his bright Virtues and divine Discourse
 Had on the *Libyans* wrought with so much Forces;
 That most inclin'd, won by prevailing Lights,
 To change for Christian Faith their *Pagan* Rites,
 Where some reveal'd Religion had embrac'd,
 Which from the *Nubian* Church to *Agmat* pass'd.

Four Times th' illustrious Father of the Day
 Had to each adverse World dispens'd his Ray,
 When on the swelling Ocean *Alfred's* Men
 Clinging to Masts sublime attentive ken
 The Land, the Temples, and aspiring Tow'rs,
 That own'd the Empire of *Hispania's* Pow'rs:
 They soon the working Estuary gain,
 Where *Batis* with her pure unbrackish Train
 Dilutes the season'd Waters of the Main:

Z

And

And now advancing on the River's Tide
They view'd Delights and Wealth on either Side,
Where Nature all her fruitful Pow'r employs,
Wantons and triumphs 'midst ten thousand Joys ;
While every Vale and each exalted Hill,
Improv'd by Labour and adorn'd by Skill,
Like *Eden's* Walks the ravish'd Sight surprize,
So fertile were the Fields, so soft the Skies.
Here lovely Gardens rich in gen'rous Roots,
Delicious blooming Bow'rs, and golden Fruits,
That far in Beauty, Taste, and fragrant Smell
Hesperia's Arbours and sweet Groves excell,
Glow'd with the solar intercepted Light,
And to the Eye disclos'd a charming Sight.

At Length they came to *Hispalis*, the Pride
Of *Spain*, that all her fairest Towns outvy'd
In Amplitude, superb Magnificence,
In publick Buildings rear'd at vast Expence,
High Temples, 'Tow'rs, and Ornaments of State,
Wonders and proud Remains of ancient Date ;
In Aquæducts, that Streams from far convey
The Cistern fill, and make the Conduit play ;
In her fair Burse, rich Markets, beauteous Squares,
And Piles erected for the Merchant's Wares.

Nor did the loud expanded Mouths of Fame
 Th' *Emporium's* Honour with less Zeal proclaim,
 Whose coasting Fleets to every Nation run,
 Where Winds can Breath expend, or Light the Sun,
 And freighted from unnumber'd Shores abroad
 Pleasures and various Wealth at Home unload :
 Thus She of Trade a central Seat became,
 To *Europe's* richest Marts a rival Name.

Here *Alfred* first from *British* Merchants heard,
 Who bent on gainful Commerce hither steer'd,
 That *Albion's* King weak and exhausted grown
 Had for a heav'nly chang'd his earthly Throne ;
 That *Ethelbal*, by Incest after stain'd,
 Now in *Atulpho's* Stead o'er *Britain* reign'd.
 When *Alfred* knew these Tidings, from his Eyes
 Tears plenteous gush'd, and from his Bosom Sighs,
 That from a filial strong Affection spring
 To a wise Father and a gracious King.
 Some Weeks to silent Solitude confin'd
 He to express becoming Grief assign'd,
 Close in his Palace he his Minutes spent,
 Or gave in lonely Walks his Trouble vent ;
 While sad Reflexions all his Mind engross,
 Now on his own, and now on *Britain's* Loss.

The Time expir'd to decent Sorrow due,
Alfred the Wonders did attentive View
 That Nature here or curious Art could shew.
 That done, their Vessels with Provisions stor'd,
 Leaving the splendid Town they went aboard.
 Steering along the *Gaditanian* Main
 They turn'd the sacred *Western* Cape of *Spain*,
 Then thro' th' *Atlantick* Ocean pass'd the Sands
 Where old *Turdulians* till'd the neighb'ring Lands.
 They swept the Coast of *Lusitania's* Realm,
 Nor long had work'd the Ship and ply'd the Helm,
 Ere to the River's Mouth they made their Way
 Where *Olyssippo's* Walls the Soil survey,
 And to the Deep look o'er th' encircled Bay.
 Whose gilded Domes and Spires that glitt'ring rise
 With double Glory reimburse the Skies.
 Here num'rous Fleets unload their wealthy Stores;
 From *Africk's* Regions and *Europa's* Shores,
 From snowy Climates near the *Arctick* Poles;
 And where the *British* Seas or *German* roll.
 For *Lusitania's* Youth from thirst of Gain
 The various Pleasures of the Land disdain,
 And hardy face the Terrours of the Main;
 While no Advent'ers distant Realms explore
 With bolder Sails, nor spread their Commerce more;

Till

Till grown by Traffick opulent, the Town
Takes Place among the Ports of first Renown.

The *Briton* pleas'd observ'd the noble Tide
Of wealthy *Tagus*, *Lusitania's* Pride,
Whose precious Streams, so ancient Poets told,
Roll to the Ocean glitt'ring Seeds of Gold.
Attentive he survey'd the Soil around
With rich Productions and sweet Pleasures crown'd ;
Pomgranates, Almonds, Olive-Yards and Vines,
Whence flow the purest Oyl and richest Wines ;
Where the fair Orange, that in Part repell'd,
In Part th' admitted solar Rays withheld,
Vies with the Fruits of *Andalusia's* Fields,
Nor to the golden Groves of *Asia* yields.

Now, all Things seen by curious Thirst requir'd,
Britannia's Heroe to his Ships retir'd ;
These soon unmoor'd, and all their Anchors weigh'd,
Their Canvass Wings before the Gale display'd ;
Then plough'd the watry Gulphs, on Surges danc'd,
And o'er the Ocean's furrow'd Face advanc'd ;
Cutting the *Western* Seas they pass'd the Coast,
Where *Durius*, that *Pisurga's* Flood engrost
Arbinco, *Arva's* and *Estolla's* Tides,
Flows to the Deep and in its Bosom hides ;

And where *Lavara* stood, an ancient Town,
Once rich by Trade, and still of great Renown,

And now the *Celtick* Promontory's Head
They weather'd, where the *Nerian* Goatherds fed
Their brouzing Troops o'er shrubby Mountains spread. }
And next they swept the Shores, which with its Waves,
The turbulent *Cantabrian* Ocean laves.

Along the rocky Frontier now they steer'd,
Where the fair Town of *Bilbilis* appear'd,
To whose wide Haven of superiour Fame
Unnumber'd Fleets from distant Nations came.
The Hills around afford a gen'rous Wine,
And, hence transported, celebrated Swine
Of Taste delicious grace *Britannia's* Feasts,
And more than *Belgia's* Boar regale the Guests.
Here unexhausted precious Mines produce
Unrivall'd Oar for Arms of various Use,
Some fit for martial, some for rural Toil,
Those to defend, and these to till the Soil.

As he advanc'd he coasted near the Land
That *Tramontane Asturian* Lords Command,
The Soil by old *Pesician* Clans possess'd,
And where *Salenian* Youth the Vintage press'd.

He

He reach'd the Region where in ancient Time
Amanum's Tow'rs rose in the Skies sublime,
 Whose Ruins Birth to *Fontarabia* gave,
 Where lofty Works drive back th' insulting Wave.
 This Haven gain'd, the Prince debark'd, and soon
 Departing hence advanc'd to *Pampelune*.

But first he careful view'd *Sobrarbe's* Town
 Amidst the Mountains, once of chief Renown,
 While the first Kings, not yet in Empire great,
 Fixt in th' aspiring Hills their royal Seat,
 From the encroaching *Moor* a safe Retreat. }
 And much it pleas'd the *Briton's* curious Taste
 To see amidst the Rocks this City plac't,
 Its Site and Walls did none superiour know,
 And scornful of his Arms defy'd the Foe.

The *Pyrenean* Heaps sublime surprize
 And entertain the Heroe's wond'ring Eyes,
 High frontier Lines thrown up by Nature's Art,
 The rival Empires, *Spain* and *France*, to part :
 Their Peaks survey the Meteor-Fields below,
 And white in fultry Heav'ns wear unrelenting Snow.
 The Prince admir'd to see these Mountains rise
 On the *South* Side, in hot intemp'rate Skies,

Adorn'd with Fruits and cloath'd in verdant Pride,
 While on the *North*, whence *Gallia* is descry'd,
 (So was he told) blest with indulgent Air
 They Ruffet look'd and as the Defart bare,
 Pleas'd he remark'd how Rivulets and Rills
 From weeping Rocks and perforated Hills
 Gush forth, and flowing down their channell'd Sides
 Embrace below, and form unvulgar Tides.
 Here *Sicoris* to Streams collected owes
 Its precious Flood, and hence fair *Cinga* flows,
 And, while swift confluent Brooks its Current raise,
 To fam'd *Ibero's* Arms her Tide conveys.

Leaving these Lands with Scenes surprizing fill'd
 He pass'd the Fields the old *Selenians* till'd,
 Where *Oregonians* rural Arms employ,
 And where *Caristian* Farmers Wealth enjoy,
 That stretch'd along *Menlasco's* verdant Bank,
 And where the thirsty Swain *Magrada* drank.

To *Pampeluna* now the *Briton* came,
 A beauteous City and of spreading Fame ;
 She, when *Navarra's* Monarchs flourish'd, great
 In Pow'r and Wealth, became th' imperial Seat :
 Where lately *Garcia* by ill Councils sway'd
 With conquer'd Rivals Peace inglorious made ;

And

And then by waſting Grief of Life bereft
His great Dominions to *Fortunio* left.
He *Arragonia's* Cities now commands,
Aſturia, *Biſcay*, and *Gallicia's* Lands,
Acquir'd by Nuptials or ſucceſſful War,
Beſides his ancient Kingdom, fair *Navarre*,
And proud *Caſtile*, whoſe Pow'r has ſince engroſt
All *Spain*, but then no regal Stile could boaſt.
He rul'd the Soil till'd by *Valdurian* Swains
And the *Cantabrians* near the ſandy Plains,
Where the wild Deep, to which this Region gave
Its Name, impetuous breaks its foaming Wave ;
Beſides *Vaſconia's* Tow'rs on either Side
The Heaps ſublime that *Spain* and *France* divide.
Fortunio thus with Peace and Empire bleſs'd,
And of ſuch potent Provinces poſſeſs'd,
Reign'd, as their Head, rever'd by Chriſtian Pow'rs,
That unſubdu'd withſtood th' encroaching *Moors*.

Alfred, with Eaſe reſreſh'd, without Delay
Now to *Fortunio's* Court directs his Way ;
But firſt he made his Name and Nation known,
His Birth and claim ſucceſſive to the Throne.
The King with due Reſpect the Prince embrac'd,
And on the royal Gueſt great Honours plac'd ;

But

But as he more the Heroe's Merit knew,
He prais'd him more, and more indulgent grew.

In Dances, Feasts, and various Court Delights
They oft enjoy the Days, and spend the Nights :
Now by feign'd Kings see War theatrick wag'd ;
Now Youth in ancient manly Games engag'd.
They sometimes hunt the Boar in High-lands bred,
And with the Fruits of the rich Valley fed :
Sometimes th' unharbour'd Stag they ardent Chace,
To which the fleetest Tempest yields the Race,
Till for Escape deny'd the sheltering Wood
The Forrest's Lord submits to swim the Flood,
And while the opening Hounds and eager Train
Of Huntsmen fill with mingled Noise the Plain,
From Hill to Hill recoiling Clamours fly,
And Rocks rehallowing propagate the Cry :
With so much Friendship at his royal Seat,
Navarra's Monarch did the *Briton* treat.

Mean Time the Angel of *Iberia's* Land,
Gamel vindictive by supreme Command,
Sprung with immortal Vigour from the Height
Of Heav'n, and soon with unobstructed Flight

Down

Down the deep Gulphs of *Ether* wing'd his Way,
 More swift and brighter than the active Ray,
 The smiling Introduc'tor of the Day.
 Now did the high celestial Viceroy gain
 The lower Skies, and saw extended *Spain* :
 With pois'd expanded Wings in Air a while
 He hung, and hov' red o'er *Navarra's* Soil.

He held a dreadful Phiol, that contains
 Strong Lees of Wrath, fierce Plagues, & wasting Pains,
 By ripening Age with full Perfection crown'd,
 Then pour'd the dire Contagion all around ;
 Whence fatal Stores for Brutes and Plants design'd
 Abroad were scatter'd, while the breezy Wind
 Fann'd to and fro the blue malignant Breaths,
 Destructive Reeks and undulating Deaths.

Red pestilential Vapours, noxious Dews,
 Such as their Labour's Bane griev'd Swains accuse,
 With Honey-Meteors, and wide wasting Blights,
 That arm'd with Vengeance take clandestine Flights,
 Pernicious Blasts and sultry Gleams annoy
 The blooming Garden, and the Field destroy.
 The beateous Flow'rs and Fruits and springing Corn,
 That bless the Valley, or the Hill adorn,

Ruin'd

Ruin'd their sudden Defolation mourn,
And Meads their verdant Face to Ruffet turn ;
While Groves their findg'd and shrivell'd Heads bewail,
Wond'ring that Winter should fo soon prevail.

Infects engender'd by prolifick Beams
From black unwholsome Vapours, putrid Steams,
And crude corrupted Exhalations fly
In animated Clouds along the Sky ;
Whence to the Earth they fall a rav'ning Show'r,
And each young Bud and tender Plant devour.

Unnumber'd Swarms of Flies, a dreadful Host
Like that which once assail'd proud *Egypt's* Coast,
In blasted Leaves and with'ring Branches bred
On all remaining Greens voracious fed ;
Till they the Kingdom's Glory had defac't,
And turn'd *Navarra* to a joyless Waste.

See, Murrains now Brute Animals invade,
And of the Flocks and Herds vast Havock made :
Faint on the Grass, their usual Food, they lye,
And, for the Guilt of Men their Masters, die ;
Whose Bodies cover every Hill and Plain
Thicker, than after bloody Fights, the Slain.

Nor did the Classes of the feather'd Kind,
 Unprecedented Fate! Exemption find
 From the Contagion's Force, but wild and tame,
 The Swain's Revenue, and the Sportsman's Game;
 In the fore Plague involv'd no longer eat;
 But pine and perish in Disdain of Meat.
 So far'd the Fish, some gasping seek the Strand;
 And to escape the Water swim to Land;
 While others kill'd, that fought in vain the Shore,
 Poison the Flood that poison'd them before.

The Plenty gone this Region once could boast,
 The Vintage ruin'd and the Harvest lost,
 The troubled Monarch and the Court believ'd
Navarra's Suff'rings ne'er could be retriev'd;
 They fear'd the Flocks and Herds; yet unconsum'd
 By the fierce Plague, were to Destruction doom'd.

And now *Navarra's* thoughtful King, oppress'd
 With Sorrow, thus *Britannia's* Prince address'd;
 You, *Alfred*, just and as an Angel wife,
 Can in their Streights desponding Minds advise,
 Kind Remedies apply to sooth their Grief,
 And to uncommon Care dispense Relief:
 Behold, what Plagues against our Land combine [vine.
 O'erwhelm'd with Woe, and drench'd with Wrath di-
 What

What can support us in our vast Distress?
 What can our fore Calamities redress,
 And Fears of more vindictive Rage suppress?

The Prince reply'd---Some unaton'd Offence,
 It's clear, must Heav'n's Almighty Lord incense;
 For publick Crimes will with resistless Cries
 Call down due Vengeance from th' unwilling Skies;
 This with Contrition own'd, Heav'n will restore
 The Peace and Plenty you enjoy'd before.
 I to the King this Counsel give, intent
Navarra's total Ruin to prevent.

In Sun-burnt *Libya* near *Numidia's* Strand;
 Where not remote *Tunisia's* Castles stand,
Silva, a pious, venerable Sage,
 Unhurt in Body and in Mind by Age,
 An Anchorite does solitary dwell,
 And by Devotion in his lonely Cell
 He fore-enjoys his blest'd celestial Home,
 And prepossesses endless Life to come,
 Your native Subject, once renown'd in *Spain*,
 And dear to all the just in *Garcia's* Reign.
 He, while he sacred Commerce keeps above
 By pure Desires and Strains of ardent Love,

From

From publick Cares and busy Life retir'd,
 Is with prophetick Energy inspir'd.
 Let Messengers be soon dispatch'd to bring
 This godlike Prelate to *Navarra's* King.
 He'll tell what Breaches of th' Almighty's Laws
 Are of his Anger and your Woes the Cause;
 And to the King will the right Means display
 Heav'n to atone, and turn fierce Wrath away
 From this afflicted Realm, then she shall rear
 Her drooping Head and more august appear.

He ceas'd---The King'express'd his great Surprise
 By mingled Joy and Wonder in his Eyes;
Alfred, said he, your Words my Soul revive,
 Is then my sage *Preceptor* still alive?
 Is *Silva* safe? Did Heav'n defeat his Foes,
 And lead him thro' his Labyrinth of Woes?
 I long to see his venerable Face,
 And in my Arms with Ardour to embrace
 The just Instructor of my youthful Age,
 These Tidings to *Navarre* great Good Presage.
 Does *Silva* live? Then universal Fame
 That told his Death no more can Credit claim.
 Unrivall'd *Silva* to *Fortunio* dear,
 How much are thy wise Counsels wanted here?

Forth-

Forthwith I'll Envoys to *Numidia* send,
 That may the Prelate to the Court attend,
 Where as a Guardian Angel he'll appear
 To save *Navarra* and remove her Fear.

Three Lords deputed, *Sancho* at their Head,
 By *Silva* lov'd and by his Counfel led,
 Forthwith obedient to the King's Command
 Advanc'd with Speed to parch'd *Numidia's* Strand;
 Where soon arriv'd they enter'd on the Road
 By *Alfred* mark'd to *Silva's* mean Abode.
 They found the Prelate in his Hermite's Cell,
 Where heav'nly Joys and peaceful Pleasures dwell:
 Now the King's Message they at large unfold,
 And sad *Navarra's* sore Affliction told:
 Then said---*Fortunio*, whose hard Fate requires
 Consummate Wisdom, at his Court desires
 Just *Silva's* Presence, you'll the Way explain,
 How his griev'd Realm Heav'ns Favour may regain.

The Sage, tho' all the Splendor of the Great
 Could ne'er have drawn him from his lonely Seat;
 So much he lov'd sweet Solitude, obey'd
Fortunio's Pleasure, by the Prospect sway'd
 Of shewing Means to cure *Navarra's* State,
 Remove her Suff'rings, and reverse her Fate.

And

And now the joyful Lords the Sage convey'd
 To the safe Port where their tall Vessel staid:
 They reach'd the sandy Margin of the Main,
 Embark'd, put off to Sea, and stood for *Spain*.
 While o'er the Deep, shov'd by auspicious Gales;
 The Vessel flew with wide expanded Sails,
 The venerable Man these Words address'd
 To *Sancho*---Courteous Lord, at my Request,
 Tell what important Incidents of late
 Have happen'd, that affect *Navarra's* State.

Then *Sancho* thus began---Since *Libya's* Shore
 An Exile you approach'd, the haughty *Moor*,
 That Pow'r and Fame with ardent Thirst pursu'd
 And *Southern Spain* already had subdu'd,
 Advanc'd his Arms, and with collected Pow'rs
 Assail'd and conquer'd high *Toledo's* Tow'rs:
 Then spoil'd the Country, num'rous Captives made,
 Castles surpriz'd and Towns in Ashes laid.
Garcia, this hostile Progress to prevent
 And drive the *Moor*, a valiant Army sent
 By *Raymir* led, a Chief in Battle try'd,
 The *Moor's* great Terrour and *Navarra's* Pride.
 They met and by heroick Impulse warm
 Commenc'd on either Side the martial Storm.

Contested was the Field and bloody, while
 The Foes for Vict'ry strove with doubtful Toil :
 At length the *Moors* dishearten'd left the Plain
 Deform'd with Rout and Slaughter, and to gain
 Their shelt'ring Forts precipitate their Flight,
 Sav'd by their Speed and cover'd by the Night.

Judging this Blow would much the *Moor* enrage
 And make him war with double Vigour wage,
 With anxious Care his Thoughts the Monarch bent
 By new Brigades his Army to augment ;
 Resolv'd the *Moors* swift Progress to restrain
 And guard the *Northern* Provinces of *Spain* :
 Then he engag'd the Christian Potentates,
 And chiefly *Roscinonia's* warlike States,
 Against the common Foe to draw their Swords,
 And join his Host to quell unchristian Lords.

At the first Opening of expected Spring
Navarra's Chief, obedient to the King,
 Led forth his Army and his brave Allies
 The fierce and treach'rous *Libyan* to surprize.
 The Foe awaken'd at our loud Alarms
 Gather'd a mighty Host, and bold in Arms
 Pitch'd on *Toledo's* Frontiers to oppose
 Th' advancing Cohorts of united Foes.

The Armies join'd, a furious Fight ensu'd
 And dubious hung, at length the *Moors* subdu'd
 To *Raymir's* conqu'ring Troops reluctant yield;
 And to the Victor-Christian left the Field.

Two signal Battles more the *Libyan* King,
 In *Autumn* one, one early in the Spring,
 To *Raymir* lost; and now, where-e'er he came,
 Repeated Triumphs rais'd to Heav'n his Fame;
 Still new Atchievements Lawrels new afford,
 Till from the Terror of the Heroe's Sword,
 As he advanc'd, the Foe before him flew,
 And into Towns of Strength his Cohorts threw.
 Wide Tracts of Land, strong Forts, and Tow'rs he took;
 Till the proud *Moor's* enfeebled Empire shook,
 And soon had fall'n by mighty *Raymir's* Force,
 Had not ill Counsels stopt his Glory's Course:
 For now the vanquish'd *Moor*, exhausted left
 Of Treasure, and of *Vet'ran* Troops bereft,
 Resolv'd to purchase Friendship with *Navarre*,
 And win by Treaty what they lost by War:
 Some Lords in Power, who envy'd *Raymir's* Fame
 And made the highest Dignities their Aim,
 Gain'd by the *Moor* to favour his Design
 And their great Prince to Amity incline,

Garcia by subtle treach'rous Arts addrest,
 And fir'd with various Jealousies his Breast,
 'Till he resolv'd to sheath his conqu'ring Sword,
 And treat for Friendship with *Toledo's* Lord.

A sep'rate Peace ensu'd---*Navarra's* Shame,
 And Bloc immortal on that Monarch's Name!
 For we, unheard of Conduct! now restore
 All that our Arms had wrested from the *Moor*,
 And gave the Vanquish'd more fair Towns and Land
 Than they, had they been Victors, could demand.
 Mock'd and deserted by unjust *Navarre*,
 Th' Allies, unable to sustain the War,
 Were forc'd such Terms of Friendship to receive
 As the imperious *Moor* was pleas'd to give.
Raymir, who still at publick Welfare aim'd
 Indignant saw *Navarra's* Guilt proclaim'd,
 And soon with Age and heavy Grief oppress'd
 Resign'd his Life, by each good Subject blest'd.

He ceas'd--- And rev'rend *Silva* grateful paid
 Thanks for the free Discourse by *Sancho* made:
 Then anxious in his Mind resolv'd the State
 Of sad *Navarre*, and much bewail'd her Fate.

Now

Now, with a prosp'rous Wind the Ocean crost,
 The joyful Lords regain'd the adverse Coast,
 And came to Land---Then kneeling on the Shore
Silva with outspread Arms did Heav'n adore,
 And prais'd the Care that, from the Sun-burnt Strand
 Of *Libya*, brought them to *Iberia's* Land.

And then to reach his Native Soil intent
 He first his Steps to fam'd *Valentia* bent,
 Th' Abode of one of *Spain's* first mitred Pow'rs,
 Proud of illustrious Domes and lofty Tow'rs.
 They rested here, and at the Dawn of Day
 To *Pampelune* with Speed pursu'd their Way;
 And when the Prelate enter'd first the Lands
 Obedient to *Fortunio's* high Commands,
 He sigh'd and wept to see the Woods defac't,
 The Gardens wither'd and the Fields laid waste;
 The running Streams with putrid Fish defil'd,
 And Plains, of Verdure, Flocks, and Herds, despoil'd;
 Then said---How sad a Fate is this! and mourn'd
 O'er fair *Navarra* to a Desert turn'd.

Now pious *Silva* at the late Retreat
 Of solar Light approach'd th' Imperial Seat,
 And there arriv'd the Prelate soon retir'd
 To seek the Rest his weary Limbs requir'd:

But prostr'ate on the Ground he first the Lord
Of Heav'n and Earth with ardent Zeal implor'd
His Minister of Vengeance to recall,
Lest this great Nation should entirely fall
By the destroying Angel's secret Sword;
And that, the Plagues remov'd, might be restor'd
Mild genial Show'rs and salutary Air
Which suff'ring Nature's Ruins might repair.
Nor fruitless were his Cries---Th' eternal Mind
To pity more than Punishment inclin'd,
Mov'd by the pious Prelate's fervent Pray'r,
Decreed the Land, if penitent, to spare.

Then the great Seraph President of *Spain*
Descended, gracious Heav'n did so ordain,
With rapid Flight thro' all th' *Ethereal* Space,
Youth in his Eyes and Gladness in his Face,
And with a mild celestial Air address'd
Just *Silva* risen from refreshing Rest,
And thus bespoke him---By supreme Command
I come an Envoy to *Navarra's* Land
From Seats of Bliss, that all her Sons may know
To your Devotion what these Kingdoms owe.

Then

Then tell your Monarch that the black Offence
 Which caus'd th' Almighty's hot Displeasure, whence
 Inflicted by Command *Navarra's* Woes
 Destructive Plagues and Desolation rose,
 Is this, That *Garcia's* Counsellours remain
 From Justice screen'd in this indulgent Reign,
 Who, impious and in Adulation skill'd,
 With Passions vile and faithless Maxims fill'd
 Their Monarch, he inspir'd by them betray'd
 His Faith, and broke the solemn Leagues he made
 With neighbouring Powers, and did at length forsake
 Faithful and firm confed'rate States, and make
 Inglorious Friendship with the sinking *Moor*,
 And thus renounc'd the sacred Oaths he swore.

Then would *Fortunio* wrathful Heav'n atone,
 Succour his People and secure his Throne ;
 Would he restore the Kingdom's Joy, and see
 From vengeful Plagues his blasted Country free ;
 At his Tribunal let them be arraign'd
 Who Treaty-breaking Principles maintain'd,
 By whose Advice the King his Promise broke,
 And mock'd the Pow'r supreme, whom perjur'd
 [Crowns provoke :

This to *Navarra* Heav'n will reconcile ;
 Then verdant Riches thro' the Fields shall smile,
 And plenteous Harvests blefs the teaming Soil.
 He said---and sprung with swift angelick Flight
 From theſe low Gulphs to the high Seats of Light.

The ſolar Orb had now brought back the Day
 When *Silva* to the Court directs his Way,
 Where all receiv'd the welcome reverend Gueſt
 With Love and Joy in ſtrongeſt Marks expreſt.
 Then thus the King the pious Sage addreſt.

Silva, you timely here arrive to tell
 What Means the Storms of Vengeance may diſpell
 That ſtill continue to afflict the Realm, [whelm.
 While Floods of Wrath divine o'er ſad *Navarra*

Say what can backward drive the ſwelling Tide ?
 He ceaſ'd---And faithful *Silva* thus reply'd---
 The Lord of Armies has his Envoy ſent
 From Heav'n, this Realm's Deſtruction to prevent ;
 He bade me make diſtreſs'd *Fortunio* know
 The only Means that can remove your Woe ;
 Then the great Meſſage with attentive Ear
 And pious Awe, *Navarra's* Monarch, hear,

What

What makes th' Almighty in Displeasure frown,
And on this Nation pulls such Vengeance down,
Is this---That erring Pity you express,
Mercy unjust, and cruel Tenderness,
While Criminals of Statē evade the Laws,
Who of the Kingdom's Ruin are the Cause;
Who void of Honour taught their Prince the Way
To slight his Vows and Schemes perfidious lay.
Kings that in Wrath such Officers pursue
And make them Victims, to their Duty true,
Give God, their Country, and Mankind, their due,
Angels and Men with just Delight behold
The Impious suffer, who in Treason bold
By false destructive Lights their Prince misguide,
State-Honour mock, and publick Faith deride.
At your high Bar be then the Lords arraign'd,
Haughty and hard, tho' deep with Guilt distain'd:
And on their Heads the Stroke of Justice deal,
This Wound will that, they gave their Country, heal.

Heav'ns mighty King, that earthly Kings ordains
And to their Hands commits the sacred Reins
Of Government, 'tis true, will long forbear;
But will he always black Offenders spare?
Heavy and slow his Storms of Vengeance rise,
And hov'ring hang and linger in the Skies;

His

His ripening Thunder murmurs long, before
 It bursts its Prison and begins to roar ;
 But then the finish'd Bolt, to strike him dead,
 Exploded flies against the Rebel's Head ;
 He, sad Conviction ! then will ruin'd know
 That patient Justice but deferr'd the Blow.
 Should Kings at Guilt enormous still connive,
 And to excell eternal Goodness strive ?
 Vindictive Rigour should they still decline ?
 And aim at Pity greater than divine ?
 Whene'er Compassion triumphs at the Cost
 Of Justice, Monarchs cannot Virtue boast :
 Pity is Weakness, when it breaks a Trust,
 And Mercy is a Vice, when 'tis unjust.
 Pity and Pow'r unrul'd by Reason bring
 A like great Ills to Subjects and their King,
 While each to act without Restraint contends,
 And each by Turns establish'd Law suspends ;
 Thus Mercy's self, that no Confinement knows,
 As well as boundless Pow'r Oppression grows.

Most Kings, 'tis true, that from right Maxims swerve
 Despotick Lust and Aims ambitious serve,
 And strengthen'd with usurp'd licentious Pow'r
 Invade the Subject and the Land devour :

But

But some, tho' few, of too indulgent Mind
 No useful Anger nor Resentment find :
 Ill judging they such Clemency affect,
 As Reason will not own, nor Law direct :
 They spare black Crimes, or if th' Offenders try'd
 They rig'rous wrest the Law to Mercy's Side.
 Then just *Fortunio* act a vig'rous Part
 And banish false Compassion from your Heart.
 As your good Subjects feel your tender Care,
 Let Criminals your righteous Vengeance bear,
 That to their solemn Oaths and Vows unjust
 Betray'd their Prince, and broke their publick Trust ;
 Lest this audacious Tribe from Terrour free,
 And bold by undeserv'd Impunity,
 New treach'rous Schemes of Mischief should create,
 Disturb the Throne and re-embroil the State :
 Thus Heav'n aton'd soon gracious will restore
 The Joys and Plenty you possess'd before.

He said---The King with fix'd Attention heard
 The Prelate, who a Minister appear'd
 From Seats above by Heav'n's Commission sent
Navarre's entire Destruction to prevent ;
 And thus reply'd---You, *Silva*, pious, wise,
 And just, I still esteem'd, what you advise

Is Reason---Then, Heav'n's Anger to appease,
 He issu'd out his high Command to seize
Lopez, Alonso, Tulga, Chiefs of those
 That on their Country brought unnumber'd Woes,
 And Victor *Garcia* sold to vanquish'd Foes.

The great Offenders, by the Marshals fought
 And to the King's august Tribunal brought,
 Now by his Procurator stood accus'd
 That they their Monarch's Favour had abus'd,
 Their native Land and their high Trust betray'd,
 And with the sinking Foe perfidious made
 Destructive Peace, and ignominious left
 Confed'rate Pow'rs of promis'd Aid bereft,
 And by designing Counsels won their Lord
 To flight his Oaths and break his sacred Word.

The Crimes objected evident appear
 By Proofs conspicuous and as Noon-Day clear,
 Nor could convincing Light be wanting here ;
 For Earth and Heav'n, Sun, Moon, and Stars, and all
 Mankind and Angels at th' Accuser's Call
 Would Witness bear that the three Lords arraign'd
 With the black Deeds alledg'd were deeply stain'd.

Judg'd

Judg'd Guilty and condemn'd they were convey'd
 To the State-Prifons and in Fetters laid :
 And when the Morning Ray with early Flight
 Had streak'd the azure Skies with Purple Light,
 Led by the Guards from the high City Gate,
 While shouting Crouds applaud their righteous Fate
 They suffer'd painful Death and publick Shame,
 The juft Attendants that their Guilt became.
 Ne'er did Offenders fo unpity'd die,
 Scarce in the Throng was feen one weeping Eye ;
 But fignal Marks of general Joy exprest
 How much Mankind perfidious Arts detest.

Atonement made, Heav'n spar'd the wafte'd Land,
 And bade the bright Destroyer ftop his Hand.
 Obedient he his dreadful Plagues withdrew,
 And back to Heav'n thro' the wide Vacant flew.
Navarra now no more her Suff'rings mourn'd,
 While Nature's fruitful Energy return'd
 Which with Abundance foon the Valley blefs'd,
 And Groves and Gardens in new Verdure drefs'd.
 Wholfome the Air, the Seasons fruitful grew,
 And the fick Herds and Flocks fresh Vigour knew :
Navarre recover'd rais'd her drooping Head,
 While Joy and Plenty o'er the Nation fspread.

So when King *David* had by Heav'n's Command,
 To stop the Famine raging in the Land,
 Given up the Sons of Treaty-breaking *Saul*
 To suffer shameful Death, and Victims fall
 To please the *Gibeonite*, rich Crops of Corn,
 A welcome Blessing, all the Plains adorn;
 Verdure the Woods, Fruits every Garden grace,
 And beauteous Flowers Bloom gay on Nature's Face;
 While meagre Famine with her ghastly Train,
 Consuming Sicknes, Grief, and howling Pain,
 From *Judah* fled to *Southern* burning Sands,
 Or *Northern* bleak inhospitable Lands.

Then *Alfred* thus *Navarra's* King address'd;
 Joy undissembled rises in my Breast,
 That in *Numidia's* distant Hills you fought;
 And back to *Pampelune* wife *Silva* brought.
 Conducted by his Counsels you'll regain
 Heav'n's Favour and in Joy and Plenty reign.
 Inspir'd by him (illustrious was the Deed!)
 You made three unrelenting Traytors bleed.
 Ages to come this Justice will proclaim,
 And with Applauses crown *Fortunio's* Name.
Silva is able, unreprouch'd, and just,
 Fit to discharge the most important Trust.

He'll

He'll teach industrious Rules of Life, and show
 How Arts may flourish and the Kingdom flow
 In Wealth, and great and formidable grow. }
 How was I joy'd to hear the King declare }
 He would no Creatures of the Traytors bear, }
 Resolv'd the treach'rous Faction to disgrace,
 And *Silva's* Friends in their high Station place,
 Patriots for great Capacity renown'd,
 And to their Trust still just and faithful found.
 This wise this happy Reformation made,
 Your Hands a strong Foundation will have laid,
 While you possess the Throne, in Peace and War
 To bear the Pow'r and Glory of *Navarre*

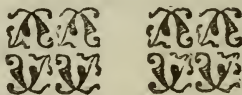
He said---And mild *Fortunio* thus reply'd ;
Silva, that form'd my Youth, shall be my Guide
 In Things important that regard the State,
 Or to the Welfare of the Church relate.
 His wise Suggestions will true Lights afford
 When to make Peace, and when to draw the Sword ;
 How to suppress intestine Discontent,
 Calm growing Heats, and civil Strife prevent.

Then did the King the reverend Sage entrust,
 Able in Council and in Action just,

With

With Pow'r to banish at one brave Effort
 The Guilty, and suspected from the Court ;
 Dismiss the Cohorts that the Lords obey'd
 While they their Monarch and *Navarre* betray'd,
 And break their Chiefs ; then to give loyal Hands
 Try'd in severest Times all great Commands.
 This *Silva* did---And from that happy Hour,
 Subtile Contrivance, Int'rest, Gold, and Pow'r
 The sinking Faction long employ'd in vain
 In a high Post one Traytor to maintain.

Now mutual Leave the Prince and Monarch took
 With tender Friendship---*Alfred* then forsook
Fortunio's royal Palace, and decreed
 O'er the high Hills for *Gallia* to proceed,
 To view the Tow'rs and Towns of wide Command,
 And the chief Joys, that crown the happy Land :
 But ere the *Briton* from the Court withdrew
 He *Silva* kind embrac'd, and bade the Sage adieu.





ALFRED.

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred takes Leave of the Court of Navarre. Enters the Country beyond the Pyrenæan Hills, in his Way to Tolose, thence he journeys on to Burgundy. The Towns, Rivers and the Countries describ'd, where he pass'd. He arrives at Diona or Dijon the Capital of Burgundy. Is made known to Rod'rick the King. An Account of that Prince's unparallell'd Avarice, and the Violence and Oppression us'd by him to amass Riches, and extort vast Sums from his Subjects.

B b

Alfred

Alfred having view'd what was remarkable in this City, and being ready to take his Journey from thence to the Court of France, receives an Embassy from Fortunio, to inform him, that the discarded Ministers and their Party had taken up Arms against him, and joyn'd their Troops with those of the Moorish King of Toledo; upon which he earnestly requests the Prince to come back to Navarre, and assist him with his Arms and Advice. Alfred hastens to Pampelune, which breaks his Design of going to Paris; and being plac'd at the Head of Fortunio's Army, advances towards Toledo, near which Place the Enemy was posted. The Prince attacks their Troops, and puts them to Flight, and so closely pursues them with his Forces that they enter Pell-Mell with the Foe into the City; by which Means the Town is taken, and the Enemies throwing down their Arms, submit to the Mercy of Alfred. He gives them their Lives, and orders that the Rebell Subjects of Fortunio should be confin'd, till their Sovereign had declar'd his Pleasure concerning them.



Ritannia's Prince now gain'd Segovia
crown'd

With proud aspiring Turrets, and
renown'd,

For woolly Wealth, above *Apulia's*
Fleece,

That in *Sicilia* spun, or that in *Greece*,

Whence Garments made of fine unrivall'd Thread

The *British* Heroe's Admiration bred :

Which

Which to excell scarce *Persia's* Silks presume,
Venetia's Labour, or *Liguria's* Loom ;
 By this the People gainful Trade uphold,
 While Art and Nature they exchange for Gold.

Next to the splendid City *Alfred* came
 That owes to *Cæsar* her imperial Name,
 Which on the Flood of fam'd *Iberus* stands
 O'erlooking num'rous Towns and distant Lands,
 And sways the Province by her high Commands :
 From fertile Glebe her Tow'rs in *Ether* rise,
 The Air salubrious and serene the Skies :
 Here Sons of Science own a peaceful Seat,
 And at their Founder's Cost luxurious eat ;
 Where pamper'd Monks of Ignorance profound
 Pass lazy Life, in Ease and Riot drown'd :
 For in this stupid Age averse to know,
 The ebbing Streams of Learning ran so low,
 That *Albion's* Heroe in the Schools could find
 Volumes alone of legendary Kind,
 Or *Grecian* Fathers ill to *Latin* turn'd,
 Whence he the Springs of Erudition mourn'd.

The *British* Prince the Region round admir'd,
 That with prolifick solar Heat inspir'd,

Impregnated with chearing Brooks and Rills,
 Streaming Eruptions from the neighb'ring Hills,
 And oft refresh'd with tepid, genial Show'rs,
 Unnumber'd Blessings from her Bosom pours ;
 While fruitful Groves, Limes, and Pomgranates grace
 With mingled Beauty's Nature's blooming Face.

Bowels of Marble streak'd with curious Stains,
 And Porph'ry mark'd with winding bloody Veins,
 In Heights above, and Rocks beneath the Ground,
 Are by the searching Miner plenteous found ;
 Where Walls and Pillars for the Dome are fought,
 And Busts and Figures for the Palace wrought.
 The Delver here, besides metallick Oars,
 Oft *Alabaster* meets, and Chrystal Stores,
 As if the pure coagulating Snow,
 By Petrefaction grown unapt to flow,
 Had left its floating Station in the Sky,
 And chose in subterranean Beds to lye.

The *British* Heroe these new Objects view'd
 With great Delight, and then his Way purfu'd.
 He pass'd the fertile Vales and happy Lands
 Where *Cinga* flows and fair *Ilerda* stands,
 Where *Sicoris* revives the smiling Plain
 While golden Sands enrich his silver Train,

And

And (Fame fo publish'd) where its Current flows
 On the green Banks its yellow Treasure throws ;
 Hither, their rural Labour left, the Swains
 Repair to gather up the splendid Grains
 Richer than those they reap upon the Plains.

He view'd the Meads once by the *Ligyian* mow'd,
 The Fields by *Castellanian* Farmers sow'd,
 And those on *Julian* Colonies bestow'd :
 Next saw the Town by the old *Rhodians* rear'd,
 Who hither from their Isle for Traffick steer'd ;
 Then gain'd by toilsome Steps the hilly Land
 That strong *Perpignan's* Castles now Command,
 Where ancient *Roscinonia's* Turrets rose
 To which the Realm its Appellation owes.

With much Fatigue *Britannia's* Prince at last
 Thro' Ways abrupt the steepy Mountain past ;
 Then to *Narbona's* lofty Gates they came,
 Whence the fair Region once deriv'd its Name
 That from the *Pyrenean* Hills extends
 To the high *Alps*, where modern *Gallia* ends :
 Here *Helvian* Pow'rs and *Allobrogian* Lords,
Felauni, *Salvians* nam'd in old Records,
Volsca, *Rutunians*, who for Empire warr'd,
 Canton'd by settled Bounds the Country shar'd :

In these sweet Skies high *Rome* her Natives plac'd,
 And with aspiring Piles the City grac'd,
 A Capitol adorn'd at vast Expence,
 Artful Canals, the Works of Toil immense,
 And Theatres august, whose Pomp and Pride
 With potent *Rome* when in her Glory vy'd.
 Here, while a Time for due Repose they staid,
 Th' attentive Prince the wond'rous Scenes survey'd.

He then advancing o'er delightful Plains
 By easy Journeys high *Tolosa* gains,
 Of all the beauteous Towns the awful Head
 Thro' *Occitania's* spacious Province spread.
 He much admir'd her proud Magnificence,
 The Domes for Pray'r, and Castles for Defence;
 The gilded Turrets, and the Walls sublime,
 That scarce perceiv'd the wasting Force of Time,
 And stately Buildings, that on either Side
 The ample Streets, express unrivall'd Pride.

The Heroe now the neighb'ring Region views,
 Where Nature fond her Riches to diffuse
 Indulgent scatters with a lavish Hand
 Her Gifts, and crowns with Luxury the Land,
 While Hills and Vales abundant Stores produce
 For Pleasure these, and those for needful Use.

The Prince observ'd in all this chearful Race
No *Saturnine*, no fow'r or joyless Face;
No Loss foreseen, or unexpected Stroke
Of adverse Fate, their steady Temper broke,
Who always pleas'd and still in Humour gay
To Cares by Turns apply'd, by Turns to play.
Oft *Alfred* said, sweet Country, lovely Skies
Whence constant Joy and Mirth unceasing Rise!
Yet right he judg'd that oft their Strains of Mirth
Deriv'd from native Levity their Birth,
And unreflecting Indolence that here
In every Rank did prevalent appear.

Now he departed to renew his Toil,
And much the City prais'd and much the Soil.
Leaving *Tolosa's* Tow'rs their Way they sped
To reach *Divona* fair *Burgundia's* Head:
When *Guithun* thus to *Albion's* Prince applies;
This charming Country to my wond'ring Eyes
A Theatre appears, which Nature's Skill
Does with unrivall'd Decorations fill:
How rich a Land! what balmy Breezes blow!
And thro' the Valleys what sweet Rivers flow!
What Odours, what pure Draughts of Air inspire
The breathing Pow'rs and fan the vital Fire!

Hark, how around the Birds melodious sing
 Peach'd in the Grove or wafted on the Wing!
 How Nature triumphs, and in every Place
 How the glad Plains display a smiling Face!
 O happy, happy Natives, if they find
 That these soft Regions don't dissolve the Mind,
 And indispose them by voluptuous Charms
 For Letters, Labour, and the Warriour's Arms!

He said---And now they fam'd *Nemausus* gain'd
 Where Marks of *Rome's* imperial Pow'r remain'd,
 Whose Lords once rul'd this Land by Arms subdu'd:
 The stately Amphitheatre they view'd,
 Which more entire, is only overcome
 In Amplitude by the proud Pile at *Rome*.
 Here Gladiators oft engag'd in Fight
 With fierce wild Beasts for wilder Mens Delight.
 The Aquæduct, that o'er a River pass'd
 On Arches, wondrous Sight! on Arches plac'd,
 And for their naval Fights by Land supply'd
 Th' extended Basin with a plenteous Tide,
 They saw; and next they reach'd *Avignon's* Tow'rs,
 Since rul'd by papal delegated Pow'rs;
 They prais'd the Town, tho' not of vast Extent,
 Yet beautiful, and clean, and opulent;

And

And from the Walls view'd the wide Fields around
With smiling Joys and various Riches crown'd.
Here golden Groves, that fruitful Heads display
Drink the bright Sun and qualify his Ray,
Diffuse the temper'd Lustre thro' the Sky,
And with their Beauty captivate the Eye,
There far extended lovely Almond Rows,
Voluptuous Scene! their flow'ry Pride disclose.
Here balmy Jes'mine, there the Myrtle Bow'r
On the soft Air sweet-scented Vapours pour.
The artful Worms that on the Mulb'rry feast,
In whose rich Labour high-born Lords are drest,
There spin their Webb with self-destructive Care,
And for the Loom their precious Spoils prepare.
Unnumber'd Births rise from the teaming Soil,
Pure Grain and Saffron, gen'rous Wine and Oyl,
Pomgranates, Figs delicious white and blue,
Sweet Pears and Apples of a lovely Hue;
A long successive Harvest of Delights
The Lord enriches and the Swain requites.

Leaving these Seats they pass'd the fruitful Plain
Wash'd by the rapid *Rhone's* interfluent Train,
And reach'd *Valencia*, near whose lofty Walls
Down the flat Land the winding River falls:

On the *South* Side they saw a Mountain rise
 Which, blest'd with fertile Glebe and mod'rate Skies,
 Boasts a delicious Wine of spreading Fame
 That from a Hermite's Cott derives its Name ;
 To this submit *Florentia's* Purple Spoils,
 The Growth of *Spain*, and of the happy Isles.

Hence they advancing to *Lugdunum* came,
 To the august *Lutetia* next in Fame,
 Where *Rhodanus* and fair *Saona's* Tide
 Meet and embrace and mingling Currents glide.
 And here a while the curious *Briton* staid,
 And the rich City with Delight survey'd ;
 Admir'd her Beauty and Magnificence,
 And publick Buildings rais'd at vast Expence :
 He learn'd, that Merchants oft with Toil and Sweat
 Arrive at this fair Town, this central Seat
 And Mart of Commerce, from *Germania's* Land,
 And from the Hills *Helvetian* Lords command,
 To fetch rich Silks and fine-spun Linnen Home,
 The proud Production of *Lugdunum's* Loom.

Then from the Tow'rs with Pleasure he survey'd
 The verdant Valley's flow'ry Wealth display'd,
 Which the sweet Streams of *Rhodanus* divide
 That this and that Way spreads his wanton Tide,

And

And thro' the Pastures draws his silver Train,
Delightful Prospect! to enrich the Main.
The Meads & Groves & Gardens from th' Embrace
Of the prolifick River in his Race
Wear flow'ry Honours and a blooming Face.
On either Margin of the fruitful Stream
Promiscuous Trees, that from the sult'ry Gleam
Shelter the Grazers and adorn the Flood,
The fertile Soil's spontaneous Offspring stood.
Here 'midst the trembling Leaves the feather'd Quire
To sooth the Skies and charm the Swain conspire;
Challenge each other by their daring Notes,
And strain for Conquest their melodious Throats,
Till some o'ermatch'd by Rivals bold and strong
Fall in the Strife and perish by their Song,

As *Alfred* these chief Towns with Pleasure view'd,
His great Design attentive he pursu'd,
While eager to indulge his curious Taste
In different Realms he different Customs trac'd.

Now after various Joys and various Toil
At length they enter'd fair *Burgundia's* Soil,
Where while the *British* Heroe journey'd on,
He prais'd the Region that the fruitful *Soan*

Laves with its Current, and the Hills surveys
 Where the fam'd Vine its Purple Pride displays
 Which an unrivall'd gen'rous Juice affords
 Fit for the Banquets of assembled Lords,
 Sparkling as Diamonds and as Rubies bright,
 While mantling Stars adorn its Head, the Sight
 And ravish'd Taste it does at once Delight.

Then *Guithun* thus began,---We justly prize
 These Fields and Gardens and indulgent Skies.
 The Mountains here are cloath'd with gameful Woods,
 There murm'ring Fountains and lascivious Floods
 Refresh the thirsty Meadows, and their Face
 With verdant Joys and flow'ry Beauties grace :
 Here lowing Herds the springing Pastures fill,
 There waving Crops of Corn enrich the Hill,
 While lovely Prospects, that just Bounds restrain,
 With greater Pleasure Trav'lers entertain,
 Than where no rising Lands confine the Eye
 Lost in transparent Gulphs of endless Sky.

See, while the Swain improves the fertile Soil,
 The Hills rejoyce and the sweet Valleys smile;
 Not so the People; They their Fate deplore,
 Grip'd by Oppression and in Plenty poor.

They

They plant and sow the Fields with Sweat and Care,
 But Spoilers from the Land the Harvest bear ;
 Thus they th' industrious Farmer's Hopes destroy,
 And all his Labour cruelly enjoy ;
 Sad Marks of Trust abus'd and lawless Might ;
 That robs the People and usurps their Right !

The *Britons* now to fair *Divona* came
 Of present Greatness proud, and ancient Fame.
 The Temples much, that high in Air aspire,
 And much the stately Buildings they admire ;
 But griev'd to see the People's Looks express
 Such Signs of anxious Care and deep Distress,
 Who gaul'd by lawless Pow'rs that rul'd the State
 Groan'd in Despair and mourn'd their hapless Fate.

And now conducted to *Burgundia's* Court,
 Which to the Strangers seem'd more like a Fort,
 That Ditches wide extended and profound
 And double Walls for sure Defence surround,
 Than an imperial Seat ; for *Rodrick*, who
Burgundia's Sceptre sway'd and had in view
 No End but Heaps of Treasure to collect,
 That he unmeasur'd Riches might protect
 And dreaded Insults and wild Rage repell
 Had turn'd his Palace to a Citadel.

No panting Swain in *Libya's* sultry Sands
 With greater Thirst the cooling Stream demands,
 Nor hungry Lion at the Fall of Day
 Forfakes his Haunt more eager of his Prey,
 Than avaricious *Rodrick* Wealth pursu'd,
 And still in Want encreasing Treasure view'd.
Midas, Pigmalion, Cræsus, Kings of old
 Fam'd for their Lust exorbitant of Gold,
 With this *Burgundian* Potentate compar'd
 Would be but frugal Managers declar'd :
 New Acquisitions still Desire inflame,
 Nor could th' exhausted World his Passion tame.

To drain the Nation and augment his Hoards,
 He to his Chiefs and ministerial Lords,
 Prefects of Cities and provincial Lands,
 Issu'd unjust, and oft renew'd Commands
 To make the Subject Sums enormous pay,
 And on the Realm oppressive Burdens lay.
 As these State-Leeches suck'd the People's Blood,
 And from their Veins transfus'd the vital Flood
 Into their own, so when their Hoards were swell'd,
Rodrick the griping Governours compell'd
 By Force to vomit up their plunder'd Store,
 And thus encreas'd his Wealth immense before.

Mean Time the murm'ring Nation to restrain,
 Whose Towns of raging Cruelty complain,
 He thro' the Kingdom Towers and Castles built,
 And paid vast Armies to defend his Guilt ;
 Nor on their Deeds licentious would he frown,
 To keep the Cohorts steady to the Crown.
Burgundia's Treasure *Rodrick* thus engross't,
 And fill'd his Coffers at the People's Cost,
 Coffers between high secret Walls immur'd,
 Or in deep Vaults and guarded Forts secur'd,
 Which he forgot long buried under Ground,
 And left by future Princes to be found.

On avaricious Parcimony bent
 The King to save Expence inglorious went
 From Chief to Chief, from Lord to Lord to eat,
 And they in Turn th' ungen'rous Monarch treat.
 Rare was he known, so much his Coin he spar'd,
 The Labours of the Heroe or the Bard,
 Or active Patriot's Merit to reward.
 And when he gave, his Gold did from him part
 Like Life-Blood issuing from his aking Heart,
 And then the scanty and unprincely Dole,
 Declar'd the abject Meanness of his Soul.

Soon as this private Court the *Briton* view'd,
 Which not the awful Face of Empire shew'd,

Guithun

Guithun the pious Heroe thus address'd ;
How ill are Pow'r and Majesty express'd
By such illib'ral mean and fordid Ways,
That must Contempt, not Veneration raise ?
Splendor and Pomp that vulgar Eyes engage,
Magnificence and noble Equipage,
And the proud Ensigns of imperial State,
Will Rev'rence, Wonder, and Esteem create :
Else Monarchs would not, as they ought, appear
The Objects of Regard nor useful Fear :
For still we find *Plebeian* Minds are sway'd
By strong Impressions on the Senses made.
Assign to Men in Pow'r a mean Abode,
Dismount the *Prator* from his Steed, disrobe
The Judge, and strip them of their num'rous Trains,
And would they long their Dignity maintain ?
Besides as Kings by Lust of Gold create
Contempt, they bring great Mischiefs on the State ;
For while the publick Treasures hoarded sleep
Unrefluent in the Monarch's stagnant Deep,
The sad exhausted Provinces bewail
Their Fate, while all Recruits obstructed fail.
Did not the Streams, that with their silver Train
Sweep thro' the Meads and seek the spreading Main,
In secret Channels or in Rain return,
How would the Land its Desolation mourn !

Nor

Nor did th' exhaling Vapours, which supply
 The Atmosphere, and stock with Clouds the Sky,
 Come back to Earth in mild refreshing Dews,
 And genial Show'rs on thirsty Fields diffuse,
 Would not the Lands the cruel Heav'ns arraign,
 And of the Rapine of the Sun complain,
 That seiz'd their Moisture by his active Ray,
 Nor did the Furrows nor the Meads repay?
 Thus while their Wealth is in the Coffers pent
 Of griping Kings, sad Realms their Wants lament;
 And, unrefresh'd by Streams that us'd to flow
 Reciprocal, despond and lifeless grow.

Burgundia's King to Lust of Wealth a Slave
 Now to the *British* Heroe Audience gave,
 And, as he decent State and Splendor scorn'd,
 Receiv'd him in a Chamber unadorn'd
 By *Arras*, Busts, and Pictures, with an Air
 Of Care and Sadness bord'ring on Despair,
 That all observ'd did on the Sov'reign grow,
 Lest in Abundance he should Famine know.

Alfred, the cold Reception past, retir'd,
 And much the royal Miser's Fate admir'd:
 Then went to view the Prisons near the Court
 Where Lictors vest in Cruelty extort

From all, suspected Riches to conceal,
By Whips and Wheels Confessions, to reveal
The dark Recesses where they hid their Gold,
And their strong Casks that buried Jewels hold.
Some to the Rack, tho' indigent were brought,
To purge the Guilt of being wealthy thought;
While others, who discover'd all their Store,
Were still tormented to discover more.
Thus did th' *Iberians*, who in after Times
Became the Lords of *Western India's* Climes;
A cruel, fierce, and unrelenting Race,
The fairest Realms and richest Towns deface
By dreadful Rapine, and with endless Loads
Of plunder'd Treasure fill'd their own Abodes.

Now to compleat his Scheme the Prince decreed
To gain sublime *Lutetia's* Gates with Speed,
Conscious he there a splendid Court should find,
A People faithful and a Monarch kind:
When brave *Fuentes* well to *Alfred* known,
And *Sancho*, Courtiers near *Fortunio's* Throne,
By his Command the *British* Prince attend
In fair *Divona*; he their generous Friend
Kindly *Navarre's* Ambassadors cares'd,
When just *Fuentes Alfred* thus address'd,

On you, great *Briton*, we commissiōn'd wait,
 Whose wise Advice preserv'd *Navarra's* State,
 To bring the King's Request and *Silva's* Pray'r,
 That *Alfred* would to *Pampelune* repair.
 The haughty Faction who before engroft
 All Trusts and Pow'r, their high Employments lost;
 Distracted and impatient of their Fate
 Revil'd their Monarch and express'd their Hate
 Of *Alfred* and just *Silva*, who, they thought,
 Combin'd this Change and Revolution wrought.

The furious Traytors soon in Arms engage,
 And meditate Revenge to sooth their Rage:
 Too much the poison'd Provinces support
 Disloyal Leaders, and arraign the Court.
 Sedition's growing Flames great Force acquire,
 Break furious out and civil Heats inspire.
 And now their Leaders to *Moavi* sent,
Toledo's King, fit Envoys with Intent
 To gain from that fierce Monarch pow'rful Aid,
 To whom before their Friends *Navarre* betray'd:
 The *Moor*, his Pow'r ambitious to extend,
 Ready engag'd the Faction to befriend,
 And with their Forces to unite his own,
 To move *Fortunio* from the regal Throne;

That done, he knew his Cohorts might with Ease
 As his Reward *Navarre's* Dominions seize ;
 Which vastly would his Empire stretch, and lay
 A stable Base for universal Sway.

Thus they solicit Succours from the *Moor*,
 Help from th' Impostor *Mahomet* implore,
 And would *Arabian* Infidels employ
 Their Christian King and Country to destroy :
 Black Guilt ! but Pride, Revenge, and Lust of Gain
 Grasp at all Means to ease their raging Pain.
 To you, illustrious *Briton*, we address
 To lend your Aid this Tempest to suppress :
 Thus you'll our happy Government defend,
 Support our Prince, and guard your mitred Friend :
 The Realm from *Libyan* Potentates assure,
 And Christian Faith from raging Arms secure.

The Envoy ceas'd---And, gracious thus reply'd
 The *British* Heroe---What can be deny'd
 That *Silva* that *Fortunio* shall demand ?
 Can *Alfred* such Solicitors withstand ?
 With Speed I'll *Pampeluna's* Tow'rs regain,
 And aid his Arms th' Assailants to sustain,
 Drive back the Spoilers from *Navarra's* Coast,
 And save Religion from a barb'rous Host.

Now

Now Morning Rays of heav'nly liquid Gold
 Exhale the Dews and the gay Heads unfold
 Of sleeping Flow'rs clos'd by nocturnal Cold:
 The *Briton* then *Burgundia's* Land forfook
 And to *Hispania's* Soil his Journey took;
 Where wing'd with Zeal the Heroe soon arriv'd,
 Whose Presence much *Fortunio's* Court reviv'd,
 Ardent the Monarch *Albion's* Prince carest,
 And all the Chiefs uncommon Joy exprest,
 But *Silva* Transport shew'd above the rest.
 For all presag'd the Rebels in the Field
 Would to his Courage and wise Conduct yield.
 To lead his Host the King did *Alfred* ask,
 Who undertook the military Task;
 With a gilt Trunchion then he grac'd his Hand,
 Proud martial Emblem of supream Command,
 In strong Belief his Sword would quell his Foes,
 Chastise their Pride and civil Strife compose.
 Th' intrepid Chief advancing at the Head
 Of his brave Troops warm Hopes of Conquest fed
 In all their Breasts, who eager to engage
 By threat'ning Looks exprest'd a loyal Rage,
 Denounc'd Defiance, earnest ask'd the Fight,
 And pre-enjoy'd the Triumph's great Delight.

Moavi's Army by *Almansor* led,
 And the fierce Rebels, *Velez* at their Head,
 Advance in long Array on Blood intent,
 And daring Combate to the Foe present.
 As when renown'd *Sabrina* from the Main
 Regurgitates, and draws her refluent Train,
 The foamy Billows of the rushing Tide,
 That prefs and croud and o'er each other ride,
 Stretching their Front a furious Aspect wear,
 And from the Sands th' affrighted Farmer scare;
 The *Moor's* Brigade their March so forward bend,
 And on the Plains the growing War extend.
 The Squadrons shone in polish'd Armour bright,
 While the refulgent Sun his glancing Light
 From Shield to Shield from Helm to Helm convey'd,
 And keen Reflection on Reflection play'd.

Fortunio's Warriours reach'd *Titulcia's* Vale,
 Whence Seas of Blood must soon to Heav'n exhale:
 The threaten'g Armies met, but doubtful Light
 Restrain'd their Fury, and defer'd the Fight.
 Now did the Sun gild Heav'n's *Cerulean* Plain,
 And spreading o'er the Earth his splendid Train,
 Call'd to his Song the Lark, & to his Toil the Swain,
Alfred repose for martial Labour chang'd,
 And his brave Troops for glorious Combate rang'd.

Strong

Strong tawny Grooms his generous Courser led
 In the high Mountains of *Gallicia* bred,
 Of the fleet Race, which, so great Poets sung,
 From the prolific Force of *Zephyrs* sprung,
 Rapid of Foot outstrip their parent Wind,
 And leave their swiftest Kindred Gales behind,
 Pricking his Ears he in the Leader's Hand
 Bounded, and whiten'd with his foam the Sand.
 The Heroe mounted with a martial Grace,
 Delight and Terrour mingled in his Face ;

And now the Armies stood in long Array
 Determin'd to decide th' important Day :
 Rage on their Brows and fierce Defiance fate,
 And echoing Shouts denounc'd destructive Fate.
 While thus the Field with warlike Clamours rung,
 To charge the Foe the Prince intrepid sprung.

So when a fearless Lion has descry'd,
 From some exalted *Libyan* Mountain's Side,
 A mighty Bull Lord of the lowing Herd,
 Or a vast Boar thro' all the Forrest fear'd,
 Safe, as they think, from all invading Harms,
 One by his Horns, one by his Iv'ry Arms,
 Eager of Fight he flies to make the Foe
 Superiour Strength and nobler Courage know.

Thus to the War the valiant *Briton* flew,
 And the first glitt'ring Jav'lin which he threw
 A great *Arabian* Champion *Omira* flew :
 The Weapon thro' his Shield and Armour went,
 And in his wheezing Lungs its Fury spent :
 A while the wounded Warriour on the Field,
 With Blood oppress'd and suffocated, reel'd,
 Then fell and groan'd and agonizing lay,
 His Eyes no longer conscious of the Day.
Aleba a Warriour, near in Blood ally'd
 To their great Prophet on the Mother's Side,
 Broke thro' the Cohorts with intrepid Rage,
 In Fight the *British* Heroe to engage.
 He curst the Christian Founder and defy'd
 His faithful Armies with enormous Pride :
 Now he the fam'd Impostor earnest pray'd
 To guard his Person, and his Weapon aid,
 Then threw his Jav'lin with prodigious Might ;
 The Christian Squadrons trembled at the Sight ;
 From *Alfred's* Shield the Point unhurtful glanc'd,
 Who all enrag'd to the proud Foe advanc'd,
 And by his Faulchion's horizontal Sway
 Made thro' his boastful Throat a bloody Way.
 He fell, and rattling with his ghastly Wound
 Indignant star'd, and quiv'ring beat the Ground.

Then

Then *Salar* in a rich brocaded Vest
 And a bright Scarf *Aurora*-colour'd drest,
 Beauteous *Bethana's* Gift, (which first he wore
 When, at a Bull-Feast held the Year before,
 He fam'd for Valour and in Combate skill'd
 Numbers of bellowing grisly Terroures kill'd ;)
 Rush'd forward to oppose the *Briton's* Course,
 And ready to exert his martial Force
 He cry'd, *Bethana*, Idol of my Love,
 Fair as the *Houra* in blest Seats above,
 Now to thy Eyes, that *Salar's* Soul enthral,
 This Chief a Victim shall devoted fall.
 The Warriour then his Spear long, bright, and vast
 Straining his Nerves with Force unvulgar cast :
 The Weapon, like a flying Serpent hiss'd
 Along the wounded Air, but *Alfred* miss'd ;
 Who heard unmov'd and ignorant of Dread
 The disappointed Death sing o'er his Head.
 The *Briton* strode with Vigour o'er the Sand,
 His ample Faulchion flaming in his Hand,
 Then on the hardy *Moor* indignant flew
 And by repeated Wounds the Champion flew.

Now valiant *Zobar*, of a noble Line
 Whose martial Deeds in *Moorish* Annals shine,

That

That brave in Arms to signalize his Name
 From *Carpitanian* ancient *Menta* came
 Not then a City of Superiour Fame;
 Tho' now, grown great and wealthy at the Cost
 Of potent Kings, her Tow'rs of Empire boast;
 Boldly advanc'd and undertook the Fight,
 That *Akem* shun'd by ignominious Flight;
 On *Alfred's* Crest he dealt a noble Stroke,
 Which did the Heroe's Fury so provoke
 That he his Spear with mighty Vigour sent,
 Which thro' the Bowels of the Warriour went:
 The *Moors* around rush'd in, and to the Rear
 Bore off the wounded Champion on a Bier.
 He soon in deep-fetch'd Groans and tort'ring Pain
 Expir'd, and call'd on *Mahomet* in vain.

Then thro the Ranks the conqu'ring *Briton* past,
 And laid on either Side the Cohorts waste.
 As when in Harvest Time the lab'ring Swain
 Bends to the Hook and cuts the ripen'd Grain,
 The yellow Offsprings of the Furrow feel
 The Edge destructive of the rural Steel,
 While to reward th' industrious Reaper's Toil,
 Thick Rows of Sheaves oppress the parent Soil.
 So by the Heroe's Arms the Field was spread
 With Spoils of War, wide Rout and Heaps of Dead.
 Mean

Mean Time at distance great *Almanfor* rag'd
 Amidst the Troops; and *Nunez*, who engag'd
 The mighty Chief and in his Breast receiv'd
 The Foe's bright Weapon, fell of Breath bereav'd.
 Lifeless he stretch'd along the Field, and all
 The Christian Cohorts much bewail'd his Fall,
 Brave *Perez* from the Banks of *Cinga* came
 To guard his Country and advance his Fame,
 But, in full Strength and blooming youthful Pride,
 By the great *Moor's* destructive Faulchion dy'd.

Alphonso, who from *Saragossa's* Plain
 Joyn'd the King's Cohorts with a num'rous Train,
 Beheld in Rage the *African* advance,
 And flew to charge him with his pond'rous Lance:
 A doubtful Fight ensu'd, the Christian cast
 His pointed Ash, the Death impetuous past
 Thro' half the Thickness of his Rival's Shield,
 And there stuck fast; then did *Almanfor* wield
 His flaming Sword on high, (a noble Blade
 By skillful *Varon* in *Toledo* made,)
 And for a dreadful Stroke his Arm prepar'd:
 And while he strain'd his Joints and furious star'd,

With

With such prodigious Strength he struck the Foe }
 Full on his Crest, that with the vig'rous Blow }
 The dizzy Christian stagger'd to and fro ; }
 But soon restor'd his ample Faulchion drew,
 And to the *Moor* with Rage redoubled flew.
 His lifted Blade came down with such a Sway }
 As made the Plate that arm'd the Side obey, }
 And to the Veins unguarded forc'd its Way ; }
 Whence trickling Streams of Purple Life distain
 His reeking Steel, and mark the red'ning Plain :
 But brave *Alphonso* slipping on the Sand
 Fell on his Knees, and lean'd upon his Hand.
 The *Moor* th' Advantage saw, and with his Sword
 Cut deep the Shoulder of the Christian Lord,
 And quickly had destroy'd his valiant Foe,
 Had not *Mendoza* took the second Blow,
 By which he fell, then dy'd with scarce a Groan,
 And lost, to save his Brother's Life, his own,
Alphonso's Friends flew in, and on a Shield
 Plac'd the great Chief and bore him from the Field.
 And now th' elated Victor midst the Files
 Vast Havock made, and spread the Ground with Spoils.

While thus the Champion triumph'd in the War,
 The *British* Prince beheld him from afar,

And

And to the Foe advanc'd without Delay :
The thick Brigades divide to give him Way.

Almansor stopt his Progress at the Sight
To undertake a more important Fight.

The Heroe stood collected in his Strength
With stern Defiance in his Looks, at length

Alfred with hasty Strides advancing near
With wond'rous Force discharg'd his glitt'ring Spear,
Which pierc'd *Almansor's* Shield and raz'd his Ear.

Swift in Exchange the Foe his Jav'lin threw
That from the *Briton's* Buckler flanting flew
And *Vador*, hapless Fate ! at Distance flew.

Long to and fro their missive Weapons past
With undecisive Toil and Valour cast,

Till, to determine who excell'd in Might,
The Combatants prepar'd for closer Fight.

A while the Champions traversing the Ground,
And casting fierce and threat'ning Looks around,
Took Breath, and then the Combate they renew'd,
While each with dreadful Strokes his Foe pursu'd.

A vast Concern in either Host appears,
Now rais'd by Hopes and now depress'd by Fears,
For all on this great Action seem'd to lay,
As by Consent, the Fortune of the Day.

— So when, in Regions near the rising Sun
Where *Indus*, *Ganges*, or *Oraxes*, run,

Two mighty Elephants in Fight engage,
 And spend in equal Strife enormous Rage;
 Their vast protended Trunks each other wound,
 And with their Iv'ry Arms the Hills resound:
 Mean Time, while Vict'ry in a Balance rests,
 The gazing Herds, and grisly savage Beasts,
 Trembling with Terrour, and expecting stand
 Which rival Pow'r the Forrest shall command:

And now the *Moor* determin'd to destroy
 His valiant Foe did all his Nerves employ
 And all his Skill in one prodigious stroke;
 But on the *Briton's* Shield his Faulchion broke.
Alfred rush'd in, and thrust his Weapon's Point
 Deep in the Side between the Armour's Joint:
Almansor fell, and gasping on the Ground
 In Search of Light turn'd his dim Eye-Balls round;
 And in the Pangs of Death indignant frown'd. }
Navarra's Troops the great Event proclaim;
 While Shouts of Joy divulge the Victor's Fame.
 The *Moor's* Brigades, their mighty Leader slain
 On whose vast Strength their Host rely'd in vain;
 Distrest and heartless now began to yield,
 And difarray'd forsook th' inglorious Field.

Sancho

Sancho mean Time the brave *Braccarian* Head,
Who to the Field his Country's Squadrons led,
His lifted Jav'lin in his Hand, invades
Splendid in Arms the Rebels rang'd Brigades :
His Weapon cast with Vigour wing'd its Way,
And in young *Nona's* Bosom buried lay.
Nor with less Fury did his second fly
Against applauded *Sancher* standing by,
And with sure Aim directed reach'd his Head,
Broke thro' the Scalp and struck the Leader dead :
Both grov'ling lay and in one reeking Flood
Mix'd tainted Currents of disloyal Blood.
The Chief projected next his glitt'ring Dart,
That thro' his Cuirass peirc'd *Acosta's* Heart:
Norman, for Arts and Sciences admir'd
As well as Arms, with dauntless Courage fir'd
Oppos'd the Heroe ; he intrepid drew
His mighty Faulchion and the Warriour flew.
Fuentes Arms elsewhere the Foe invade,
And midst the Rebels wide Destruction made,
He peirc'd brave *Gomez* with his pointed Spear ;
And *Davila* who ignorant of Fear
Advanc'd too late his Brother to sustain,
Transfixt, expiring stretch'd along the Plain.
Lerma and *Mendez*, near in Blood ally'd,
By the victorious Leader's Weapon dy'd.

Hara, a fiery Youth *Vasconia's* Head
 At factious Feasts by loose Caballs misled,
 That from *Solorius* came, whose Peaks divide
 The *South Asturia's* from the *Northern* Side,
 By luckless Fate stood in the Heroe's Way,
 Whose pond'rous Sword, that with a dreadful Sway
 Fell on his Helmet, deeply cut his Head,
 Dizzy he dropp'd, and thus expiring said ;
 Curst be the Friends that *Hara's* Life betray'd;
 And to my Veins seditious Heats convey'd.
 I now detest the Faction I embrac't,
 While bold Rebellion's bitter Fruits I taste.
 He said---And now th' encroaching Shades of Night
 From his dim Eyes exclude their vital Light.

Anc a Lord in *Pampeluna* bred,
 Of Heart couragious but of thoughtless Head,
 Who by false Honour urg'd, ambitious Pride,
 And Party-Fury took the Rebels Side ;
 Advanc'd the conqu'ring Leader to oppose,
 Whence in the Field a noble Combate rose.
 His Jav'lin he with mighty Vigour flung,
 But in his Rival's Buckler stopt it hung :
 He in Exchange sent his long Spear, that graz'd
 On his Foe's Armour and his Shoulder raz'd.

The

The Warriours then prepar'd for cloſer Fight,
Fuentes graſping with prodigious Might
 The Traytor, threw him headlong on the Ground
 And croſs him ſtood; but ere the fatal Wound
 The Viſtor gave, he thus the Chief beſpoke;
 How much thy Crimes th' Almighty's Wrath provoke?
 Could'ſt thou to ſooth Revenge, unnat'ral Lord,
 In thy own Country's Bowels plunge thy Sword?
 Strive thy indulgent Sov'reign to dethrone,
 And make his Realm a Foreign Maſter own?
 Call in the *Moor Navarra* to enjoy;
 Impoſe his Prophet and our Faith deſtroy?
 Infernal Aim!--Then take thy Guilt's Deſert.
 He ſaid---And ſtruck his Jay'lin thro' his Heart;
 From his deep Wound out ſprung the crimſon Tide;
 And to the Faction dear the Rebel dy'd:

Then noble *Martin* of *Caſtilian* Blood,
 And valiant *Marcho*, who his Arms withſtood;
 And beauteous *Ramer* from *Segovia's* Plain
 Were by the loyal Chief in Battle ſlain;
 Who fill'd with Spoils and Rout the reeking Field:
 The Rebels ſtagger'd and prepar'd to yield.

Then the great Traytor *Velez* brave in Arms
 And fond of martial, as of Female Charms,

D d

Advanc'd

Advanc'd intrepid to restore the Fight.
 Soon as their Leader of acknowledg'd Might
 'Midst his disorder'd Regiments arriv'd,
 He rais'd their Courage and their Hopes reviv'd.
 So swift, so thick, and with such Force he threw
 His missive Deaths, that he whole Cohorts flew.
Cortez and Ronda from Cantabria's Soil
 Expert in Arms and vers'd in warlike Toil
 Along the Plain lay bleeding by his Spear,
 This to the Court, that to the Muses dear.
 His Sword depriv'd *Pinta's* left Eye of Sight,
 Th' unhappy Youth before had lost his Right,
 Whence without Death he felt eternal Night. }
 Now was the War with dreadful Strokes renew'd,
 And Vict'ry with redoubled Heat pursu'd ;
 While Beard to Beard the fierce Battalions stood
 Close as young Poplars in a thriving Wood.

Still obstinate in Fight the Rebels stay,
 Nor to the faithful Warriours yield the Day,
 While now they lose and now recover Ground,
 Vanquish'd by Turns, by Turns with Conquest
 As when two mighty Bulls, a Match in Age [crown'd.
 Of equal Vigour and of equal Rage,
 Contend in dubious Combate, which shall reign
 Lord of the Herd and Master of the Plain ;

With

With goring Arms the furious Rivals rush
 To Battle, and by Turns each other push
 With like Success, while each disdains to yield,
 And loses oft, and wins as oft the Field :
 So did *Fortunio's* and the trait'rous Host
 By balanc'd Pow'r alternate Conquest boast,
 Till, when the Rebels knew the *Moor's* Defeat,
 Sunk and dismay'd they from the War retreat,
 And in Confusion and Confed'rate Fright
 With their Allies precipitate their Flight.

Their vanquish'd Army thus from Combate fled,
 And left the Field with frequent Rows of Dead,
 With scatter'd Arms, and Rout inglorious spread.
 Now Part disperse and in the Forrest hide,
 Or in the Mountain's secret Caves abide :
 Part to their Towns and rural Seats return'd,
 And much their Treason disappointed mourn'd :
 But the chief Cohorts of th' united Pow'rs
 March'd swift to gain sublime *Toledo's* Tow'rs.
Britannia's Heroe brandishing his Spear
 Follow'd, and hung destructive on their Reer,
 And mark'd where-e'er he came th' extended Plain
 With Tracks of Blood, and Arms, and Warriours slain.

Toledo conscious of the Battle lost
 With open Gates receiv'd the flying Host,
 Thro' which in Clouds the conquer'd Cohorts prest
 And hop'd their Walls the Victor would arrest,
 In vain---So close the Troops by *Alfred* led
 Pursu'd the vanquish'd, who before them fled,
 That fir'd with Zeal to gain compleat Renown,
 They enter'd mingled with the Foe the Town:
 On their Brigades now Sword in Hand they flew
 And in vindictive Rage great Numbers flew.
Velez, who first did Flames seditious spread
 And to the Field the Rebel Squadrons led,
 Inur'd to Arms and of prodigious Might
 In a wide Square maintain'd a desp'rate Fight;
 Till by *Fuentes* Spear transfix'd he fell
 And in vast Rage and Anguish sunk to Hell.
 The bloody Streets now fill'd with Death, at length
 The *Moors* submitted to superiour Strength,
 And neither able to resist nor fly
 Threw down their Weapons and for Mercy cry.
 The gen'rous Prince, who cruel Deeds abhorr'd,
 Restrain'd his Troops, and bade them spare the Sword;
 But gave Command the *Moors* should be confin'd,
 And that in Chains they should the Rebels bind,
 Till their great Monarch should their Fate decree;
 Doom them to suffer Death, or set them free.

A L F R E D.



ALFRED.

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Alfred after his Victory returns to Pampelune, where he is received with great Honour. Three Lords of the Britannick Court, having found the Prince at this City, acquaint him with the Death of Atulpho; that his eldest Brother Ethelbal, who succeeded him, was soon after kill'd by a Fall from his Horse, and that Ethelred, who upon his Brother's Decease came to the Crown, was hard press'd by the Danes, and therefore earnestly desir'd that Alfred would return Home with the greatest Speed. The Prince immediately takes Leave of Fortunio, embarks, and sets sail for Britain; Lands at Isca in Devonshire, and makes Haste to find the King, who, the Day after Alfred came to Shore, received a mortal Wound in a Fight with the Danes. Alfred ar-

- *rives at Ethelred's Tent, who dyed the next Morning. Alfred is proclaimed King. He marches to engage the Danes, and reaches their Camp by Break of Day. Ocra and Oduno by the King's Command attack the Danish Camp in two Places at once, and after a long and sharp Combate, Ocra and Oduno are repulsed. Alfred leads on his Men and, after an obstinate Fight, forces their Lines and puts them to Flight. While Alfred's Troops plunder'd the Camp, Ocra seized the royal Pavilion and took in it King Gunter's Queen, and Elfitha his Daughter. Alfred gives them their Liberty, and sends them back to the King with great Respect. King Gunter and his Court astonish'd at this generous Action of Alfred, which they attribute to the Power of his Religion, resolve to make Peace and become Christians. Oratours are sent to King Alfred to propose Terms of Agreement, to which he consents. The Princes by Appointment meet at Cunetio, where Gunter and his Court are baptiz'd. The next Day the Terms of Peace agreed upon are solemnly ratified. That done, Alfred asks of Gunter Elfitha for his ~~his~~ Bride. Gunter and Elfitha consent, and the Nuptials are solemnized.*



HE British Heroe, these great Wonders done,

The Rebels vanquish'd, and Toledo won,

Back with his Chiefs to Pampeluna came,

Where the glad Tribes ador'd the Victor's Name.

The King with eager Arms the Prince embrac'd,

And on his Friend high Marks of Honour plac'd.

Superiour

Superiour Lords and Officers of State
To praise his Valour on the Heroe wait.
Silva the just, for Gratitude renown'd
Address'd the Leader with Respect profound,
While Tears of undissembled Joy apace
From melting Eyes ran down his reverend Face.

The crouding Vulgar to the Palace press,
Applaud the Monarch and the *Briton* blest :
The tuneful Bards the Heroe's Actions sing,
And echoing Streets with Acclamations ring.

During three Days of Triumph various Sorts
Of celebrated Games and manly Sports
Employ the active Youth, whose eager Eyes
Impatient view and seize the tempting Prize :
Some strain their Nerves, and Feet superiour show
In the swift Race their Rivals to out go,
And the proud Garland, envy'd Emblem, gain,
That crowns th' elated Victor of the Plain.
On Coursers some with sprightly Air advance,
And with surprizing Skill project the Lance.
These at the Mark the glitt'ring Jav'ling fling,
Those send the Arrow from th' impulsive String,
While buckled some demand the Wrestler's Ring.

The *Pyreanean* wounded Forrests lend
 Their sever'd Limbs, and Neighbour Woodlands send
 Their verdant Branches, which in Piles arise,
 And kindled bear the Triumph to the Skies :
 These solemn Fires the wond'ring Heav'ns adorn
 With Light unborrow'd and terrestrial Morn,
 While they aspiring ruddy Flame display,
 Reveal the Hills and spread nocturnal Day.

Setts of fam'd Bells, sublime in Turrets hung,
 Manag'd by Master-Hands melodious rung,
 And by their Peals and Changes sweet of Sound
 Publish'd the Conquest to the Lands around :
 While Fountains play'd high Jetts of gen'rous Wine,
 The Purple Honours of *Navarra's* Vine,
 The crouding Youth their Bowls capacious crown'd,
 And loyal Shouts from Tow'r to Tow'r rebound.

The Court by Day regal'd at princely Feasts
 With all delicious Foods unnumber'd Guests,
 And spent in various Joys the chearful Nights,
 Balls, Games, and Masks, and theatral Delights ;
 While Tubes, that Speech from Foreign Breath acquire,
 With the sweet Lute, the Viol, and the Lyre,
 That vocal grow by soft Vibration, join'd
 In well imagin'd Conforts, and combin'd

With

With tuneful Voices, ravishing to hear,
Regal'd with heav'nly Harmony the Ear.

And now the solemn Space of Time expir'd
Destin'd to publick Joy, the King requir'd
Just *Silva*, and the *British* Prince besought
To speak the Method they the wisest thought
Against th' imprison'd Rebels to proceed,
If he should punish or forgive the Deed.

He said---And *Albion's* Heroe thus reply'd :
'Tis hard on this great Subject to decide ;
Prudential Virtue, which is wont to use
The middle Way, must here that Way refuse ;
Either Extream you may successful chuse,
You the severest Rigour may employ,
And thus Rebellion's baneful Root destroy,
Which should you think an Act of Prudence, none
Can as unjust arraign *Fortunio's* Throne ;
Your's are the Rebels Lives and not their own.
But should the King this rig'rous Justice show,
Do it with Speed, at one effectual Blow :
For by Delay the People's Minds relent,
Who soon their Heats and stormy Passion vent ;
And Justice, when they feel no Rage nor Fear,
Will Lust of Blood and cruel Wrath appear :

They'll

They'll now for Mercy to th' Offender cry,
 Nör will they bear to see the Traytors die,
 Whose Heads, so great for Vengeance was their Thirst,
 They had with Rapture seen struck off at first :
 And hence crown'd Heads, that stedfast have decreed
 Against proud Rebels vig'rous to proceed,
 Observe, so I conceive, a wholesome Rule,
 Who give the People's Rage no Time to cool.

And as in Justice Kings should not be slow,
 But should at once their utmost Rigour show,
 So then to all they shou'd indulgent grow ;
 Who by Degrees to just Reflection brought,
 Will soon forget, what once they cruel thought.
 If you severe chastise this high Offence,
 You should disable all, that you incense ;
 Your wise Precaution should extend so far,
 As not to leave them Pow'r to wage new War ;
 Else they will vengeful rise again in Arms,
 And still disturb your Realm with fresh Alarms :
 Often, as all recorded Annals tell,
 Conspirators set free again rebell,
 And while unpunish'd more their Prince defame,
 Indulgence Fear, and Mercy Weakness name.
 Rebellion's Witch-like Charms the Senses bind,
 Harden the Heart and stupify the Mind :

Whence

Whence Traytors spar'd the Mercy seldom own,
 But, more embolden'd, more insult the Throne:
 Oaths, Pardons, Dangers can't their Progress bar,
 They lay new Plots and meditate new War.
 Hence prudent Kings oft in their just Defence
 Disarm these Sons of Blood and Violence,
 And to prevent a new seditious Storm,
 Difable Foes they never can reform.

Th' Extream upon the adverse Side that brings,
 In such a State, Security to Kings
 Is that they grant an Amnesty with Speed
 To all, that all from Fear of suff'ring freed,
 And won by such a gen'rous Act of Grace,
 May the disloyal Cause no more embrace,
 But in Obedience to a Monarch live,
 Able to strike, but willing to forgive.
 Mercy so unconstrain'd, so undeserv'd
 May change their Hearts, who from their Duty swerv'd:
 Thus poison'd Clans may factious Maxims quit,
 Renounce their Guides and to their Prince submit.

But should a Monarch in the Middle go,
 And not strict Justice, nor great Mercy show;
 Should he, when Rebels who presum'd to wield
 Perfidious Arms are vanish'd in the Field,

vangquish
 Suspend

Suspend their Sentence long, and not decree
 Either to punish or to set them free ;
 Mercy and Justice he would much debase,
 This would its Terrour lose and that its Grace.
 Hence should you penal Pow'r by Halves employ,
 And not acquit the Pris'ners, nor destroy,
 Deal Justice Peace-meal out, and now and then
 Cut off some friendless, low, unmony'd Men,
 While all of Titles, opulent and great
 By purchas'd Intercessions Law defeat ;
 While favour'd Courtiers Pardons now retail,
 And set up Lands and Lives at publick Sale ;
 Stung with Resentment Subjects will behold
 Not only Places, but Rebellion fold,
 And conscious of the Springs from whence they rise,
 These weak inglorious Methods must despise ;
 And such a Temper they'll interpret Fear,
 And Clemency will Impotence appear:
 Rebels embolden'd will refuse to yield,
 Recover Hopes, and take again the Field,
 Would then *Fortunio* unmolested live,
 Push Home your Blow at first, or all forgive.

He said, and *Silva* thus the King address'd :
 Prince *Alfred* fully has my Soul express'd.

Let

Let not the King false Moderation know,
 But great Compassion or great Rigour show :
 Most to the first my Sentiments incline,
 For tho' like Mercy Justice is divine,
 Yet when a Monarch soft Indulgence finds
 Likely to calm exasperated Minds,
 Feuds and contagious Ferments to appease,
 Ill Humours sooth and heal the State's Disease,
 He should with Balms the angry Sore asswage,
 Which often Med'cines violent enrage :
 And Mercy more securely may be shown
 Since *Velez* Faction's Head and Prop is gone.
 Each Method publick Troubles may remove,
 But I the mild before the sharp approve,
 From This you'll rule by Fear, from That by Love.

He ceas'd---And *Alfred* prais'd what *Silva* said ;
 And by this wise Advice the Monarch led,
 Gracious proclaim'd a gen'ral Amnesty,
 Forgave their Guilt and set the Pris'ners free.
 This Mercy undeserv'd, to Rebels shown,
 The People eas'd, and fix'd the Monarch's Throne.

Now *Osmor*, *Ocra*, Lords from *Albion* sent,
 And *Alred*, *Guithun's* Brother, with Intent
 To find the Prince, to *Pampeluna* came,
 Directed thither by the Heroe's Fame.

He at the Sight of *British* Friends express'd
Great Marks of Joy, whom *Alfred* thus address'd.

When weak by wasting Pains *Atulpho* grown
Chang'd for a heav'nly his terrestrial Throne,
Prince *Ethelbal*, who had before rebell'd
Against the King, by trait'rous Chiefs upheld,
And shar'd his potent Realm, was now the sole
And uncontested Sov'reign of the Whole :
But his Dominions he not long possess'd,
Thrown by his fiery Courser on his Breast,
And by the fatal Bruise of Life bereft,
To *Ethelred*, the King his Empire left :
He sways the Scepter now of *Albion's* Isle,
That *Scandinavia's* Powr's of late embroil
With fresh Descents, the suff'ring Land devour
By new Brigades, that numberless they pour
On *Britain's* Coast : Our King by Foes oppress'd,
His Ruin threaten'd, and his Realm distress'd,
Entreats, brave Prince, that you without Delay
Would to your Native Land direct your Way,
To guard his Throne by your unrivall'd Arms,
And from your Country drive the *Cimbrian* Swarms.

He ceas'd---The Prince mourn'd *Albion's* State
[involv'd
In Woe, and soon to reach her Shore resolv'd :

And

And now departing from *Fortunio's* Court
 Takes solemn Leave, and hastens to the Port
 Of *Flaviobriga*, in whose ample Bay
 His Ships, so *Alfred* bade, at Anchor lay.

And now the solar Orb's prevailing Light
 Unveil'd th' Horizon and dispell'd the Night,
 While gloomy Shades before his Glory flew,
 And humid Meteors and raw Fogs withdrew.
 The *Britons* soon embark, and plough the Main,
 While o'er the bounding Waves they sail from *Spain* :
 On *Aquitanian* Seas they steady steer,
 Till the white Cliffs on *Albion's* Shore appear :
 At *Isca's* Mouth, where strong *Danmonian* Swains
 Feed woolly Flocks, or till the fertile Plains,
 The Prince debark'd, and wing'd with Zeal and Love
 To gain the Monarch's Camp impatient strove.

The Fame of *Alfred's* Landing swiftly spread
 Thro' all the Region in the Natives bred
 New Life and Joy, their Weapons all prepare,
 And quit for glorious Labour rural Care.
 With martial Noise the Vales and Mountains ring,
 While to the Field bold Youth with Ardour spring :
 Towns catch from Towns contagious War's Alarms,
 And every Street resounds with---*Arms, to Arms!*

The

The Cry is, *Alfred, Alfred*, wise and brave
 Is safe arriv'd, his Sword will *Albion* save,
 Defend our Altars, quell the *Cimbrian* Host,
 And drive the Robbers from our harras'd Coast:
 The Prince near Time the high Pavilion gains
 Where agonizing *Ethelred* in Pains,
 Severe, cold Sweats, and Throws convulsive lay,
 Peirc'd by a Spear the antecedent Day
 In his right Side, while resolute in Fight
 He push'd the *Dane*, and put his Troops to Flight;
 And ere returning Morn new Light display'd,
 His Eyes were clos'd with everlasting Shade.
Alfred for all great princely Virtues fam'd,
 Who at his Country's Pow'r and Greatness aim'd,
 And strove to raise her Riches and Renown,
 With loud Applause succeeds to *Albion's* Crown.

While he some Days amidst his Army staid,
 Till he had decent fun'ral Honours paid
 To an heroick Royal Brother due,
 A prudent King to his high Office true,
 Undoubted Tidings to the Monarch came,
 That his *West-Saxons* fir'd with martial Flame
 Had taken Arms, and speedy Marches made
 To reach his Cohorts, and the *Dane* invade.
 The King encamp'd near a wide Forrest lay,
 Since *Selthwood* call'd, and on the following Day

Ere

Ere the bright Sun had spread meridian Light
 His Friends with waving Ensigns march'd in Sight,
 And soon, while Shouts and Acclamations ring
 Around the echoing Skies, they join'd the King.

Some from th' extended Promontory came,
 That took from mighty *Hercules* its Name,
 Who landing here on fair *Britannia's* Isle,
 So Fame reports, by wonder-working Toil
 Destroy'd a monst'rous fierce gigantick Race
 Of Bulk enormous, and obscene of Face, [Beasts,
 Who cloath'd their hideous Limbs with Skins of
 And held in cavern'd Rocks their savage Feasts :
 Horn'd-hides with grisly Terrour crown'd their Head,
 Their Cup a hollow Oak, a Grove their Bed :
 Long they'd infested every Hill and Wood,
 On Rapine liv'd and rioted in Blood.
 They came, who dwelt on the sweet River's Bank
 Since call'd *Tourigia*, or the *Tava* drank ;
 These in their vig'rous Hands bright Lances bore, }
 Strong Bows of Yew a-cross their Shoulders wore, }
 While feather'd Deaths their ample Quivers store. }

From *Moridunum* on the *Southern* Main
 They rush to Arms, and muster on the Plain ;
 Join'd by the Youth which from the Current came
 That from th' amphibious Otter takes its Name :

With these combin'd the military Pow'rs
 That left high *Isca's* celebrated Tow'rs,
 Or dwelt along *Isaca's* verdant Side
 Which thro' the smiling Vale rolls down her Tide.
 Urg'd by brave Zeal their Country to restore
 Ardent they left the *Totonesian* Shore,
 And spreading *Dert* whose silver Streams bestow
 Gay Pride and genial Treasures as they flow.
 These arm'd with two edg'd Swords & polish'd Shields
 Fill'd, as they march'd, with growing War the Fields.
 Some left the fertile Land that *Tamer* laves,
 And the fam'd Town wash'd by the Ocean's Waves,
 Which on that River's Mouth exalted stands,
 Protects the Port, and Sea and Land commands.
 Here *Corinaeus*, (Rumour so prevail'd,)
 The mighty Giant *Gogmagog* assail'd
 Vast and twelve Cubits high, a dreadful Sight;
 And grasp'd & caught him up with wond'rous Might,
 Then headlong from the rocky Mountain hurl'd
 Th' enormous Heap amidst the watry World!
 Drown'd and emerging he disturbs the Main,
 And frights the Monsters that its Gulphs contain,
 While, like a floating Island scarcely mov'd
 By Tempests, he whole Seas before him shov'd.

Bold Troops advance from all the Towns that stood
 On either Side *Tamara's* spreading Flood,

Whose

Whose flow'ry Banks and intervening Tide
 The *West Danmonian* from the *East* divide.
 Intrepid Warriours leave the *Northern* Shore
 Where wild *Hibernian* Seas indignant roar,
 And march from all th' Abodes dispers'd around
 With People, Rivers, and rich Acres crown'd.
 Others in Arms the *Southern* Region quit,
 Which interposing Seas from *Gallia* split :
 Here oft the Land uncommon Freedom takes,
 And to the Main Excursions frequent makes,
 While rocky Points protended wedge their Way,
 And oft extruded Promontories stay
 The rushing Billows this and that Way tost,
 Whence the unequal, rough, indented Coast
 A Kind of Hornwork seems by Nature fram'd,
 Whence the whole Region is *Cornubia* nam'd.
 Rumours of War thro' Hills and Vales resound,
 And enter 'midst the Delver's Caves profound :
 These subterranean People of the Soil
 Catch warlike Heat, and ask more noble Toil,
 And while their Breasts impulsive Ardour feel,
 They leave their Tinny Oar for warlike Steel.
 In Whorlbats, manly Games, and wrestling taught,
 Active and strong, at Home they Honour fought,
 Abroad with Spears and Battle-Axes fought.
 Renown'd *Oduno* these to *Alfred* led,
 And shone in polish'd Armour at their Head.

Rous'd by th' Alarm brave *Durotrigian* Lords
 To vindicate their Nation draw their Swords;
 While Hope of Conquest Thirst of Glory feeds,
 All snatch their Weapons and demand their Steeds;
 For Helms and Shields run to their lofty Halls,
 And of their martial Honours strip the Walls:
 Then emicant in Arms they take the Field,
 Brandish the Spear, and the broad Faulchion wield:
 Tenants and Vassals wing'd with Courage swarm
 Around their Leaders, and Freeholders warm
 With equal Fire from Countries near and far
 Flock to the Rendezvous, and ask the War,
 Fair *Vendogladia's* military Force,
Septona's Foot and *Durnovaria's* Horse.
 Illustrious *Esca* these to *Alfred* brought,
 Who various bloody Fields with Triumph fought.
 Some *Trinobantes* of distinguish'd Fame,
Regnian and *Belgian* Chiefs to *Alfred* came,
 And *Attrebatian* Lords to martial Toil
 Innur'd, and valiant Knights from *Vecta's* Isle.
 As when sweet *Isis*, that with worthy Pride
 Salutes the Seats of Science with her Tide,
 Advances smiling thro' the flow'ry Meads,
 And wanton Volumes to the Ocean leads,
 Her liquid Arms new confluent Brooks enclose
 And adventitious Rivers, as she flows,

Till

Till, grown a noble Flood, her Depths can bear
 Sublime *Augusta's* Fleets of Trade and War :
 So *Alfred's* Army swell'd, who now with Speed
 To storm the *Scandinavian* Camp decreed.

Mean Time the *Dane* his Forts and Castles drain'd
 Where strong Brigades in Garrison remain'd,
 Assur'd his Conquests, and his Pow'r maintain'd;
 These Cohorts vastly *Gunter's* Host augment,
 All vers'd in Combate and on Slaughter bent :
 Against the Foe he wise Provisions made,
 Resolv'd to guard his Ground and not invade ;
 Then pitch'd his Camp on *Edingtona's* Plain,
 Determin'd there with Vigour to sustain
 Th' invading War ; a thick and spacious Wood
 Assur'd his Left, his Right a fordless Flood,
 And in the Front high Lines and Bullwarks stood.

Now *Alfred* bright in Arms the *Saxon* heads,
 And to the *Dane* th' embattled Cohorts leads :
 They high in Air with Shouts their Weapon's wield,
 And by swift Marches gain th' extended Field,
 Where the augmented *Cimbrian* Host they found
 Strongly encamp'd on advantagious Ground.

Then dress'd Musician like, and in his Hand
 His Harp, that could with charming Sounds command

The ravish'd Soul, the Heroe took his Way,
 And reach'd the hostile Camp at Fall of Day;
 Where ent'ring bold he struck his vocal Strings,
 No sweeter Musick chears voluptuous Kings.

= So *David*, fair *Judæa's* potent Lord,
 Was for his Lyre renown'd, as well as Sword;
 With This He savage Beasts and Giants kill'd,
 Phrensy with That compos'd and Fury still'd.
 With Art like *Alfred's* so, if Fame be true,
 To touch the Harp admir'd *Amphion* knew,
 And *Orpheus* with such Strains the Forrest drew. }
 His Melody the list'ning Warriours hear,
 Feel the soft Rapture vib'rate in the Ear,
 And thought some Stranger from the Seats above
 Was sent their Hope and Valour to improve.

He sung the Praises of their warlike Bands,
 And high extoll'd the Chiefs of great Commands, }
 Whose martial Deeds were fam'd in distant Lands.
 How *Inguar*, *Hubba*, *Haldan*, mighty Lords
 Of *Scandinavia* by their matchless Swords
 Had often glorious Laurels gain'd in Fight,
 And put their boldest Foes to shameful Flight:
 How unfatigu'd with Hardships, Care, and Pain,
 And scorning all the Terrours of the Main,
 Their potent Navies with successful Toil
 Landed their Troops, and conquer'd *Albion's* Isle.

Two Days and Nights the royal Harper staid,
 And unsuspected vigilant survey'd
 The Posture of the Camp, intent to know,
 Where best his Warriours might attack the Foe :
 Now, ere the Skies were conscious of the Day,
 He undiscover'd hasty took his Way
 Back to his Troops, and gave Command with Speed
 To bring his Armour and his gen'rous Steed.
 Then forward sprung, and brandishing his Lance
 Bade his embattled Squadrons bold advance
 With silent Pace, and not excite Alarms
 By the shrill Trumpet or the Noise of Arms.

'Twas Night, the Image of the Court of Death,
 Waves ceas'd to rage, & Winds had spent their Breath :
 Tir'd Swains relieve the Day's by nightly Sweat,
 And Hounds their Chaces in their Dreams repeat :
 The Groves and Garden-Trees cold Dew-drops weep,
 And Flow'rs in native Silks enfolded sleep ;
 The sparkling Stars in azure Turrets shine,
 While all Things favour'd *Alfred's* high Design.

The Prince of Darkness from a Mountain's Height,
 Looking around with sharp seraphick Sight,
 Discern'd the *Britons* in the silent Night,

Ready to pour their Vengeance on the Foe,
While unsuspecting of th' intended Blow,

Then to himself with Fury in his Eyes
He said---Shall *Albion's* hateful Prince surprize
The *Scandinavian* Leaders, and employ
Base Arts and Arms clandestine to destroy
Their Cohorts? No, I'll interpose Delay;
I'll give them Time to draw forth in Array
The Battle, and rebuke bold *Alfred's* Pride,
Not Fraud, but Valour shall the Field decide.

He said---And call'd the Ministers of Hell
Of vulgar Rank, malicious Fiends, that dwell
Among the Reeks and Meteors of the Air,
Smiths of the Sky, that Thunder-Bolts prepare
In floating Forges, and industrious form
The livid Light'ning, and contrive the Storm;
And thus bespoke them.--*Demons*, fly in Haste,
And with raw Steams and Vapours overcast
Th' aerial Gulph contiguous to the Land,
The *Demons* swift obey'd his dread Command.
Soon Mists and Vapours form a gloomy Fog,
And with their hazy Stores th' Horizon clog,
That from the Marshes, Ponds, and Rivers rise,
Whence lazy Damps oppress th' inferiour Skies.

Alfred

Alfred had reach'd the Foe by Break of Day,
 But stood compell'd the Combate to delay
 Till the bright Orb should with prevailing Light
 Disperse the Mists and chase this second Night.

Now did the Sun the hov'ring Reeks dispell,
 Black to the Sight and noxious to the Smell,
 When to the Camp the King advanc'd, and found
 The *Dane* well posted to defend his Ground :
 For while the Air grew thick he took th' Alarm,
 And bade, to guard their Lines, his Cohorts arm.
 Yet did the King intrepid Courage show
 Determin'd to assault the num'rous Foe ;
 But first in solemn Pray'r did Heav'n invoke
 To aid his Arms ; then thus his Men bespoke.

Long have the *Cimbrians* *Albion's* Spoils enjoy'd,
 Pillag'd our Cities, merciless destroy'd
 Our fruitful Land, by Murder fill'd the Graves,
 Deflow'r'd our Maids, and took our Men for Slaves ;
 Vengeance severe ! yet in the Balance laid
 Against our heavy Guilt it's far outweigh'd.
 Heav'n has chastis'd our Crimes, now in its Turn
 The cruel *Cimbrian* shall his Suff'rings mourn :
 So heav'nly Visions *Alfred* have foretold,
 Be then couragious and in Battle bold.

Trust your great Maker; trust your righteous Cause;
 The Land is yours,---they violate the Laws
 Of Heav'n and Earth, while from their naked Home
 Spoilers and robbing Vagabonds they roam.
 Shall they our sacred Altars overturn,
 And in the Dust the Christian's Glory spurn?
 Shall *Pagan Demon-Gods*, by us abhorr'd,
 (Forbid it Heav'n) be thro' the Isle ador'd?
 Shall their unhallow'd Domes in *Albion* rise,
 Pollute the Kingdom, and affront the Skies?
 Shall they their Idols, Wood and Marble, raise
 In every solemn House of Pray'r and Praise;
 Drive thence the Vot'ry, that our Creed believes,
 And turn each Temple to a Den of Thieves?
 Shall here enthron'd a *Cimbrian* Robber sit?
 Shall gen'rous *Britons* fervilely submit
 To an insulting barb'rous Lord their Neck,
 Aw'd to Obedience at a Pirate's Beck?
 Shall these Abodes, these Streams and fertile Plains,
 These Pastures fill a vagrant Nation's Veins?
 Beggars that left their Home in Want of Bread,
 Shall they, *Britannia*, by thy Spoils be fed?
 Will not *West-Saxons* for their Church contend,
 Their Laws and Lands and Families defend?
 Avenge, brave Men, the Blood the *Dane* has spilt,
 Reduce his Arrogance, chastise his Guilt,

And

And force him to repass the boist'rous Waves,
To dwell again in Snows, and skulk in Rocks & Caves.

He said--And *Ocra*, so the King commands,
And fam'd *Oduno* with two chosen Bands
March from the Army, and advance in Form
By two Attacks the lofty Lines to storm.
Alred brave *Ocra* joins, two faithful Friends,
And *Efca* great *Oduno's* Fate attends.
Ere the bright Orb had his first Stages run,
The Signal giv'n, the Chiefs th' Assault begun,
Intrepid *Ocra* with his Troops assail'd
The high rais'd Lines and long in Fight prevail'd ;
With such Success his missive Weapons flew,
That he bold *Segar* and *Ammonda* slew ;
This did in Skill, and that in Strength excell,
One by the Spear, one by the Jav'lin fell.
Then his projected glitt'ring Deaths destroy'd
Fam'd *Esketel*, that Wealth immense enjoy'd,
And mighty *Ilden* long in Arms employ'd :
This in his Belly felt the fatal Wound,
Then sunk and struck with ringing Arms the Ground ;
That by the Steel which enter'd deep his Side,
Dropt on the Field, and in a Moment dy'd.
Then *Regenol* of *Borno's* martial Race,
Sivard and *Umbo*, who their Lineage trace

From

From *Cimbrian* Monarchs, by the Heroe slain
Britannia's Fields with royal Blood distain.

Then waving in the Air his flaming Blade
 On the high Lines he great Destruction made :
Elfus and *Edrick* he depriv'd of Breath,
 Peirc'd *Arpen's* Breast, and to the Courts of Death
 Sent *Rabanol*, who left the *Northern* Shores
 Where the *Norwegian* boist'rous Ocean roars,
 And with the *Dane* invaded *Albion's* Isle,
 Urg'd by rapacious Hopes of wealthy Spoil ;
 Now with the *Cimbrians* slain he mingled lies,
 And by the *Briton's* Arms with Honour dies.
Gufrid advancing *Ocra's* Force withstood,
 And dauntless made a while the Battle good ;
 Till wounded deep and smear'd with flowing Gore
 He stagger'd, fell, and groan'd, and spoke no more :
 He, long insulted by a haughty Wife,
 To 'scape the Torments of domestick Strife
 Fearless expos'd to nobler War his Life :
 By mortal Wounds now did the Warriour bleed,
 By worthy Combate from inglorious freed.

Then *Heuladin*, a bold *Finlandian* Lord,
 Who in the *Danish* Cause had drawn his Sword,
 His hardy Cohorts to the Battle brought,
 And to repell the Heroe bravely fought :

But

But by superiour Arms the *Goth* had dy'd,
Had not *Gotaro* swift Relief supply'd ;
He rushing to the War with fresh Brigades
In desp'rate Rage the *British* Troops invades.
Great *Ocra* then in doubtful Conflict strove,
He now retir'd, and now prevailing drove
From their high Lines the fluctuating Foe,
While Vict'ry unresolv'd flew to and fro.
So when two adverse Storms the Skies embroil
Near *Persia's* Gulph or *Madagascar's* Isle,
Warring with balanc'd Pow'r by Turns they yield,
By Turns are Masters of th' aerial Field :
The flying Clouds they this and that Way drive,
And long with equal Force in Combate strive.
Still Forces new hard on the *Saxon* prest,
While Foot to Foot they fought, and Breast to Breast.
When faithful *Alred* saw the valiant Chief
By Foes encompass'd, swift he brought Relief
By fresh Brigades the Conflict to maintain,
And fill'd the ample Ditches with the Slain.
He slew bold *Ulfrid* at his Cohort's Head,
And laid brave *Anlase* on the Rampart dead.
Cubert and *Eltha*, who his Arms withstood,
Fell by his Sword, and welter'd in their Blood.
Then did *Elfuda* to the Fight advance,
Vast was his Size, and pond'rous was his Lance,
Which

Which at the *Saxon* he with Vigour threw,
 But o'er his Head the erring Vengeance flew :
 Then rushing on they came to handy Blows,
 When on the Lines a noble Combate rose ;
 Alternate Strokes ring from their suff'ring Shields,
 While neither overcomes, nor either yields.

Alred at length enrag'd, to end the Fight,
 Stretcht all his Nerves, and call'd up all his Might
 For one decisive Blow, his lifted Sword
 Descended on the mighty *Cimbrian* Lord
 With such a dreadful Sway, that thro' the Crest
 It cut his Head ; the issuing Blood confest
 The grievous Wound ; he stunn'd, and dizzy reel'd,
 Till Friends ran in and bore him from the Field.
 Then did the Chief, his Faulchion in his Hand,
 Drive back the *Danes*, and made a noble Stand
 Till *Ocra*, who renew'd Assaults in vain,
 Prest with fresh Foes, and weak by Numbers slain,
 His fruitless Efforts now no more repeats,
 But with his Warriours from the Fight retreats.
 Back from the Lines then to the Host he came,
 And, tho' not Vict'ry, won egregious Fame.

Mean Time *Oduno* with his stout Brigade
 Approach'd the Lines and a brave Onset made :
 To clear his Way his missive Arms he hurl'd,
 Which sent *Haddingus* to th' unpractis'd World,

Rother

Rother and *Helga*, both of *Scandia's* Isle,
Who oft came Victors Home with wealthy Spoil
And Trophies won, this on the *Northern* Shoar
Kill'd a huge Bear, and that a savage Boar.
The Chief press'd on and num'rous Warriours flew,
The rest dismay'd and seiz'd with Terrour flew
From his destructive Sword, till he at last,
His Passage freed, the high Entrenchment past.
Many brave *Cimbrians* striving to repell
Th' advancing Heroe by his Weapons fell.
Then *Osmund*, dreaded for prodigious Might
And Arms enormous, undertook the Fight,
Who left the polar Snows, and frozen Shore
Where gag'd with Ice the Billows ceas'd to roar :
Religion's sacred Altars he contemn'd,
Mock'd future Vengeance, and the Gods blasphem'd :
The Christian's Founder impious he defy'd,
And on his Sword, renouncing Heav'n, rely'd :
With horrid Execrations on he came,
And cry'd, *Oduno's* Fate shall spread my Fame.
Now at the Chief the *Pagan's* Jav'lin flew,
It struck, but pass'd not half the Buckler thro'.
Oduno then with Force athletic flung
His pointed Ash, th' impetuous Weapon flung
Along the Air, and, had not here the Foe
Inclin'd his Body to elude the Blow,

It might have pierc'd the *Cimbrian's* polish'd Crest;
Or buried lain triumphant in his Breast.

Great *Osmund* three more missive Weapons cast,
And three *Oduno*, but in vain; at last

They close the War; each other's Life assail;

And with vast Rage contending to prevail,

With rival Courage and with rival Might

And equal Strokes they long protract the Fight,

Tho' not a vulgar Chief could ever give

One such a Stroke, or one such Stroke outlive.

Now rushing in, the *Saxon* Heroe clasp'd

The *Scandian* Champion, and with Vigour grasp'd

Him in a close *Danmonian* Hug, and held

— (*Alcides* so 'tis said *Anteus* quell'd)

His Foe on high, then cast him on the Ground,

And gave him with his Spear a mortal Wound.

Welt'ring in Gore he gasp'd and strove for Breath,

And mutt'ring Curses star'd and rav'd in Death:

Thus the Contemner of Religion fell

Sent for Conviction to the School of Hell.

Now high-born *Hubba* raging o'er the Plain
Advanc'd th' invading Champion to sustain.

He from the Banks of *Eyder* came, renown'd

For wise Designs, and oft with Conquest crown'd

In bloody Wars, but more the *Cimbrian* Lord

Rely'd on magick Pow'rs, than on his Sword:

He

He, quilted in his Vest, a potent Store
Of Spells and Charms and little Idols wore :
But chiefly he regarded, when he fought,
Th' auspicious Crow, that by his Sisters wrought
And broider'd on his Banner flew in Air,
And made the *Pagan* Potentate his Care ;
So Superstition taught ; hence undismay'd
While guarded by this secret mystick Aid
He march'd the *Saxon* Conqu'rour to engage,
Invok'd his sacred Bird, & fought with desp'rate Rage.
Dauntless the *Saxon* Chief the Charge sustain'd,
And, to encrease his Honour newly gain'd,
He now his Jav'lins, now his Sword employ'd,
While Hopes of Conquest *Hubba* yet enjoy'd,
And in his Turn dealt noble Strokes ; at length
The *Saxon* Lord, collected in his Strength,
Hurl'd a huge Iron Ball against the Foe,
Which struck his Breast with such a dreadful Blow,
As beat out thence his unreturning Breath,
He sunk, and felt the cold Approach of Death :
While thus the *Saxon* Chief the *Dane* assail'd,
Nothing his necromantick Arts avail'd,
Nothing his magick Crow, nor could one Spell
The great *Danmonian's* pond'rous Death repell.

And now *Oduuo* soon a glorious Field
Had gain'd, and made the *Cimbrian* Cohorts yield,

Had not the Troops that drove back *Ocra* join'd
 With *Hungar's*, who to help their Friends combin'd,
 Reviv'd the Fight, and pour'd a furious Storm
 On Warriours weaken'd, tho' with Valour warm.
Oduno yet maintain'd the Ground he won,
 Aided by *Esca*, who had Wonders done
 Cover'd with Blood, and by his fatal Blade
 Had many Orphans and young Widows made :
 But by augmented Foes out-number'd far
Oduno wisely now declin'd the War ;
 Retreating he discover'd on the Plain
 Succours by *Osmor* led his Onset to sustain ;
 And join'd with these he turn'd, the Fight renew'd,
 And soon repell'd the *Cimbrians*, that pursu'd.
 Back to the War with double Rage he flew,
 And mounting up broke thick Battallions through,
 Then on the Lines stood gather'd in his Might
 Dispensing Death, and long maintain'd the Fight.
 Clad in refulgent Arms in *Suecia* wrought
 The *Cimbrian* Monarch full of Fury brought
 New Forces up his fighting Troops to aid,
 And midst the Foe profuse Destruction made :
 Yet still the *Saxon* Leaders kept the Ground
 They gain'd, not vanquish'd nor with Conquest
 [crown'd.

Alfred, his Jav'lin brandish'd in his Hand,
 With *Ocra* first in subaltern Command,

Now

Now springing to the Lines his Weapon cast,
 Which thro' *Aquino's* Shield and Breast-Plate past;
 Then to his Heart its Way impetuous sped,
 And drank his Vitals at their Fountain-Head:
 The Heroe fell, and gasping out his Breath,
 Shiver'd, and sunk in the cold Arms of Death.
 Then his long glitt'ring Spear with mighty Force
 The *Briton* threw, which in its rapid Course
 Peirc'd valiant *Froger's* Scarf, and silver Belt;
 Its Point the Warriour in his Stomach felt;
 Who groaning, and with Pain outrageous torn
 Swift by his Friends was from the Battle born.

Then *Alfred* up the Lines intrepid rose,
 And, by his flaming Sword's repeated Blows;
 Cuts down the Cohorts that his Arms oppose.
Gumarus, who by unrestrain'd Expence
 And loose Delights had wasted Wealth immense,
 And swoln with flatt'ring Hopes that by the Sword
 His broken Fortunes might be soon restor'd,
 With dauntless Courage *Albion's* Prince assail'd,
 But not his Strength and temper'd Arms avail'd,
 Nor invocated Idols; on the Lines
 Transfixt by *Alfred's* Spear, he Life resigns.

Suno of boundless Hoards of Gold possess'd;
 Collected while the Spoiler did infest

The *Hyperborean* and the *British* Main
 With warlike Ships equipt for lawless Gain,
 Beheld the King, and fearless of the Sight
 Hardy advanc'd, and undertook the Fight.
 A while they strove, till *Alfred's* Faulchion broke
 Thro' *Suno's* Helm; and with the dreadful Stroke
 Cut thro' the high Apartments of the Brain,
 The Champion fell and mingled with the Slain;
 Thus *Suno's* Blood was by the *Briton* spilt;
 And War by Land aveng'd pyratick Guilt.

Hafna the Lord that rul'd the *Rugian* Isle,
 Mighty in Strength and vers'd in martial Toil,
 Withstood the King; but by his Faulchion fell;
 And Shades eternal on his Eye-lids dwell:
Elmunda then a wife and valiant Chief,
 Who ardent sprung to bring his Friends Relief;
 By *Alfred* wounded lay of Life bereft,
 And a fair Wife with sev'n young Orphans left.
 He slew *Golara*, *Borcan*, *Alvared*,
 And *Hubbalar* in *Northern Cimbria* bred,
 And many Champions more and Warriours bold,
 Whose Names in past Records were ne'er enroll'd:
 Thus did the King destroy his Foes around,
 And with a bloody Harvest spread the Ground.

His Men by *Alfred's* great Example fir'd,
 And with heroick Fortitude inspir'd,
 With so much Vigour martial Strokes repeat,
 As made the *Cimbrians* from their Lines retreat.
 The conquering Cohorts, *Alfred* at their Head,
 Pursu'd the Foes, who from their Fury fled,
 And left their Camp, that with abundant Spoil
 Enrich'd the Chiefs, and crown'd the Souldier's Toil.

Ocra, who *Gunter's* high Pavilion seiz'd,
 There his fair Queen and Daughter found, and pleas'd
 With his propitious Fate was joy'd to bring
 The high-born Captives to the Victor-King.
 Much was the Queen for princely Virtues fam'd,
 And every Tongue *Elfitha's* Worth proclaim'd;
 The joyous Spring of Life and opening Morn
 Of rosy Youth her lovely Cheeks adorn,
 While Dignity with heav'nly Sweetness join'd,
 And modest Airs with royal Blood combin'd,
 All Charms and Beauties to the fair impart
 That draw Esteem and captivate the Heart:
 From such a Mixture in a Seraph's Face
 Results the Bloom celestial, and the Grace
 Ineffable, that crown th' immortal Race.
 Genius and Wit, Perception swift and clear,
 And all the chief Endowments that appear

In Souls the most exalted and refin'd,
Form'd for so bright a Frame an equal Mind.

Works of the Needle, Books, domestick Care,
And fit Diversions all her Minutes share ;
Nor did the Fair in Games and Feasts rejoice,
Nor made voluptuous Scenes of Mirth her Choice ;
Yet these, lest too great Rigour should offend,
To grace the Court, at Times she would attend :
Courteous to all, and tho' still guarded, free,
She kept, when most she stoop'd, her high Degree :
Chearful, not vain ; reserv'd, but not morose ;
Open, but still in Things important close,
She did to all obliging Speech address,
And strove to solace Virtue in Distress.

The Queen to *Alfred* brought, first Silence broke,
And to the King these Words pathetick spoke :
See, prostrate we before great *Alfred* lie,
Sollicit Grace and for Protection cry ;
From your illustrious Clemency we crave
Our Lives, at least our dearer Honour save.
Decline what vulgar Conqu'rouns think their Right,
And, like the Gods, with Mercy soften Might.
On your fam'd Virtue stedfast we rely ;
Rather than suffer Shame we beg to die.

Then,

Then, while a Flood of Tears fell down her Face,
 The royal Captive did his Feet embrace,
 While fair *Elfitha* with her Head inclin'd
 Fetch'd frequent Sighs, and weeping stood behind.

She said---And *Alfred* gracious from the Ground
 Rais'd up the beauteous Queen in Sorrow drown'd:
 And thus he spoke,--Illustrious Princess, here
 You stay secure, and need no Insult fear
 On Life or Honour, cease to mourn your Fate,
 See, I release you from your Captive State:
 To Christ's celestial Scheme of Truth resign'd,
 I thus obey the Laws that he enjoin'd.

He said---And gave to *Ocra's* faithful Hand
 Th' important Trust, and by his high Command
 Bound him to guard and give the royal Pair
 To *Gunter* with Respect and tender Care.

= So *Scipio*, who heroick Aims pursu'd,
 And gain'd a Name from *Africk* Realms subdu'd,
 Thro' all the loud-applauding World renown'd,
 With more illustrious Elogies was crown'd
 For not invading his fair Captive's Charms,
 Than those the Heroe gain'd by matchless Arms.
 Enrich'd with princely Gifts, bright Gems & Gold
 And Silks embroider'd, glorious to behold,

The royal *Danes* their great Deliverer blefs'd,
 His Goodness prais'd and grateful Minds exprefs'd,
 Then took their Leave, and were by *Ocra* led
 Safe to their King, who from the Battle fled
 With the collected Remnants of his Host
 To *Ascola* a strong well guarded Post,
 The *Scandinavian* Prince with Joy receiv'd
Elfitha and his Queen, of whom bereav'd
 He more his Loss and hapless Fate bewail'd,
 Than that the Foe had o'er his Arms prevail'd.

Alfred *Elfitha's* Beauty much admir'd,
 And found a secret Flame his Breast inspir'd ;
 His Thoughts her Form divine, her radiant Eyes,
 Mild as the milky Lustre of the Skies,
 Her Features, Air, and graceful Mien approve,
 And Liking quickly ripens into Love :
 And had *Elfitha* Christian Truth profess'd,
 To gain the Fair he had his Suit address'd ;
 And just had been his Choice, for faithful Fame
 Strove thro' the Isle her Merit to proclaim.

This gen'rous Action of a Foe impress'd
 The royal *Dane*, and kindled in his Breast
 To *Alfred* ardent Love ; he much admir'd
 His Valour, much the Virtues that inspir'd
 His noble Mind and just Renown acquir'd.

Ocra with rich Rewards to *Alfred's* Tent
Joyful return'd, to whom the *Cimbrian* sent
A Cap of Velvet from *Hesperia's* Shore,
Splendid with Figures form'd of *Guinea's* Oar :
The Sides turn'd up with Furr's of glossy Jet
With various Gemms of Worth immense were set ;
And a broad Sword, the Haft an *Agate* made,
An *Amethyst* the Pommel, and the Blade
Fine temper'd Steel with Figures bold inwrought
By curious Art, was from *Iberia* brought.
This Sword, that *Hugar* from *Borasso* won
Was left to *Gunter* his heroick Son,
Whose faithful Edge unnumber'd Warriours felt,
Besides a Crimson Scarf and silver Belt.

This generous Deed from Aims unworthy free,
This unexampled Mark of Piety,
And Virtue shining with a heav'nly Blaze,
Did in the *Cimbrian* Court such Wonder raise,
That Christian Precepts justly they admire
Which such celestial Energy inspire,
And Principles sublime, by which the Mind
From vile and vicious Habits is refin'd.
Nor had the King with serious Thought resolv'd
Th' important Subject long, ere he resolv'd
His *Pagan* Idols to renounce, efface
Their Shrines and Domes, and *Alfred's* Faith embrace :

Hi,

His Queen and Chiefs, by the same Springs inclin'd,
Soön to espouse the Christian Creed combin'd.

Alfred mean Time, who Conquest had in view
Ardent advanc'd his Ensigns, to renew
Heroick Toil, and by swift Progress lay
Encamp'd on *Birga's* Fields at Close of Day.

Soon as th' emerging Sun with Lustre mild
Gilded the Clouds, and on the Mountains smil'd,
Three of his greatest Lords by *Gunter* sent
Were led by *Alfred's* Captains to his Tent ;
To whom with low Obeisance they address ;
Then *Inguinar* superiour to the rest
Broke Silence and their Message thus express'd.

Great Prince, by us our Sov'reign lets you know
He is no longer pleas'd to be your Foe :
Your Valour much, but more your gen'rous Deed,
When you his captive Queen and Daughter freed,
And sent them back with princely Gifts, has wrought
Strong on his Mind & chang'd the Monarch's Thought :
He must, he says, believe your Faith divine,
That can the Heart to such great Acts incline.
Hence his old Rites determin'd to forsake,
And to the World sincere Profession make

Of Christian Faith, he your Assistance prays,
 And asks to be baptiz'd without Delays.
 For Amity he yields, that you command
 In Peace the *Middle* and the *Western* Land :
 That to the *Northern* Region he'll retire,
 And not to Pow'r of more Extent aspire :
 For these Dominions he will Homage pay,
 And should new Swarms their Ensigns here display,
 He will no Succours to th' Invaders send,
 But will the Isle against their Arms defend.

He said---The King reply'd---The Offers made
 Shall be with Care and Thought delib'rate weigh'd.
 The *Danes* withdrew---To whom the following Day
 Thus *Alfred* spoke---Your King has found the Way
 To Friendship---I his Articles approve
 To settle Peace, and hostile Heats remove :
 If then your Monarch and his Court with Speed
 Will to *Cunetio* on the Downs proceed,
 There to our pure Religion if inclin'd,
 Baptiz'd, as by our Founder is enjoyr'd,
 He to our sacred State may Entrance find.
 I'll haste to lead him to the Christian Fold,
 And 'midst Believers see the King enroll'd :
 Then may a League form'd on his Scheme commence
 For Friendship and reciprocal Defence.

He

He ceas'd---The Envoys to th' expecting King
 The *Briton's* Answer to their Message bring;
Gunter rejoyc'd, and bade his Men prepare
 For his intended March with speedy Care.

The Sun's bright Orb three Times had rose and set,
 When the two Monarchs at *Cunctio* met.
 The royal Pair embracing here express
 Their Joy, and mutual Amity profess.
 Again, the Queen and fair *Elfitha* pay
 Their grateful Thanks, and Baptism earnest pray:
Alfred transporting Pleasure felt to find
 In the fair *Danes* so well dispos'd a Mind.

Guithun, chief Pontiff of *Britannia* nam'd
 Soon as th' illustrious Prince was King proclaim'd,
 With Christian Love and heav'nly Zeal inspir'd,
 (So *Alfred* bade and so the *Dane* desir'd,)
 Th' important Objects of Belief explain'd
 Reveal'd from Heav'n, by Miracles unfeign'd
 Asserted, and in sure Records contain'd.
 He the Redeemer's wond'rous Scheme display'd
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom laid;
 And then expounded with instructive Light
 The blest Design of Baptism's fed'ral Rite

And

And venerable Test, which they that take
 Of Christian Faith solemn Profession make.
 The Prelate then the *Cimbrian* Converts told
 They by this sacred Badge would be enroll'd
 'Midst Combatants, who, by their conqu'ring Head
 The mighty Captain of Salvation, led
 To glorious War, in Arms divine repell
 The World's Allurements and th' Assaults of Hell.
 That their celestial Founder's Laws enjoin
 This mystick Seal, this sacramental Sign,
 His Kingdom to distinguish, and enclose
 His Church from unbelieving Tribes, that those,
 Whō his Dominion mediatorial own,
 By this baptismal Symbol might be known.

The Monarchs with their Train in princely State
 Enter *Cunetio's* lofty Temple-Gate,
 Where *Guithun* Chief of *Albion's* sacred Lights
 Baptiz'd the *Danes* with instituted Rites,
 And many Lords besides the royal House
 Now at the Font reveal'd Belief espouse.

This Ceremony past, the Temple rung
 With loud confed'rate Songs devoutly sung
 By *Danes* and *Britons*, who in rapt'rous Strains
 Prais'd the great Being, that immortal reigns

Enthron'd

Enthron'd sublime in *Empyrean* Skies,
 And the vast World, that stretch'd beneath him lies;
 Holds as an Atom in his boundless Hand,
 While the bright Orbs impell'd by his Command
 Run their known Rounds, nor in their Progress stay
 Oppress'd with Toil, nor deviate from their Way:
 The joyful Quire in like extatick Lays
 Rais'd high as Heav'n the bless'd Redeemer's Praise:
 They sung the wond'rous Labours of his Life,
 And boundless Value of his dying Strife;
 Then magnify'd the Energy divine
 That made the Grave the Lord of Life resign,
 Who springing from the Grasp of Death did rise
 By self-recov'ring Vigour to the Skies;
 Where high enthron'd for his he interceeds,
 And to remove their Guilt his Merit pleads:
 Nor did they in their Hymns neglect to join
 The Praises of the Comforter divine.

The Baptism finish'd and loud Anthems sung,
 Sweet sounding Bells in lofty Turrets hung
 Unvaried Peals or tuneful Changes rung. }
 Now did the Kings move from the Temple Gate
 'Midst shouting Throngs in slow majestick State
 To the high Palace, fair *Cunetio's* Pride,
 Where Princes oft to breathe sweet Air reside.

Next

Next Day the royal Pair to Peace inclin'd
With fed'ral Rites a strict Alliance sign'd ;
And by the God, whom Christian Realms adore,
To keep their solemn League religious swore ;
By which the *Northern* Districts of the Land
Were all submitted to the *Dane's* Command,
While he a Kingdom did dependent own,
And annual Homage vow'd to *Alfred's* Throne ;
That if the *Dane* should issueless Decease,
His Realms to *Alfred* might revert in Peace :
Britannia's middle Regions, and the *West*
To *Alfred's* Sov'reign Pow'r subjected rest.

The Treaty finish'd by the Trumpet's Sound
Thro' either Army and the Towns around,
Heralds and parti-colour'd Kings at Arms
Proclaim'd the Peace and sunk fierce War's Alarms.

The Kings embrac'd ; and to his new Ally
Now did *Britannia's* Monarch thus apply ;
That we in nearer Bonds may yet be ty'd
I ask *Elfitha* for my beauteous Bride,
Whose lovely Form and Qualities divine
To my admiring Eyes unrivall'd shine :
When first the Fair sunk in Distress I view'd,
Her Charms in Part my yielding Heart subdu'd ;

But

But since she owns the Christian's sacred Creed,
 And in her Breast receives the heav'nly Seed
 Of Truth divine, my Passion I approve;
 And hope I feed not unsuccessful Love.

The *Cimbrian* joy'd with *Alfred's* Choice comply'd,
 Nor by *Elfitha* was his Suit deny'd:
 For *Alfred's* Deeds before the royal Maid
 So rich a Bloom of Virtues had display'd,
 That when the captive Princess he releas't
 She felt a Pow'r unknown invade her Breast,
 And not displeas'd with her soft Wound, in Part
 Let in the gentle Victor to her Heart.

The Nuptials solemniz'd, and all the Days
 Destin'd to pompous Triumphs, Feasts, and Plays;
 To Jufts, and publick Games, at length expir'd,
Gunter enrich'd with princely Gifts retir'd,
 And took to fair *Eboracum* the Road,
 The City chosen for his Chief Abode.
 And now attended with a noble Train
 The *British* Monarch from *Cunetio's* Plain
 Did to the Banks of spreading *Thames* retreat;
 And made *Augusta* his imperial Seat.

F I N I S:

The *INDEX*, Explaining the Names of
Countries, Cities, and Rivers, &c. mentio-
ned in this Book.

A

Adrian Main, *the Adria-
tick Sea, or Gulph of Ve-
nice.*

Agmat, or Aghmat Varichæ, *at
the Foot of Mount Atlas in Af-
rica, about twelve Miles
South of Morocco, and before
that City was built the Capital
of the Empire.*

Agrippina's Gates, *the City of
Cologne on the Rhine in Ger-
many, called Colonia Agrippi-
na, having been enlarged by the
Empress Agrippina.*

Albion, *Britannia or Great Bri-
tain.*

Allobrogians, *Inhabitants of Sa-
voy and Piedmont, &c.*

Alps, *the Mountains that part I-
taly from Germany and France.*

Amanum, *a Sea-Port of Spain
now Fontarabia.*

Andalusia, *a large fruitful Pro-
vince of Spain divided in the
Middle by the River Guadal-
quivir.*

Andverpia, *or the City of Ant-
werp, on the River Scheld in
Brabant.*

Anthropophagi, *old Inhabitants
of some Part of Italy and Si-
cily said to be Men-Eaters.*

Antium, *an old City in Italy
the Metropolis of the Volsci.*

Apulia, *a large Part of the
Kingdom of Naples, now
called Puglia.*

Aquitanian Ocean, *the Sea that
washes Aquitain, now Guienne,
a large Part of France.*

Arabia, *a Country of Asia be-
tween Judea and Egypt, di-*

*vided into three Parts, the
Stony, the Desert, and the
happy Arabia.*

Arabian-Head, *the Impostor
Mahomet.*

Arbinco for Urbinco, *a River
that rises from Mount Ven-
dius in Spain.*

Arctick-Pole, *the North-Pole:*

Arragonia, *a Part of Spain
bounded by the Pyrenees,
France, Navarre, Castile and
Catalonia.*

Arva or Avus, *a River near
Oporto in Portugal.*

Assyria, *a large Country of Asia.
The first Monarchy was erected
here.*

Asturias, *a Province of Spain
between Gallicia and Biscay,
divided in two Parts by the
Mountain Vendius.*

Athens, *the chief City of Attica,
in Greece.*

Atlantick-Hills, *the same with
Mount Atlas.*

Atlantick-Ocean; *that, which
washes the West-Side of Spain
and Africa.*

Atlas, *a high Mountain in Mau-
ritania, said by fabulous Poets
to bear up the Heavens.*

Attrebatians, *Inhabitants of Berk-
shire.*

Augusta, *the City of London.*

Aufonia, *Italy.*

Avignon, *a City of Provence in
France, now subject to the Pope.*

Æolian Islands; *there are seven of
them between Italy and Sicily.*

Æquinoctial or Æquator, *a Circle
in the Heavens, to which when
the Sun cometh, it makes the
Days and Nights equal.*

- Æstuarys, or the Mouths where great Rivers empty themselves into the Sea.*
- Æthiopia, or the Blackmoor-Land beyond Egypt, now the Abyssins, or Prester John's Country.*
- Ætna, a famous burning Mountain in Sicily, now called Monte Gibello.*
- B.
- B**abylon, old Babylon in Chaldea; the River Euphrates ran through that City.
- Bacchanalian Feasts, Festivals kept in Honour of Bacchus, with great Riot and Debauch.*
- Bagrada, a River that rises near Morocco, and runs through Utica in Africa.*
- Baiæ, an old Town of Campania in Italy, a most delightful Place in the Time of the Romans, where many of them had their Villa's, or Country Houses.*
- Balearick Deep, the Sea that washes the Islands of Majorca and Minorca, near the Coast of Valentia in Spain.*
- Bardulians, or Varduli, People that inhabited about Terracon in Spain.*
- Bardulia, a River in Africa.*
- Barcelona, the chief City of Catalonia in Spain.*
- Batavia, a Province in the Netherlands, now called Holland.*
- *Batavia, formerly called Jacatra, in the Island of Java in the East-Indies, built and inhabited by the Dutch.*
- Bay of Biscay, the Sea that washes the North Coast of Biscay; called likewise the Cantabrian Ocean.*
- Biscay, a Sea Province of Spain, between Asturias and the Pyrenean Mountain.*
- Belgia, or Belgium, the Low Countries or Netherlands, the seventeen Provinces.*
- Belgians, Inhabitants of Hampshire, the South Part of Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight.*
- Bætis, or the River Guadalquivir, one of the greatest Rivers of Spain.*
- Bibilis, or Bilbo, a Town of Biscay in Spain, on the River Salo, where the best Iron is found.*
- Birga's Fields, supposed to be near Edington in Wiltshire.*
- Braccarians, from Braga, once an ancient Town of Galicia in Spain, now called Braganza, and belongs to Portugal.*
- Bruttians, or Brutii, Inhabitants of the furthestmost Calabria, over-against Sicily.*
- Burgundia, the lower and upper Burgundy, formerly a Kingdom now a Dutchy of France.*
- C.
- C**aledonia, the ancient Name for Scotland, whence the People were called Caledones, or Caledonii.
- Calabria in the Kingdom of Naples, the utmost Part of Italy.*
- Caleph, this Name was proper to the Successors of Mahomet, who were called Calephs of Syria, before there arose other Calephs, who usurped a sovereign Authority in Persia, Egypt and Africa, in Mahomet the II'd's Reign.*
- Campania in the Kingdom of Naples, accounted the most pleasant and fruitful Soil of Italy.*
- Cantabrian Ocean, or the Bay of Biscay.*
- Cantabrians, Inhabitants of Guipuscoa and Biscay in Spain.*
- Capua, a famous City of Campania in Italy on the River Vulturnus two Miles from the Ruins of ancient Capua.*
- Caprea's Isle, eight Miles beyond the City Surrentum in Italy.*
- Carthage, called the Great, once the most famous City of Africa,*

ca, said to be built by Queen Dido, sometime before Rome.

Caristians, People of Spain near Navarre.

Carpitanians, Inhabitants of Old Castile in Spain.

Castilia, or Castile in Spain, it is generally divided into two Parts, Old and New Castile.

Castellenians, Inhabitants of either Old or New Castile.

Caspian Sea in Asia, eight Hundred Miles in Length, and about Six Hundred and Fifty Miles in Breadth; it neither ebbs nor flows, has no Communication with other Seas, unless by subterranean Passages.

Catalonia, a Country of Spain, the Pyrenees and some Provinces of France border it to the North, Arragon and Valencia to the West, and the Mediterranean to the East and South.

Catanea, or Catana, one of the greatest Towns in Sicily; it lies in that Part called Val de Demonia, it is distant about twenty Miles from Mount Ætna; but has often been endangered by its Eruptions.

Celtick Promontory, the Land's End of Spain, at the Entrance of the Bay of Biscay.

Centoripe, a Town at the Foot of Mount Ætna in Sicily.

Charybdis, a Gulph of the Sicilian Sea, over-against the Rock Scylla, very dangerous to Passengers.

Circæan Hills on the Coast of Italy, near which the Poets tell that Circe settled, when banished from Sarmatia.

Cimbria, Part of the Country now called Denmark.

Cimbrica Chersonesus is divided into four Parts, Jutland, Holstein, Dithmarsh and Sleswick.

Claro, a high Mountain in Africk.

Cinga, a River of Arragon in Spain, rises at the Pyrenean-Hills, and falls into the Ebro or River Iberus.

Cornubia, or Cornwall, the farthest Part of the West of England.

Cuma, a Town near Naples, where once were a Temple of Apollo, and the Sybill's Grotto.

Cunetio, the Town of Marlborough in Wiltshire.

Current, or the River Otter in Devonshire or Ottery.

Cyclopians, were an ancient People inhabiting Sicily, which were mighty great Men; whence the Poets called them Giants, &c.

Cyprian Isle, the Island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean Sea, situated between Syria and Cilicia, a very fruitful Place.

D

DAnubius or Danube, the largest River in Europe; as it passes by Illyricum it changes its Name, and is called Ister; it rises at the Foot of the Mountain Arnoba, part of the Alps in the Black Forrest, and falls into the Euxine or Black Sea.

Danmonians, Inhabitants of Cornwall and Devonshire.

Daphne, called the Suburbs of Antioch in Syria, on the Banks of the River Orontes, shaded with Cypress and Laurel Trees, &c. and much resorted to for Pleasure.

Dara or Darha, a Province of Biledulgerid in Africa, between the Kingdoms of Morocco, Tefset and Segelmesse.

Dert, a River in Devonshire, on the Mouth of which the Town of Dertmouth or Dartmouth stands.

Divona, Diona, or Dijon, the

- Capital City of the Dutchy of Burgundy.*
- Durius, Duera, or Douro, a River that rises in old Castile in Spain, and falls into the Ocean at Oporto in Portugal.
- Durnovaria or Durnium, the Town of Dorchester in Dorsetshire.
- Durotrigians, Inhabitants of Dorsetshire.
- E
- Eboracum, the City of York.
- Ebro, the River Iberus in Spain.
- Eerian Hills in Sicily, the Land thereabouts is said to be admirably fruitful.
- Egypt, in Africa.
- Eltolla, a River of Spain, seems to rise from Mount Vendius.
- Etruscan Main, that which washes the Coast of Tuscany in Italy.
- Euphrates, one of the greatest Rivers in the World, rises out of the Hill Niphates in Armenia, falls near Ctesiphon into the Tygris, and both together discharge themselves into the Persian Gulph.
- Eyder, a River in Denmark.
- F
- Fessa or Fez, a City and Kingdom of Africa in Barbary, between Morocco and the Mediterranean on one side, the Ocean and the Kingdom of Algier on the other.
- Finlandia, Finnia or Finonia, a large Province of Sweden that lies between the Gulph of Bosnia to the West, Laponia to the North, and the Gulph of Finland to the South.
- Flaviobriga, a Town of Biscay in Spain, now called Bilboa.
- Florentia, Florence, the chief City of Tuscany in Italy.
- Fontarabia, a City of Spain in the Province of Guipuscoa at the Mouth of the River Bidafsoa, on the Frontiers of France.
- G
- GAditanian Main, the Fret or Streights of Gibraltar.
- Gallia, the Country of France.
- Gallicia, the most Western Province of all Spain.
- Ganges, a great River of India, it divides it into two Parts, one called India within Ganges, the other India without Ganges.
- Genua or Genoua, a great City in Italy, and a Sovereign Republick upon the Mediterranean Sea.
- Germania or Germany, a large Country of Europe, having on the West the River Rhine, on the North the Ocean, on the South-West the Danube.
- Goths, an ancient People, which Cluverius places between the Vistula, and the Oder to the Baltick Sea; Gothia is now a Province of Sweden, and lies between that, Norway, and the Baltick.
- Greece, a spacious Country of Europe, all now under the Turk, except the Morea, which belongs to the Venetians.
- Quadalquivir, one of the greatest Rivers of Spain; it rises out of the Mountains of Castile, and falls into the Ocean at St. Lucar.
- Guinea, a large Country of Africa, it lies along the Atlantick Ocean on the South of Nigritia or Negroland.
- H
- HAppy or fortunate Isles, the Canary Islands in the Atlantick Ocean near Africa.
- Hecla, a famous burning Mountain in Iceland.
- Helicon, a River in Sicily, now called

called Olivero on the North Part of that Island.
 Helvetians, *Inhabitants of Switzerland.*
 Helvians, *a People of France in the Vivarais, near the Civennes.*
 Herculean Pillars, *two Hills, one called Calpe in Spain near Gibraltar, the other called Abyla in Africa over-against Calpe.*
 Hercules Promontory, *Hartland Point in Devonshire.*
 Hesperia, *an old Name for Italy.*
 Hibernian Seas, *the Irish Seas.*
 Hispania, *the Kingdom of Spain.*
 Hispalis, *the City of Seville in Spain on the River Guadalquivir.*
 Hydaspes, *a River in Media, near the City Sufa.*
 Hyperborean Ocean, *that which washes the North of Scotland.*

I

Iberia, *an old Name for the Kingdom of Spain, from the River Iberus.*
 Iberos, *Iberus or Ebro, a River of Spain, which rises in Old Castle, and empties it self into the Mediterranean below Tortosa.*
 Ilerda or Lerida, *a City of Spain in Catalonia.*
 India, *one of the greatest Regions of Asia, called so from the River Indus.*
 Indus, *a great River of the East, which rises out of Mount Taurus, and enclosing India on the West, falls into the Indian Sea.*
 Ionian Sea, *a Part of the Mediterranean, that reaches from Sicily to the Morea, and washes the Coast of Greece.*
 Ifaca, *one Name for the River Ex in Devonshire.*
 Ifca, *the River Ex in Devonshire.*
 Ifca's Towers, *the City of Exeter in Devonshire, which stands on the River Ex.*
 Ischia, *an Island in the Bay of Naples.*
 Isis or Ouse, *a River in Oxfordshire, on which Oxford stands.*

L

Latians, *old Inhabitants of Latium, now called Campagna di Roma, or St. Peter's Patrimony in Italy.*
 Lavara, *a City of Spain.*
 Lavinia, *a City in Campagna di Roma, in Italy.*
 Laurentum, *a Town in Italy.*
 Leontium, *in the Island of Sicily.*
 Lestrigons, *a People of Sicily, that once inhabited the City Leontium.*
 Liguria, *a Country in Italy, that reaches from the Apennine-Hills to the Tuscan Sea, Genoa is the chief City.*
 Ligustick Sea, *that which washes the Coast of Genoa.*
 Ligyans, *an ancient People of Spain.*
 Liris, *a River of Italy that divides Latium from Campania.*
 Luca, *a City in Italy.*
 Lucullus's Grott, *a Passage made by that noble Roman through the Hill Paufilypo neat Naples, for the Ease of Passengers.*
 Lugdunum or Lyons, *one of the largest Cities of France on the River Rhone.*
 Lusitania, *the Kingdom of Portugal.*
 Lutetia, *the City of Paris in France.*
 Libya, *at large 'tis taken for all Africa, but strictly for a Part, divided of old into exterior and interior Libya.*

M

Madagascar's Isle, *a large Island in the Æthiopick Sea, now called St. Laurence.*
 Magians, *Worshippers of Fire, they were chiefly in Persia.*
 Magrada, *a River near the Pyrenees, that falls into the Bay of Biscay.*
 Mantuan's Tomb, *Virgill born near Mantua, and buried on the Hill Paufilypo, near Naples.*
 Massilia, *the City Marseille in Provence in France.*

- Mauritania, *called also Morisco in Africa, now Barbary.*
- Media, *a large Country of Asia, bounded by the Caspian Sea, Armenia, Persia, and Parthia.*
- Medina, *a Town of Arabia Felix, considerable among the Mahometans, for the burial Place of Mahomet.*
- Menasco, *a River of Spain, falls into the Bay of Biscay.*
- Melesians, *Inhabitants of Caria or Ionia, a wanton riotous People.*
- Menta, *Madrid in Spain.*
- Messina, *a famous City of Sicily, once called Zancle.*
- Midland-Sea, *or the Mediterranean.*
- Monspelia, *the City of Montpellier of Narbon in France.*
- Moridunum, *Somerton or Seaton in Devonshire.*
- Lunæ Mons, *or Mountains of the Moon, in Ethiopia, whence the River Nilus has its Rise.*
- N
- Napolis, *the City of Naples in Italy, situate on the Mediterranean Sea.*
- Narbona or Narbon, *a City of Languedoc in France on the River Ande; the Romans set tled a Colony here, and made it the Capital of Gallia Narbonensis.*
- Navarra, *the Country of Navarre divided by the Pyrenean Hills into two Parts, one belonging to Spain, the other to France.*
- Nemaufus, *th. City of Nismes in France.*
- Nerians, *inhabitants of a Promontory in Spain called Finisterræ.*
- Neustrasia, *the Country of Normandy in France.*
- Nilus or Nile, *the most noble River of Africa.*
- Norwegia, *the Country of Norway, having on the West the Ocean, on the East Sweden, on*
- the South Denmark; it is subject to the Crown of Denmark.*
- Norwegian Ocean, *washes the Coast of Norway.*
- Nubia, *a large Country in the East Part of Africa; it lies along the River Nile, and the River Nubia, and is encompassed on the North and West by Mountains.*
- Numidia, *a part of Africa called Biledulgerid, one Country so called is in the Midland of Africa; another on the Shore-side in the Kingdom of Algiers.*
- O
- Occitania, *that Part of France, now called Languedoc.*
- Olyssippo, *the City of Lisbon in Portugal.*
- Oraxes, *a River in India.*
- Oregonians, *Inhabitants of Spain near the Mountains on the side of the Bay of Biscay.*
- Ostia, *a Port-Town of Italy, at the Mouth of the River Tiber.*
- P
- Palinuro, *a Promontory in the Kingdom of Naples, called the Cape of Palinurus.*
- Pampeluna or Pampelune, *the Capital City of Navarre.*
- Panorma or Palermo, *the chief City and Port of Sicily.*
- Parthenope, *the City of Naples in Italy.*
- Paufilypo, *a Hill and Promontory in Campania, near Naples towards Puzzoli.*
- Pergæan-Lake, *a Lake of Sicily by the City Enna, whence the Poets feigned that Pluto carried away Proserpina by force.*
- Persia, *a large Country of Asia, lying between the Caspian Sea, and the Mogul's Country.*
- Persian Gulph, *into which the River Tigris discharges it self.*
- Perpignian or Perpignan, *the Capital City of Rouffillon in France.*
- Pisa, *a City of Tuscany in Italy.*

Peficians, *People of Afturia in Spain.*
 Pifurgus, *a River in Spain.*
 Puzzuolo, or Puteoli, *a City of Campania in Italy.*
 Pyrenæan Hills, *the Mountains that part Spain from France, and run from East to West eighty five Leagues in length crofs the Land.*

R.

RED Sea, *call'd Arabicus Sinus, is a Branch of the Indian or Ethiopick Sea; it parts Arabia from Africa and Egypt.*
 Regnians, *Inhabitants of Surry, Suffex, and the Sea-Coasts of Hampshire.*
 Rhine, *a great River that rifes in the Alps, and parts France from Germany, and falls at length into the River Mofa and the German Sea.*
 Rhodanus, or Rhone, *a River that rifes at the Foot of the Alps near the Head of the Rhine; it parts France from Savoy, and falls into the Mediterranean Sea.*
 Rhodes, *an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, with a City of the fame Name, the Capital of it.*
 Rome, *the Great City of Italy.*
 Rofcinonia, *Rouffillon in France.*
 Rugian Ifle, *an Island in the Baltick Sea on the Coaft of Pomerania.*
 Rutunians, *a People that dwelt by the Helvians, near the Civennes in France.*

S.

SABrina, *River Severn that parts England from Wales.*
 Sacred Western Cape, *call'd Cape St. Vincent in Portugal.*
 Salamanca, *a City of Spain in the Kingdom of Leon, on the River Tormes.*
 Salenians, *People of Terracon in Spain.*
 Salerno, *a City belonging to the Kingdom of Naples in Italy.*
 Salvians, *inhabited near the River Rhone, where it falls into the Sea.*
 Saona, *the River Saon in France.*

Saragoffa, or Cæfar Augusta, *a City of Spain on the River Ebro, the Capital of Arragon.*
 Scandinavia, or Scandia, *a large Peninsula, or almost Island, which contains Norway, Sweden, and Part of Denmark.*
 Scotia, *Scotland.*
 Scylla, *a very dangerous Rock in the Streights of Messina, near to Cape Sciglio in Italy.*
 Scythia, *a large Country now called Tartary, divided into the Afia-tick and Europæan, the former lies near Mount Imaus about the Euxine Sea and the Meotick Lake.*

Segovia, *a City of Old Caftile in Spain famous for Cloth.*
 Septona, *the Town of Shaftsbury in Dorfetshire.*
 Sicilia, *the Island of Sicily lying at the Toe of Italy, and parted from it by a narrow dangerous Fret or Sea.*
 Sicilian Smiths, *thofe called Cyclops by the Poets.*
 Sisoris, *a River in Spain.*
 Sobrarbe, *a Country of Spain in Arragon near Anfa; it had formerly the Title of a Kingdom; 'tis on the Side of Catalonia, and borders on the Pyrenæan Hills.*
 Solorius, *a Ridge of Mountains, that divides a good Part of the Northern from the Southern Part of Spain.*

Sora, *a River of Italy.*

Strombolo, *called Strongyle, one of the Æolian Islands between Italy and Sicily.*

Suecia, or Swecia, *Sweden, bounded by the Baltick Sea, Norway and Denmark.*

Syria, *a large Country of Asia, the Capital City of which is Antioch.*

T.

TAGus, or Tajo, *a famous River of Spain, whose Source is in New Caftile, and falls into the Sea near Lisbon in Portugal.*

Tamara, *the River Tamar, near St. Michael's Mount in the West;*

- it divides Cornwall from Devonshire, and running by Tamar, falls into the British Sea at Plymouth.*
- Tamar**, or Tamerton, or Tavistock in the West of England.
- Taprobana** in the East-Indies.
- Targa**, a Desert Place in Africa.
- Tava**, in Devonshire.
- Tempe**, a pleasant Vale in Thessaly, lying between the Hills Ossa, Olympus, and Pelion; the River Peneus runs through it.
- Terinæan Gulph** in Italy.
- Thessalia**, a Country of Greece, being formerly Part of Macedonia.
- Titulcia's Vale**, near Toledo in Spain.
- Tingitana** in Mauritania, a City lately call'd Tangier.
- Toledo**, a City on the River Tagus, about the Middle of Spain.
- Tolosa**, or Toulouse, the chief City of Languedoc in France, stands upon the River Garonne.
- Totnesian Shore**, Totnes stands on the River Dert not far from Dertmouth.
- Tourigia**, a River in Devonshire.
- The Town built by the Old Rhodians, is the City of Rhodes, Lat. Rhodopel's in Rouffillon, a considerable City in the Time of the Romans.*
- Trinacria**, the Island of Sicily.
- Trinobantes**, Inhabitants of Middlesex and Essex.
- Tunisia**, a Kingdom of Barbary in Africa, lying between the Kingdom of Algier and Biledulgerid; its Capital is Tunis, built out of the Ruins of Carthage.
- Turdulians**, old Inhabitants of Spain, between the Rivers Tagus and Guadiana.
- Turcan Main**, that which washes the Coast of Tuscany.
- Tyndarum**, an old City in Sicily, near the River Helicon.
- Tyre**, a City of Syrophenicia, in former Times the chief Mart of the World.
- Tyrrhene Sea**, that washes the Northern Coast of Sicily.
- Typhœus**, a proud Gyant, who, as the Poets fabled, attempted to pull Jupiter out of Heaven, but that he was struck with Lightning, and bury'd under Mount Ætna.

V.

- V****Aldurians**, old People of Spain, near the Mountains.
- Valentia**, a Town and Kingdom of Spain, between Catalonia, the Mediterranean, New Castile, Arragon, and Meurcia.
- Valencia**, or Valence, a Town on the River Rhone in Dauphiné in France.
- Valdurians**, or Vardurians, a People of Spain, near the Pyrenæan Hills.
- Vasconians**, they inhabited the North Part of Spain call'd Navarre.
- Ubians**, People about Cologne in Germany.
- Velauni**, a People of Aquitain in France on the River Vigenna.
- Veſta's Isle**, the Isle of Wight.
- Venetia**, the City of Venice in Italy.
- Vesuvius**, now call'd Monte Soma, a burning Mountain not far from Naples in Italy.
- Vindogladia**, Winburn in Dorsetshire.
- Volſcians**, or Volſcæ; they inhabited Languedoc in France.
- Volturmo**, or Vulturmus, a River of Campania in Italy.

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